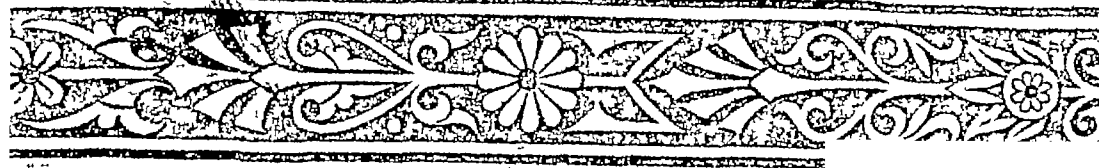


A Realistic Novel of Strength, Originality and Interest.



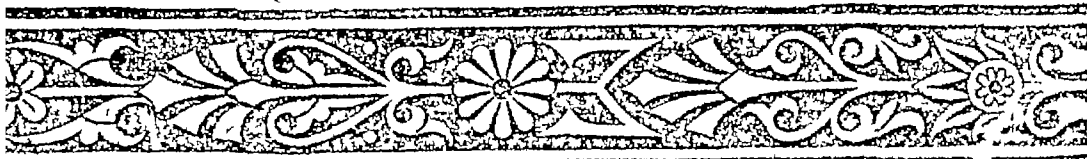
SNATCHED FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

~~A YOUNG GIRL'S LIFE HISTORY.~~

BY N. J. CLODFELTER.

AUTHOR OF "EARLY VANITIES"

PHILADELPHIA
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS.



PRICE 50 CENTS

PETERSONS' NEW BOOKS

The following New Books are printed on tinted paper, and are set in a new style, in square 12mo form. They are the best and most interesting novels ever published.

EDMOND DANTES The Sequel to Alexander Dumas' "Count of Monte-Cristo"
THE WIFE OF MONTE-CRISTO The Continuation to Dumas' "Count of Monte-Cristo"
THE SON OF MONTE-CRISTO Being the Sequel to "The Wife of Monte-Cristo"
MARRIED ABOVE HER A Society Romance, taken from "The Wife of Monte-Cristo"
HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
THE CHANGED BRIDES; or, WINNING HER WAY By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
SELF-RAISED, or, FROM THE DEPTHS, aka THE BRIDAL EVE By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
ISHMAEL, or, IN THE DEPTHS, aka THE FATAL MARRIAGE By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
THE MAN FROM TEXAS A Powerful Western Romance, full of Interest and Adventure
ERRING, YET NOBLE A BOOK OF WOMEN AND FOR WOMEN By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
THE FAIR ENCHANTRESS, or, HOW SHE WON MEN'S HEARTS By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
A FASCINATING WOMAN A Charming Love Story By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE A Romance in Real Life By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
THE INITIALS A Z A Story of Modern Life By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
LINDA, THE YOUNG PILOT OF THE BELLE CROLE By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
CAMILLE, or, THE FATE OF A COQUETTE ("La Dame aux Camellias") By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
THE COUNT DE CAMORS, or MAN OF THE SECOND EMPIRE By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
LA FAUSTIN By Edmond de Goncourt **PAUL HART, or, THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE**
A WOMAN'S PEBBLES By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S. **WINNING THE BATTLE** By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.

Above Books are 75 cents each in paper cover, or \$1.25 each in cloth.

MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP With 21 Illustrations By Major Jones & Jones
MAJOR JONES'S GEORGIA SCENES With 12 Illustrations By Major Jones & Jones
MAJOR JONES'S TRAVELS With 10 Illustrations By Major Jones & Jones
SIMON SUGGS' ADVENTURES With 10 Illustrations By Major Jones & Jones
LOUISIANA SWAMP DOCTOR With 6 Illustrations By Major Jones & Jones
THE PRAIRIE FLOWER, aka its Sequel **LENI LIGTI** By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
CONSUELO, aka its Sequel **THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT** By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
MILDRED'S CADET, or HEARTS AND BLUE EULLONS An Excellent West Point
MONSIEUR, MADAME, AND THE BABY By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
THE EXILES A Russian Love Story By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
VIDOCQ' THE FRENCH DETECTIVE With 15 Illustrations and Other Illustrations
A RUSSIAN PRINCESS A Russian Love Story By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
SABINE'S FALSEHOOD A Pure and Enticing Love Story By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
LA GRANDE FLORINE A Charming Love Story By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
THE STRANGLERS OF PARIS, aka **THE BLACK VENUS** By Adolphe B.
THOSE PRETTY ST GEORGE GIRLS A Love Story By George B.
BELLAH By Octave Feuillet **MY HUSBAND** By Mrs. F. D. A. S. S. S.
THE WOMAN IN BLACK **MADAME BOVARY** By Gustave Flaubert

Above Books are 75 Cents each in paper cover, or \$1.00 each in cloth.

Above Books are for sale by all Book Stores and News Agents, or copies of any or all of them, will be sent to any one, at once, post paid, on remitting price to the publishers.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.

SNATCHED FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

A YOUNG GIRL'S LIFE HISTORY.

संक्षीप्त मोल

BY N. J. CLODFEETER.

AUTHOR OF "EARLY VANITIES"

REDUCED PRICE

"SNATCHED FROM THE POOR-HOUSE" is a novel that teaches a wholesome and practical lesson while it interests by unfolding a rather elaborate plot and presenting numerous incidents of a striking description. The heroine, Gracie Westbrook, is a plucky little personage and stands out prominently through the book by reason of her extraordinary qualities of mind and heart. The hero is Joe Billings, whose eventful history is fraught with singular vicissitudes, the parallels of which are seldom found in fiction. All the characters are vividly drawn, and the scenes are sufficiently original and exciting to hold attention throughout. The poor house episodes are, perhaps, the most powerfully depicted, but the school incidents and the fight between Joe Billings and Hugh Arnold are well calculated to make a decided impression. The author writes clearly and earnestly, carefully elaborating every important point. A coal-mining region of Pennsylvania is the scene of the romance, and incidentally the dangers and privations connected with the lives of the miners are touched upon with considerable force and realism.

CANCELLED.

PHILADELPHIA.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS;
306 CHESTNUT STREET.

COPYRIGHT
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS.
1888.

"Snatched from the Poor House," by N. J. Clifford, is a practical and pleasing novel of the present day. It hinges on the basis of life insurance and shows how, through the foresight of a father, a wretched family was saved from pauperism and its attendant evils. The scene is laid in a Pennsylvania coal mining region. A collier is the hero and a collier's daughter the heroine. The fortunes of the Westbrooks serve to present a moral as well as to adorn a tale. The hardships and perils of mining life are incidentally set forth, but the main interest centres in the virtuous and plucky Gracie Westbrook, who by her courage and intelligence, as well as by her good heart, wins the admiration of the reader and holds it from first to last. The strange history of Joe Billings is set forth in quite a striking manner, and the poor house incidents are very vividly told, and in unsparing style the abuses and cruelties practiced in mismanaged public charitable institutions. The love element, of course, has a conspicuous place in the novel and much enhances its interest. "Snatched from the Poor House" can be read with profit as well as pleasure. It is written forcibly and is crowded with incidents, some of which are quite stirring and startling.

DEDICATION.

TO

MY WIFE CINDERELLA,

AND OUR LITTLE DAUGHTERS,

MABEL C. AND HAZEL,

Who sat by my side and watched the growth and development of little Gracie, sharing in her joys and sorrows alike, this story is affectionately inscribed by the

AUTHOR

CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA, December 15th, 1887.

CONTENTS.

Chapter	Page
I. JAMES WESTBROOK.	23
II. KILLED IN AN EXPLOSION	37
III GRACIE AND THE TRUSTEE.	47
IV. AN UNEXPECTED PROTECTOR.	60
V A DREAM AND ITS RESULT	76
VI RESCUED FROM OLD LEBO'S CLUTCHES	94
VII GRACIE AND JOE	102
VIII THE WESTBROOKS' NEW HOME.	115
IX JOE'S DELIRIUM	124
X. LITTLE BENNIE'S DEATH	133
XI. BLANCHE ARNOLD	145
XII. A PRINCELY GIFT	154
XIII. HUGH'S NEW SISTER.	168

XIV OLD LEBO'S FATE	176
XV. JOE'S DEPARTURE.	183
XVI FATHER AND SON.	193
XVII THE WRONG LETTER.	204
XVIII BLANCHE'S JEALOUSY	228
XIX. UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENTS	235
XX. THE CURTAIN FALLS	258

SNATCHED FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

JAMES WESTBROOK.

IN Pennsylvania there is a little village, situated in a remote and weird place on the banks of the Susquehanna River, by the name of Miers. In a quiet valley this village seems to sleep like an oasis in a wide waste, lulled by the gentle flow of the river, as it ripples and eddies along, not even stopping to form an acquaintance with the poor and often suffering people that dwell upon its banks. Here in this sequestered place lies this little village, free from the outside world. While on one side rushes the mighty Susquehanna, still beyond it tower high mountains, whose crested tops bathe themselves on a bright morn

in the first rays shot forth by the fiery day-god, as they stand giant like, resembling so many kings looking down upon their oppressed subjects, round the valley in which this village is located are dense forests where the wild deer and bear are allowed to roam undisturbed and unscared

The people inhabiting this village are poor laborers, who depend upon their daily toil for the necessities of life, and what the average farmer, mechanic or merchant would call necessities would be luxuries for the dwellers in Miers, often when the author is sitting by his fireside, watching the dark coal put on its golden garb and enjoying its warm glow, as it spreads through a pleasant room, he thinks of these poor miners while the cold winds are whistling and wailing around, which calls to his mind.

Sigh on, winds! Without is winter,
Howling winter, flying snow-flakes,
While within are spring and summer

And as he is thus sitting, gazing into the grate, a silent prayer goes out for those poor colliers, the fruits of whose labors he is enjoying with the many thousands throughout the land

These poor people only have employment part of the year and must necessarily be idle the remainder of the time, as there is no other industry save mining near them

James Westbrook, the hero of this story, was an honest, upright, kind-hearted collier of English birth, the unfortunate victim of circumstances, who came to America because of an irate father-in-law, bringing with him the latter's beautiful and only daughter. He, here in this little town of Miers, under the oppression of the direst poverty, lived in a small frame dwelling, the only frame structure in the village, the remaining ones being built of logs and slabs with mud and stick chimneys, such as the old pioneers, our fathers, who left us this beautiful country (God bless them!), were glad to call home

Mr. Westbrook considered himself fortunate in being able to possess even such a home, though it was not his in fee, with his happy and contented family, consisting of a wife and interesting little children, who ever shared his pleasures and sorrows alike and did all in their power to lighten his daily burdens, while his every and only care was his family. His entrance

to the humble cottage was sunshine, and when his family would gather about him, the reader can imagine the true happiness of this home richly provided with love that alone can produce true pleasure and heavenly bliss. The home of the millionaire, the king, the queen, where all is festooned with the purest gold and studded with diamonds, unless love is there, is barren and desolate. James Westbrook could truly sing:

Home, oh, home! within my cottage,
Where the modest eye is beaming,
And the gentle, close embraces
Of the little ones around me

And the refrain might well be

Though my cottage is but humble,
Yet the gentle rays that light it
With the fuel of affection
Make it stately as a palace

Now the Westbrooks, after many years' wandering over America, were reduced to such circumstances that daily labor was their only capital. Weary and discouraged, they settled in this little place about one year previous to the opening of our story. Here they were happy, surrounded as they were by the

direst poverty. Their home was blessed by three beautiful and interesting little children Gracie, the oldest, was a bright-eyed little girl of twelve summers, whose silken brown hair fell profusely over her rounded shoulders in disheveled ringlets, and whose face was of that clear English type we recognize in perfect features, while her voice was so sweet of tone that each note was a silvery ripple, as her merry peals of laughter chased the dark silhouettes of gloomy poverty from the door Ben-me, the little pale-faced boy, was prone to feeble health, but in spite of his gloomy and despondent feelings did all he could to imitate Gracie The youngest, a dimpled infant christened Bessie, was the very counterpart of Gracie. Mrs Westbrook was yet beautiful and pleasant, despite the ravages of disease, disappointment and poverty, together with banishment from her gay friends and her pleasant English home; each line upon her face her husband traced with drooping head, and it left its negative stamped upon his loyal heart

Gracie was brilliant and thoughtful, intelligent beyond her years and the idol of the Westbrook

family. Indeed, it was her father's custom to go to her for advice when at a loss to know what course to take. Many a night while she was seated upon his knee, with her arms twined tenderly about his neck, did he listen to and profit by the conversation of his beautiful little daughter.

One evening when he came home, worn and weary from his day's toil, Gracie stole up quietly to him, and, seating herself upon his knee, said:

"Dear papa, you're so tired; you have to work so hard for us! I wish I could help you. All papas don't have to dig coal for a living, and there is a place, if we only lived there, where little girls can earn money, for I heard Mrs Clem from the city tell once when she was here that Jennie made seventy five cents a week folding papers in some office, and I'm as large as Jennie, you know. I wish, papa, that we didn't live in this dark, dusty place, and, oh, papa (excitedly), suppose you should get killed way down in that deep, dark mine! Maybe you will (kissing him and interlacing her fingers about his neck), or you might take the lung fever and die like Mr James, and then what would

become of us? Oh, what could we do? Did you ever think of this, papa? I wish I hadn't, but you won't get killed, I know you won't!"

Mr. Westbrook could only breathe a sigh in response to his thoughtful little daughter's words, and he muttered that he hoped not, but the tears that came to his eyes could not be wiped away ere the quick observation of little Gracie had caught a glimpse of them. She was pained, her father noticed it, and forced a smile upon his face by telling some little joke. Gracie's words had sunk deeper into his heart than any he had ever heard uttered before, and whether or not she ever realized their true force we will call you, dear reader, to judge.

The next day was a gloomy and despondent one in the mines for Mr. Westbrook, his companions frequently asked him if he was sick, and, on being answered in the negative, were more than ever at a loss to know the cause of the solemn expression so hastily grafted upon the face of their once cheerful comrade. The more he thought over his little daughter's words the more gloomy and despondent he became.

"What would become of my poor sick wife and dear little children if I should be taken from them?"

The horrid thought preyed upon his very soul, so sincere and earnest was his love for them. He would often say to himself:

"It is all I can do to keep my darling ones comfortable, and I am a strong man! How could my sick wife do so if I were called away?"

One evening when the colliers had come out of the mines, a well dressed gentleman rode up in his buggy and courteously saluted them, after which he introduced his business as follows:

"Gentlemen, I am here in the interest of the well-known Insurance Company of P——, which has distributed to widows and orphans thousands of dollars and has saved many families from the cold, stern world and its realities, and, I believe, the poor-house! I do not say this because I think you, gentlemen, are in such indigent circumstances that your families would suffer if you were taken from them, but even the wealthiest people of our land know the weakness of man, and that the most substantial forms of wealth take wings and flee from the strongest cables! I

know from experience that it is all I can do with my small commissions to keep my family comfortable, and I also know it would be more than my wife could accomplish, if I were taken away, and for these reasons, as well as many others, I carry insurance on my life, and I feel that if I should lie upon my death-bed with the loved ones of my bosom crowding about me, notwithstanding the agonies of death, there would be this consolation that I had done my legal and moral duty in providing for them "

So fervently did the agent talk and so pointedly did he picture the advantages of life insurance that James Westbrook stood with open mouth and ears listening to each word, which seemed to direct him to a silvery star beaming in the distance. Then a husky voice broke forth

"The insurance companies are swindles! All they want is our money! They don't care a fig for us or our families, and I say, sir, you have come to a poor place to get in your work! What money we have we earned by the sweat of our brows, and no such sharks as you need come mouthing about the mines!"

After this gruff voice had had its say, another

more soothing to an agent's ears burst forth in the midst of the colliers

"Go on, Mr. Agent, go on!"

The gruff collier, who had just been speaking, said.

"Yes, go on and tell us the same old story you have been swindling the people on for the last twenty years!"

The agent kept perfectly calm, and answered the gruff voice by saying.

"I will take pleasure in explaining our plan of insurance, and I think I am fully prepared, and armed with documents that will thoroughly convince the gentleman that he is wrong in his impressions about our company (drawing from his portmanteau a large roll of papers) Here is a certified copy of our authority from the insurance officer of our State, showing that we have complied with all the requirements of the laws, which, I assure you, are rigid enough to protect all policy-holders Here is a list of those who have been insured and the beneficiaries to whom we have paid losses Here are acknowledgments from loving mothers and wives that our company has saved them from the misery of a poor-house!"

After he had exhibited several lists that should have been satisfactory proof to intelligent minds, the same gruff voice spoke out again:

"Forgery, forgery! Leave, you scoundrel! Make him go, boys!"

Just at this moment about half a dozen of the rough characters spat their tobacco juice of the "old long green" stripe into his face and over his clothes. The crowd was about equally divided for the agent and against him and a terrible encounter ensued, for the first offender with the obnoxious liquid found himself lying flat on his back and the blood spurting from his nose, which was fast growing to large proportions at the hands of the agent, and James Westbrook, standing near him, sent the obstreperous miners right and left, while a boy by the name of Billings assisted nobly in the good work, but, seeing that they would be overpowered, the agent sprang to his buggy, and said, "Come, friends!" At the same moment Westbrook and young Billings sprang beside him, and away they went amid a shower of rocks and coal, but the agent's horse was a good one (an exception to the rule) and they were soon beyond reach

Notwithstanding this outrage, the agent kept up conversation on insurance with Mr Westbrook, and so thoroughly did he convince him that he promised to consult his wife and daughter, as was his custom, and, if they were willing, to call the first time he went to the city and take five thousand dollars insurance. Here the agent felt badly toward himself, believing that if he could call with Mr. Westbrook at the cottage the consent of his wife and daughter would be easily obtained, but, on a careful survey of himself, beholding his clothes dyed with juice from the "old long green," modesty forbade him and he had to be satisfied with the promise in which he had implicit confidence, or, no doubt, he would have hung his modesty upon a nail long enough to have obtained the acquiescence of Mrs Westbrook and her daughter. He returned to the office of the company a sadder but a much wiser agent, where, as well as being the subject of considerable merriment, he received some wholesome advice, among which was a business point which he ever after heeded, and that was never to solicit but one man at a time!

When Mr Westbrook entered his home that night,

jaded and fatigued, he was very much aggravated at the treatment the agent had received at the hands of his co-laborers, but when his children seated themselves upon his knee, and his sickly wife by his side, his dear ones looking upon him with eyes of love as their only protector, he realized more than ever his condition in life and the force of the agent's words, and so deeply did he become absorbed in meditation that he could keep back no longer from his wife the idea that Gracie and the agent had instilled in his very nature. He related to her the cause of his despondency, and his words brought the first gloom upon her brow that he had ever seen there, for, notwithstanding all her trials and vicissitudes of life, she had always been hopeful and buoyant, and never, in fact, had thought of her husband save as always being with her. He continued:

"I have saved a little money and in the event of my death I can place you, dear wife and little ones, beyond the reach of the grasping hand of poverty and the pinched one of charity!"

She looked up, amazed, and asked.

"How could you do this?"

"Insure my l——," but, ere he could finish the sentence, she spoke imploringly.

"Oh, don't, don't! If you should do such a thing I should think it a token of your death! Besides, I have no confidence in insurance companies, and you have worked too hard for what little money you have saved to give it away! Further, if you were to die and I should even receive the money, I could not use it, dear husband, I would think it 'blood money!'"

No reasoning by Mr Westbrook could secure her consent, yet she could see her awful fate as explained to her in the event of her husband's death. Observing she was so much opposed to life insurance, he dismissed the subject. Whether the wife ever realized the truthfulness of her husband's words we will also leave to the judgment of the reader.

While Mr Westbrook was never known to act contrary to his wife's wishes, and, if he ever caused her pain, he felt it more keenly than she, he realized each day more and more the importance of protecting his family, as he looked upon the fading cheeks of his wife and little boy and the helpless infant. He, therefore, resolved for once to clandestinely do his duty, regardless of his wife's wishes.

CHAPTER II.

KILLED IN AN EXPLOSION.

ONE bright morning, when Mr Westbrook arrived at the mines, his superintendent asked him to go to the city upon especial business, which he did not care to entrust to every one. The idea of life insurance had never escaped Mr Westbrook's mind, and now was to come the very opportunity, which he resolved to improve. He had said nothing to his wife upon the subject since, but felt happier because he had resolved to protect his family.

Mrs. Westbrook did not suspect her husband's intentions, Gracie at all times had been pleased with the idea, and had encouraged her papa, as she put it, "for sick mamma's sake, little Bennie's and Baby's"

"I can make a living for myself sewing or folding papers," she said, "or, if I was in the city, I could study my books and teach"

Gracie was ambitious and shrewd, so, when her papa

was ready to start, she thoughtfully whispered to him "to attend to that business," though, at the same time, she believed he would not, because her mamma opposed it

Mr Westbrook knew what she meant and smiled, and, after giving each one a kind salute, started on his journey

Upon arriving in the city he ascertained the address of a physician whom he had known in early life in England, who had been his faithful friend, and whose advice he deemed indispensable in his present undertaking, as he would in no way mislead him. Mr. Westbrook was a poor man, yet he was prudent and cautious

When he reached the doctor's office, he was recognized and met with a hearty welcome. He set forth his financial condition without the slightest coloring, and asked the physician's advice in regard to life insurance. As a matter of duty, his conscientious friend advised him to insure without delay, notwithstanding his wife's opposition

Dr Goodrich (such was the physician's name) took Mr Westbrook across the street to the office of an

insurance company, which was represented by the agent who had called at Miers, where the necessary application was made for a policy of five thousand dollars, payable at his death to his wife and children.

As his wife had disapproved of the insurance, Mr. Westbrook arranged for Dr Goodrich to hold the policy until such time as she could be convinced of its importance, with the further understanding that, in the event of his decease before her approval had been obtained, the doctor was to make out the requisite papers and collect the money for the Westbrook family.

After the insurance matter had been attended to, Mr Westbrook bade the doctor good-bye and started with a light heart to transact the business for his superintendent. His despondency seemed to have changed to mirth and gayety. When he set out for home, a friend, who had accompanied him to the city, was led to remark.

"Why, Westbrook, what is the matter? You actually look ten years younger than you did this morning! If you drank, I should accuse you of being intoxicated!"

"Oh," remarked Westbrook, "I feel as though I

was actually worth five thousand dollars more than I was this morning; besides, a great burden seems to have been rolled from my shoulders! I can't tell you, *Jones*, how I feel, but I feel good, and will explain all to you soon!"

When he arrived at home, he was in such a gleeful mood that he kissed his wife and children over and over again. He carelessly threw over chairs, laughing and joking as though every care had flown and nothing but a silvery future beamed before him. His wife also remarked to him that if he ever drank she would suspect him of intoxication then. He answered that he had drank only a cup of tea with his friend, Dr Goodrich, but felt happier and stronger than ever before, adding that it might be the tea had produced this effect!

After thinking a moment, he looked round at his sick wife and little boy, and the little dumpled babe cooing in its cradle, and Gracie dancing in ecstasies at his side, saying to himself "The poor-house and the niggardly hand of charity have no terrors for you now, my darlings!"

Upon going to work the next morning, he went

whistling along, something unusual for him, and, as Jones had told his fellow-laborers about the change that had come over him so suddenly, all were anxious to know the cause, and not a few times was he compelled to reply to such questions as, "What about that fortune, Westbrook?" and, "Why do you go down in the mines?" He would demurely answer:

"You may know about my fortune some day! I go down in the mines in order to be able to protect it!"

All such answers had a tendency to bewilder the miners instead of enlightening them, and made them more anxious than ever.

The kind-hearted man was, indeed, happy His work seemed lighter to him, as his merry voice and laughter kept time to the everlasting pick, pick, pick, as it reverberated through the dark subterranean cavern He did more to break the dull monotony that brooded like a pall over the poor colliers than any other person

Upon entering his home after his day's work, little Bennie was on his knee and Gracie's arms were about his neck, while his little babe was cooing in its crib,

as if delighted to catch a father's smile and feel his kiss upon its lips, while the sick wife and mother could hardly control her emotion as she marked the happy faces around her.

Mr Westbrook longed to tell his wife that he had provided for their welfare, but feared it might mar her happiness and refrained, though he said to himself "I will explain all bye and bye." Alas! poor man! had he known that this was the last night he was to spend on earth with his family, how differently it would have been spent, but what happiness would have been destroyed! Still, he would have explained, and what trouble in after months would have been spared Mrs Westbrook and her children! Well it is that we do not know the future; but if every man who takes the responsibility of a family upon his shoulders could have as kind a heart and as good judgment as even James Westbrook, the collier, his family could look back upon the day when death claimed him and remember a loving husband and father to the last! Oh, could all fathers be such a light in their homes! You may enter a royal temple, a lord's palace, a millionaire's mansion, and you will

find it humble in comparison with the poor cot of James Westbrook that will scarce break the howling winds or the beating rain, but in it is the sunshine of love, contentment and honor, the essential characteristics of genuine happiness which raises the humble cot beyond the dignity of a palace!

The morning dawned, and Mr Westbrook prepared to go to his daily labor. His wife looked more buoyant than ever, and little Gracie kissed him good-bye and bade him not work too hard, while little Bennie lay on his couch, fast asleep, with his little baby sister by his side. Mr Westbrook stole up to the couch lest he might awaken them, and pressed the last kiss upon the little lips that they should ever know as a father's, while the sick wife received her husband's salute, after which he majestically walked away with a light heart. Four eyes followed him till the last vestige of his form disappeared, and the wife and daughter never felt happier, for the husband and father was happy! Oh, what a contrast but a few hours later!

While Mr Westbrook was working in the mine, blasting coal, an explosion occurred in which he was

Death is the fate to which all bow the knee,
The very center where all creatures tend,
The plastic nature that sets spirits free,
The dreaded hour and still the common end

And, were it not for the refrain, what a boundless
eternity would be our grief!

There is within us that can never die,
Minds of all nations feel that hope so bright,
And will forever breathe the heaven-born sigh,
While silvery rays shoot thro' oblivion's night

Here, kind reader, we will pass out, leaving the
stricken family in sympathetic hands, and draw the
curtain behind us, as in the chamber of death the
writer is too much overcome by its stern reality to
remain longer, for many of his dear friends, among
them a bright-eyed little daughter, as beautiful as
Grace, and a dear little boy, as kind-hearted as
Bennie, have passed through the Valley of the Shadow
of Death, in which the Stygian River rolls on its mighty
course, where only the celestial boat is propelled by
magic hands, and upon whose banks the writer has
stood and cried aloud for the loved ones gone before,
and his "only answer was the echo of his wailing
cry," and he could but murmur

Oh! my father after a long time,
Come n, down upon the stone,
Beck'ning parents, come to them
As they did in days of yore.

And sometimes I feel like standing
To my angel girl and boy,
Where we cannot think of parting,
In that paradise of joy.

CHAPTER III

GRACIE AND THE TRUSTEE

I WOULD ask you again, dear reader, to go with me to the little isolated burying-ground, where the tall trees wave around it. There it is in the swaying forest, where each tree gives forth its mellow cadence to the wind, from the dwarfy underbrush comes an eerie dry hissing sound, from the tall and stately oak a full murmur as though it were a vast bee-hive, from the pine a deep mellow lingering tone as though each cone were an ivory key, from the mighty poplar a strong and sturdy reluctant rustle as if it were an unwilling instrument in the hands of the blast. Here rest the dead of Miers, in this solitude, heedless alike of the nestling calm or the wailing storm.

Come, go with me to this solemn ground on a more solemn occasion and see the little mourners standing around the casket that holds the remains of

a loving father, whose strong protecting arm but yesterday wound about them and whose words and presence were their consolation and delight. Listen with me, if your heart does not fail you, to the wailing cries of the little orphans and imagine the low, dull undertone of the weeping wife, as she lay exhausted on her bed at home, and then breathe in one voice:

"God be merciful to the bereaved!"

For we again enter the little cottage that but two days before was the seat of happiness and sunshine, while to day it is enshrouded by the dark cloud of gloomy sorrow. There it sits in the corner of the village in the aspect of mourning. Enter it and behold the widowed mother wringing her hands, delirious and weak, she has mourned till her voice is feeble from exhaustion and she can only murmur "What is to become of my poor, fatherless children!"

Gracie is by her side, struggling to keep back her sobs which, in spite of all efforts, swell up in her throat, while Bennie only moans "Papa, papa is done, done, done!"

Death when it visits the home of pleasant circum-

stances and bears away a loved one is terrible, but when it steals into the humble cot and claims a loving husband and father, whose strong arm is the sole dependence of that family, how much greater the calamity!

Days and weeks pass on till the cold November winds are wailing and sighing, and the poor bereaved ones realizing more than ever their true and forlorn condition, which calls to mind the following lines.

Sigh on, winds! Hence to the hovel,
Where the widow and the orphan
Sit alone as the dim spectre,
Poverty, doth reign supremely,
While the little dimpled children,
With warm hearts of sweet devotion,
Cling about their helpless mother
Sigh on, winds! You're no respecters
Of dependent circumstances
Still you go on howling, wailing,
With your unrelenting fierceness

Here, brooding over the solemn realities of her condition, Mrs Westbrook grows weaker and weaker, and, when she holds the last penny in her hand left by her noble husband, she says, in a stifled breath.
"Oh, my dear children, what are we to do?"

Gracie by her side only breathes a sigh; ever before she has had consolation for her mother, but here not one balmy word can she utter, and, in spite of her great effort to restrain them, she burst into tears, and little Bennie with her. The neighbors could do very little for them, owing to their own abject poverty, and yet they were kind hearted and offered the consolation of sympathetic words, but, while they are a balm to the soul, they will not keep the hungry wolf from the door, or the angry wind and storm from entering the cottage. The cold, stern world grown colder and colder as time rolls on, and even such a family as James Westbrook's are finally left to themselves to realize their own sad fate. Ah! Mrs Westbrook, do you yet realize that far off in your English home you made one irreparable mistake, the fruits of which, notwithstanding what your suffering may be, you and you alone will bear, even if the salt tears you are now shedding are augmented to the very verge of the gloomy gulf of forbearance? In all you only followed the dictates of your heart, instead of the wishes of your father, and whichever may be the transgressor will in the end repent, notwithstanding the leagues

and fathoms that may intervene between you, it is you at his knee, or he at yours in the end!

Poor little Gracie never murmured till the last crust was taken from the pantry, then, realizing their awful condition, she left the room to hide her tears, yet the child was equal to the emergency. Having heard it was the duty of the township trustee to help the poor, she resolved at once to see him. Taking down her little wrap and bonnet, she stole up to her sick mamma's bedside, whispered in her ear, kissed her, and then started upon her eventful mission for bread. On learning that the officer lived four miles away, her heart almost failed her, but thoughts of the hungry and sick ones made her brave and strong. She enters the deep, dark, dense, wild and tangled wood, on her sacred errand of devotional love, on, on she goes like a silvery-haired wood-nymph, flitting over the logs and under the brush, and by the swamp where the fire-flies beam forth and the jack o' lanterns like meteoric spirits rise up, flicker for a moment, then vanish forever, while the guttural notes of the frog seem to ring out louder and louder upon her ears, as the great owl pipes forth his

dismal notes from a branch above her head the while she shrinks from each cracking spray beneath her feet, as a little fawn steals with mumble feet closer and closer to her as if willing to claim her for a fit companion and share her sorrows, while a little farther over the growling and angry screams of a panther break the sombre silence of the forest, but on goes Gracie, following the little path, here obscure, beyond a little plain, oft tripping her feet in the interlacing vines by now and then looking backward over her shoulder as if searching for some one in close pursuit, while the wild birds shriek and flit past her, but on she goes, darting beneath the brambles and over the logs as mumble footed as the little fawn that seems to follow her, on she goes till, alas, poor wearied little feet have carried her nearly to her destination, for she sees through the rifts of the forest a little cottage smiling among the trees, and she says to herself

"Thank God! there is Mr Johnson's! I am so glad, and so tired too! Maybe he will give me a hundred dollars to take to mamma, that is lots of money, it would make us rich! I would go to

the store and buy mamma and sister new gowns, and little brother a whole suit, and we would have plenty to eat, too. Mr Johnson is a good man, I know, or he would not be trustee, and he will not refuse me when I tell him how sick mamma and Bennie are, and that little baby sister has had no milk for two days!"

While she is thus soliloquizing she draws near the house, which is a little hut, with half a dozen large savage-looking dogs lying promiscuously about. As she comes up nearer, the dogs start with a tremendous howl, as if they would tear the beautiful little stranger to pieces. Mr and Mrs Johnson are both standing at the door, with hands over their eyes, gazing in awe at the beautiful little figure approaching.

Poor little Gracie, you have now had a good view of your surroundings. No wonder your head drops when, in your great struggle for bread, all hopes have vanished! Many stout men, little one, would have folded their hands by the wayside and despaired ere this, but you take new courage, and those silken locks are once more thrown back over your shoul-

ders and, as one word from the master sent the old mastiffs to their kennels, I see you approach and hear the gruff voice of old Johnson shout out to you

"Hello! little gal! Lost, I 'spose, or run off from home! You look jist like you're gin out! Come in the house and set down!"

I hear you speak, Gracie, in that sweet voice to this rough man

"Oh, Mr Johnson, I have come so far to see you through the big woods yonder, and I'm so tired; but mamma and little brother Benne are sick, and baby sister has had no milk for two days, and there is nothing in the house for them to eat!"

Mrs Johnson is now sitting away off in the corner, showing her sympathy by the tears coursing down her cheeks in pity for the little girl whose appeal was so earnest, and yet fell so lightly on the heart of her cold, stern husband

Meditating a moment, then looking intently at the sweet little creature before him, the trustee finally said

"Waal, little gal, I 'spose you've had rather a

hard time of it since losin' your father in the mines! He ought to been more careful, shootin' coal! But the township can't keep everybody that comes 'long! You kin stay all night, little un, an' I'll go back with you termorer, an' see about helpin' you, think, though, I'll make the county keep youens, for the township has all it kin do now!"

At these cold words Gracie stood firm, yet the tears pouring down her cheeks told of the great tension of her heart, at which Mrs. Johnson was so much impressed that she stole quickly from the room to keep her husband from seeing her emotion. Gracie, after a little silence, looked the trustee squarely in the face through her tears and continued her appeal.

"Oh, Mr. Johnson, have pity on us! If you had a poor mother starving, together with a little brother and sister, and their fate depended upon the appeals of a little girl for charity, would you not bless the man that would listen to her? But, Mr. Johnson, if you will not help me to-night I must go back to them. They are all in bed and unable to get out, mamma and Bennie are too sick, and Baby too little, and they are all—all—hungry—and—nothing—in—the—house—for—them—to—eat!"

The stern old trustee replied:

'They will git along, I say, till tomorrow very well, one night is not much ter be hongry, why, I've went without eatin' two 'n' three days at a time and didn't suffer much! So take off yer wraps, little gal; I can't gin you anything to-night, will have to wait till I see fer myself!'

At these cruel words Grace was almost crushed. She had now done all she could, and the poor child was hungry her-self, having walked so far, but she was hungry when she started yet she did not murmur. Seeing that it was impossible to move the hard-hearted trustee to a sense of duty, all desperate and forlorn, our little heroine rose to take her departure, crying as if her heart would break for she knew not where to go or what more to do. She was now experiencing the darkest moments that had ever clouded her young life, as she rose to depart, the cruel man even had the heart to say:

"You kin go back, if von want to, and if the painters and wolves eat you the county will have one less porper to keep!"

This was more than the kind hearted little girl

could bear, and she started off, uttering a prayer for the loved ones at home and that she might reach them safely. Poor Gracie almost tottered as she walked, she was so weary and weak.

At this moment Mrs Johnson asked her husband if he would care if she took the little girl a part of the way home on Old Snip, the family horse, that was handy in the pasture.

"No," said he; "go and take her home and live with her, if you want to, you're so fond of porpers!"

The poor woman was pleasantly surprised at this liberality in her husband, she called to the little girl to wait a minute, and in almost that time had the horse saddled and mounted, and Gracie snugly seated behind her. The old animal had traversed the woods so often he was at home in them. On, on they go, across the logs and under the brush, now and then throwing up their hands to lift a bramble over their heads or to keep thorns from scratching their faces, when far away, with no companions save the horse and the wild animals which seemed to be looking from their hiding-places upon them only with compassion, in this deep wood Gracie related her troubles.

SNATCHED FROM THE FURNACE

and misfortunes through terror and sorrow. Mrs. Johnson joined, and just then occurring the very same fawn that had been such a companion in the first journey with nimble feet passed and repassed him, as though it were in its wild, free nature, willing to take a burden from the heart of the timid little girl. The wild, unburdened fawn, with its shaggy body beautiful and gracefull. Would not a troubled and envy it, as it leaps through the forest brake? And can we blame Gracie for doing so, when it came to her side, almost near enough to let her extend her hand, ere it darted away amid the thick brambles? Instead of riding only part of the way, Gracie dismounted from the back of the faithful old horse before her own door. Mrs. Johnson needed no permission to enter the cot, and when she did, she found Mr. Wetbrook and her little boy almost ex'hausted through fear and hunger—fear that Gracie, in her efforts to alleviate their suffering, had been lost in the wild woods or marshes, or that some ferocious animal had devoured the beautiful child. The babe from sheer hunger had cried itself to sleep again and again, and was only quiet because of its worn and hungry condition.

Mrs Johnson with a sad heart viewed the surroundings and resolved that, in spite of reprimands and cruel abuse from her husband, she would relieve this family from her own scanty savings. After whispering in Gracie's ear, away she went to the store and brought back with her the necessary food to sustain life and alleviate hunger. The stricken family regarded her as the ministering angel she was, and when the mother and daughter, in one lingering embrace, held and blessed her, the good Mrs Johnson could only give way to her feelings and feel that she was paid ten-fold for the sacrifice she had made!

Oh, with what eagerness did the little babe take its draught of warm milk and little Bennie his lunch! No wonder Mrs Johnson wept for joy when she realized that she had arrived in the very nick of time. Then she promised the family that her husband would call the following day, at which little Gracie shuddered and asked, with tears in her eyes, "Can't you come, too, Mrs Johnson?" But the good lady only shook her head, as she took her departure.

CHAPTER IV

AN UNEXPECTED PROTECTOR.

AFTER Mrs Johnson had gone, Gracie stole up close to her mamma and related all the circumstances of her trip to the trustees, whereupon Bennie said

"I'm glad the bears didn't eat oo and that the dooloman tome and dive us our dinners when we were so hungry!" The little babe, lying in its crib joined Bennie with its dove like "oo, oo," as it fastened its little eyes steadily upon her, as if looking at a saviour and protector

After Gracie had told her mother what kind of man old Johnson was and that he was going to make the county keep them instead of the township, Mrs Westbrook's heart sank within her. She knew the county meant the poor house! She said nothing, but oh, the reflections that came to her mind! This was to be the last night at the home that a husband's presence

had lighted like a heavenly lamp, and whose absence had scattered within it the dark, gloomy shadows of poverty

She would look for a moment about the room, as if in quest of her husband, then sink down on her pillow and moan and weep for a long time, then she would fix her eyes upon the corner in which he always sat, with the little ones upon his knee, and again mourn her sad fate. He lay silent in the cemetery in the solitude of the forest, and the ear that once would have listened to the faintest sound of that mourning voice and the strong arm ever ready to protect the loved ones heeded not the wailing cry nor the heartrending moan

Mrs Westbrook was only quieted by two little arms winding lovingly about her and Bennie's sobs, "Oh, don't, mamma, p'ease don't try so hard, maybe papa'll come back some time!"

Here, dear reader, in this little cot, are sorrow and gloom of the deepest

The morning came with lowering aspect, but Old Sol did all he could to lighten up the day by bursting through each rifted cloud as it sailed like a

fairy bark through the azure deep, and his gentle rays reminded the suffering inmates for a moment of past happiness, but there the gloom sat like a phantom over the heads of the bereaved

About nine o'clock old Johnson came riding up to the Westbrook cot on a rattling old log wagon, he alighted, rushed to the door, unceremoniously opened it and cried out

"I 'spose youens are the Westbrook poopers!"

The poor widow hid her face in the pillow and moaned in a solemn undertone that would have touched the heart of any one worthy to be called human, but he only continued, more cruelly than before

"Git ready, the wagon is at the door and will take you at once to the county-house! I've concluded that the township had burden enough without you and your brats, and you must go 'ere that old chicken-hearted 'ooman of mine has another chance, fer I do b'heve she'd gin away her head if that little doll gal o' yourn axed her to't! Crawl out o' that bed! I 'spose you do feel a little bad, but 'beggars can't be choosers!' Besides, you're not half as sick as you let on to be! Crawl out, I say!"

While old Johnson was proceeding with this cruel harangue, he did not know that the kind-hearted teamster, Joe Billings, was listening with bated breath. The poor woman, seeing her sad fate if she remained at Miers, yet dreading the poor-house almost as much, dragged her emaciated, trembling form from her bed, and, leaning upon little Gracie, staggered to the wagon, a wretched old concern with a few loose planks for a bottom. She asked to have her bed laid upon them when old Johnson, pretending impatience, cried out again, commandingly, "Mount that wagon!" At the same time he snatched up little Bennie and roughly hauled him upon the boards, while the little fellow trembled in fear and cried with pain.

Gracie spoke out, "Please, Mr Johnson, don't——" but ere she could speak further the little babe nestling in her arms was snatched from her and also hurled upon the hard boards beside its brother. Gracie implores him and the little one screams with pain, while Joe Billings snatches a standard from the old wagon and with one swoop lands the trustee sprawling upon the ground and belabors him with all his might. He howls with pain, and promises every-

thing for a compromise, which touches the heart of Gracie, and she intercedes for him and entreats Joe to stop beating him. Had she not thus interceded, old Johnson, no doubt, would have been too badly bruised to have mounted the wagon. When he was permitted to go, he sneaked away like the cowardly whipped cur he was, and Joe placed the sick mother's bed upon the boards, and kindly helped her to it, putting beside her Bennie and the baby, while her faithful little daughter takes her place to minister to their wants.

Old Johnson had provided another wagon to move the humble household effects, and, having had sufficient acquaintance with Joe Billings, he climbs upon this. The wagons move on, and the mourners of a funeral cortege, who were following the very dearest one to the grave, could not have felt more gloomy and solemn than this poor, bereaved family, as each revolution of the wheels brought them nearer and nearer the destiny of misery, and took them farther and farther from the home so enshrined in their hearts.

"The poor-house! Oh, cruel, horrid place!" thought the poor, widowed mother, as on and on they went

She would rather die, but then her children, yes, her children! She will share their sorrows as long as she can! So, in spite of the dark clouds swinging over her head, a mother's love, a mother's fortitude and endearing constancy give her some hope, and she resolves to try to get well, and maybe there will be some way in the future for them

Gracie, poor child, did not know where she was going, she had no idea that she would be surrounded by invalids, half-witted, crazy, old and decrepit persons. She had not even ventured to ask what kind of place it was. She only sighed and felt that it was bad enough. On her way she continually talked to the good driver, and gained his sympathy so completely that he promised to intercede for them and try to secure them a room where they could be by themselves and have at least a little fire

Ere they had gone far Bennie turned on his pallet and lisped:

"Oh, mamma, I's so tired! Ain't we mos' to the big house, an' will papa be dare to see us when we 'dive up? Oon't he be g'ad, mamma, an' tuss oo an' Baby an' Dacie, an' take his 'ittle Bennie on his knee,

an' oon't I k'ing to him! Oh, mamma, I's so eager to see papa!"

When he finished, Mrs Westbrook and Gracie were shedding tears for the little fellow who was to be so sorely disappointed upon his arrival. Joe had frequent occasion also to use his handkerchief on this eventful journey. His plan of intercession was, upon arriving at the poor-house, to go in and listen to the conversation of Old Johnson and the keeper, and then, if the arrangements were not satisfactory, he would also have a talk with the keeper as to a comfortable room for themselves. Joe added:

"If I can't do anything with him, I will call you, Gracie, and he can't refuse you!"

Gracie only said "You're so kind, Joe! I feel that you are the only friend we have! We can never forget you!" and her melting eyes looked Joe Billings squarely in the face and, between sobs and tears, he murmured

"Never mind, Gracie! I will always be your friend!"

Joe Billings was only a poor collier, but never beat a truer heart or a more sympathetic one than that

possessed by him. Feeling in the bottom of his pocket, he drew forth a crisp two-dollar bill and handed it to her, saying, as he did so

"Take this, Gracie, your mamma and little Bennie will need lots of things that they don't have at the county-house!" And dropping his head he continued. "I have heard that they do not give the inmates enough to eat, and that it is so bad a well person can scarcely manage it!"

"Oh, Joe," cried Gracie, "I thank you so much! I cannot express my feelings! But will it be right, Joe, for me to take it?"

The tears coursed down her cheeks, and Mrs. Westbrook, looking upon the kind-hearted boy, could not restrain her emotion as Gracie continued

"Have you any more money, Joe, if I take this?"

"Oh, yes," he cried, with a bright face, "I have more, and can earn money and you can not!"

The poor fellow had only a five-dollar bill left and he owed it for his lodging at Miers. He thought it no harm to tell Gracie what he did, knowing she would not take the money if he told her the truth.

Gracie, on the bouncing log wagon, arose, and

walked to Joe, took the money from his extended hand and kissed his sunburned cheek, as she uttered a silent prayer of thankfulness. The tender-hearted boy wept aloud, and promised again to call on them each week. Here little Bennie roused up and added, in his feeble voice.

"We'll soon see papa, oon't we?"

The dilapidated old brick buildings consisted of two large square structures forming a reversed and inverted T, with a little brick edifice to the left for the reception of maniacs. ere rooms in the main building were prepared to receive them, and a large dilapidated old barn to the right of the highway, all of which looked as though they had been built a century ago, since when there seems to never have sounded the click of a hammer or the rasp of a trowel in repair, although the poor house was situated upon a beautiful farm, which made money for an already wealthy and prosperous county. Such were the miserable buildings that loomed on the sight of the unfortunate Westbrooks, the sad creatures of circumstances, and, as they were driving up, even little Bennie stared in surprise and said, "Oh, we'll soon see papa! Is he

in dat ole house? P'ease b'ing him to us an' let us all do home!" and no reasoning could convince him that his 'papa' was not there. Poor little disappointed one! Who knows but that his eyes snatched for a moment immortal vision and showed him his dear papa in "mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?"—for, no doubt, the little fellow was nearer to his father in point of time than either of the others.

Gracie and Mrs Westbrook look with horror upon the place. When they drive up and stop before the door, and old Johnson dismounts from the wagon and enters it, Joe follows unobserved behind. Gracie and her mother, with staring eyes, see, lying upon the steps, a poor boy in convulsions, beating his head on the hard boards, and in front of the building are fifteen or twenty half-clad, dirty and swarthy creatures looking more like wild animals than human beings. Just above, in a room, was a female giving vent to screams and pulling her hair, below, in a corner, chained, were two giant-like men, one preaching at the top of his voice, while the other was swearing and cursing like a fiend. Out in the front yard, by

the fence nearest the wagon, was an assembly of little boys and girls, clad in dirty rags, whose bright eyes and looks of sympathy for the new comers showed that they had known better days, for, in spite of their filthy and ragged appearance, there hung about them a halo of intelligence that poverty, negligence and cruelty could not blight.

The Westbrooks gazed in horror at the place and inwardly murmured a prayer that they all might die and go to their loved one!

During all this time Joe was not idle. While the old trustee was talking to the keeper and hurrying him to unload, saying he had "been bothered with the Westbrook porpers as much as he was goin' to be," he stepped out to his wagon and began to remove the goods. Joe walked in just at this juncture unobserved and called to old Lebo, which was the keeper's name, a miserable hunch back, whose eyes snapped like balls of fire, and whose stump nose, protruding chin, aken mouth, lips apart, showing tusk like teeth, and bending form made him more the image of a savage brute, walking on its hind feet, swinging its fore ones in

the air, than a human being, in fine, he was one of the most hideous-looking monsters that ever went by the name of man—and, so to speak, an ideal fiend

When Joe called this monstrosity to one side and asked him for a separate room for the Westbrooks, in a gruff, half-human voice he replied

“We have no parlors here, and they, as well as the others, will have to stay where I see fit to put 'em, and in there where the two men are chained will be the most convenient place, so in there they go! The Westbrooks are no better than any other paupers!”

Joe approached the window, pointed to the wagon and said

“Look out there! See the poor sick woman who has been weeping ever since her husband died, and would have been dead before this time if it had not been for the consolation of that sweet angel of a child, the beautiful little Gracie! Look upon that wagon, beside Gracie, and see her little sick brother and her little baby sister, and then say you will put them in that den of maniacs!”

The old keeper was inexorable, nothing would touch him but money, and Joe, seeing this, asked.

"Have you any spare rooms up there?"

"Yes, but we have no time to care for guests up there, besides, those crazy men would kill us. I will not hurt them!"

"Well, for a little extra pay, what then?" asked Joe

"Oh, we might make some arrangements," replied the old hunchback, and the monstrous, hard hearted, cruel imitation of man and beast led the tender hearted Joe up to rather a comfortable room, remarking as they entered it

"For ten dollars per month in advance they may occupy this room!"

"And you will see that they are cared for and have plenty to eat, and comfortable fires, and a doctor?" interrupted Joe

"Certainly, sir," mumbles the old hunchback, "the county pays such bills, and I shall see, too, that they have all the county pays for them"

Joe, having some confidence in his words and this being his only alternative, reached down in his pocket and drew out a five dollar bill, the last cent he had to his name, and handed it to old Lebo, whose eyes

snapped with satisfaction as he took it. After the old monster had put the money safely in his pocket, and while looking admiringly upon the young man, Joe, in disdain of his observance, raised himself up to his full height, a magnificent specimen of the English type of true manhood even in his youth, and spoke in a firm voice

“Keeper, we have made a bargain!”

Old Lebo nodded assent

“I understand you now, sir! You are a mean, dastardly, cruel, miserly villain, unworthy of the name of man! You are hired to superintend a charitable institution for a certain sum, and all those unfortunate inmates, who cannot pay you a certain other sum besides, you cruelly treat, starve, and make them live in filth, dirt and rags! I, sir, am only Joe Billings, a collier, but I happen to know something! The family I brought here are only unfortunate persons, the victims of circumstances, and are as good people as this country affords—too good, sir, to even be in the atmosphere polluted by your breath! The children are angels and the mother a seraph, and, as sure as my name is Joe Billings, if you ill-treat this family, I

will have you arrested, or—yes, arrested for taking a bribe!" Joe spoke so vehemently, so earnestly, and so differently that the miserable old hunchback was completely nonplused, and slunk back and then danced forward. While his eyes were snapping like fiery balls, his ears working and his muscles twitching, he drew the money from his pocket and said:

"Here, take your money!"

"No, sir! I don't practice child's play! I stand to my contracts and I expect you to stand to yours so far as they concern me! I will bring you the other five dollars to pay for the full month, and hold my peace so long as you treat this family right!"

At this old Lebo, who saw a chance not to be exposed and yet retain the money, said, in his usual snappish way:

"Put her thare, Joel" at the same time extending his hand.

Joe coldly took it, as he said:

"I want you to seem glad to see the Westbrooks, and always speak kindly to them, and make them feel as much like they were at home as pos-

sible. In fact, you are to let them have this room just as if it were theirs!"

At this the old hunchback extended his hand again and repeated.

"Put her thare, Joe Billings. As long as the money lasts, you will not have to complain of old Lebo! Money has a mighty power over him!"

The hunchback starts for the wagon, followed by Joe, who was gratified to see the old ugly hypocrite as good as his word

The keeper handled the Westbrooks as though they were so much glassware. This caused Gracie and her mamma to wonder why he was so kind to them and negligent to others, but little Benmie, when he saw the miserable man, shrank from him as he cried aloud

"Oh, dat ain't papa! Send me papa!"

Joe, touched to the heart at the little boy's appeal for his papa, would not allow the hunchback to approach him, but gently lifted him from the wagon and bore him to his little pallet in the room that was to be his home.

CHAPTER V

A DREAM AND ITS RESULT.

HAD Gracie and her mamma known the great sacrifice Joe had made for them, they would not have wondered at their warm reception at the poor house at the hands of its cruel keeper, from whose ugly and repulsive presence they shrank, neither would they have regarded him as being tolerable. Ten dollars to Joe each month meant a great deal. When all their household effects were moved into the room and arranged as near like they had been in their cot at Miers as possible, and a few simple pictures had been hung on the wall, while a cheerful grate fire had been kindled, the Westbrooks, after viewing the surroundings, joined in saying that the poor-house was not such a bad place after all!

Joe remained to smile kindly and in satisfaction at the effect of his management. How differently it would have been had he left them to the cruel designs of stern old Lebo!

Here the author, as he drives his pen along, stops to exclaim to his family surrounding him

"Joe Billings is a hero, not for glory, but for humanity! The world would be better if it possessed more like him!"

Little Bennie could not give up seeing his papa, and would call aloud for him as he lay on his pallet by the grate

Joe finally bids them good-bye and receives their blessings, promising to call again the following Saturday, and starts to the mines with a light heart, thinking that for all the sacrifices he has made he has been amply paid, and, after all, has only done his duty to the ill-fated family

In a little attic in a poor collier's house, Joe had slept for more than a year, paying for this privilege four dollars per month, and taking his lunches at a cheap restaurant. Realizing, on arising the next morning, that he had taken upon himself the responsibility of paying the cruel old Lebo ten dollars per month and that it would be advisable for him to economize, he made arrangements with another collier, who kept a cow and horse, and consequently had an old bain

Joe got permission to sleep in the loft, for which he agreed to feed the horse and cow. He accordingly moved his bed into his new quarters and at once commenced his new mode of life. This was a great saving to him, and here, in this hay-loft, sharing the discomforts of existence with the inmates of the poor-house, Joe slept, with his companions beneath him, the horse and the cow, who would often "sing" him to sleep with the regular crush, crush, crush, while grinding their food between their teeth. Poor fellow! He would often go to bed hungry in order to be sure of meeting his obligations to old Lebo, and when he thought how some of the inmates of the poor house must suffer at the keeper's hands he would actually grind his teeth together in rage, a habit he had, perhaps, acquired from his brute companions.

Saturday morning came, and he must go to his boss and get the necessary money to take to old Lebo. Had he not consoled himself with the thought of the pleasure of meeting the Westbrook family, he, no doubt, would have been so enraged, upon arriving and handing the vile hunchback the money, that he would have served him as he did the township trustee.

On reaching the poor-house, he goes straight to the room of his friends. He finds Mrs Westbrook sitting up, little Bennie looking bright, and the little babe cooing, as if welcoming him, while Gracie throws her arms about his neck, blessing him. He met with a warmer welcome than he had ever received before, and a warmer one than he had anticipated. The poor fellow could do no more than shed joyful tears in response to praises and caresses.

After all the compliments were over, Gracie recites to him the queer, cruel and curious ways of old Lebo. Sitting close to him, with her elbows resting upon his knee, her cheeks in the palms of her hands, she speaks as follows.

"Dear Joe, why is it Lebo treats those little boys and girls so cruelly? I saw him take a switch and beat that pretty little girl (pointing through the window), till he almost killed her, for telling him she was hungry; and those five little boys standing out by the fence, why, he only lets each one have just the smallest cup of milk these long winter nights, and sends them up in the big garret, and makes them all sleep together in an old dirty bed, with only one ragged

and filthy comfortable to cover them. Last night, Joe, when Bobby Jones, a de little boy, who had some better days, told Mr Lebo that he was cold, he cruelly whipped him with a rope until he got the blood out of his legs and a run down on his feet. The poor little orphan boy cried and begged and said he would try and not get cold any more, but, in spite of Bobby's appeals in the name of his dear papa and mamma, he kept on with his cruel work and when I saw the blood staining his limbs I felt so sorry for Bobby I could not stand it any longer. So I ran right under the switch and said, 'Please, Mr Lebo, don't whip Bobby so hard.' He did not even scold me, but only looked cross. I have thought of it since, dear Joe. Why didn't he scold or whip me? I don't think I understand it! Last night, when all the little boys and girls had gone to their rooms (Oh, Joe, forgive me!) I crept down to the kitchen and took for each a cold biscuit and some butter! I knew they were hungry, and when I got to the door I stopped and listened, and they were all crying and praying, Joe, away up in the dark room in the garret. Some were calling for their dead mamma's and

papas to come and get them, and some were praying just as they were taught to pray at their mothers' knees, when I opened the door and went in, oh, Joe, they were so hungry that their poor little arms were all reaching for my neck at once!"

Joe takes his handkerchief from his pocket and begins to grate his teeth; at last he manages to say

"Go on, Gracie, go on!"

"They almost smothered me with kisses, and asked me so many questions about praying and about going away from here! They made me promise to come again, and little Bobby Jones clung to me until I kissed him as he said his mamma used to do each night when he went to bed Joe, you just ought to see what a dirty place it is! Rats, mice and night-hawks visit the upper part of this garret and make the most hideous noises, at which the little sleepless ones lie trembling in fear! Next morning, when the girls went to get the bread for breakfast, old Lebo was informed that it was gone and he tied that poor crooked-foot girl you saw standing by the path, when you first came here, up to the wall and

swung her by the thumbs and beat her for stealing it! He beat her with a great, long, heavy rod - and the poor crippled girl's screams pierced my heart!"

Joe again begins to get nervous and gnate his teeth

"I ran down in spite of mamma. You see I couldn't stand it any longer, for each scream of that poor girl was like a knife in my heart! I ran right in between her and Mr Lebo! I told him that I took the bread and gave it to the little starving children in the garret, who were crying, and he only turned to me and said. 'Don't do that any more!' Then he untied the poor girl whom he had beaten so horribly for what I had done!"

Joe, after wiping his eyes, said, in a breath

"I'll kill him, Gracie, if he abuses you!"

"He did not say anything more to me, Joe! Isn't it strange? I sometimes think he is afraid of you and I'm so glad!"

After hearing her through, Joe again wiped his eyes and vowed vengeance on old Lebo if an oppor-

tunity should ever present itself Then he turned to Mis Westbrook and learned that she had been comfortable and kindly treated, after which he took his leave, promising to call the next Saturday

He then found the old hunchback and gave him the required amount He could not refrain from saying

"You don't treat those poor little orphan boys and girls right! I am sure they are not dressed warmly, yet this is a wealthy county and able to care well for the unfortunate ones!"

Old Lebo only patted Joe on the shoulder and said

"No extra pay there!"

Joe could not talk further with this heartless man. Had his pocket-book been as large as his heart, the little parentless ones around him would each have received at his hands at least the comforts of life Seeing his inability to help all, he took his leave and went back to his night companions, the horse and cow

One bright morning Gracie awoke, ran to her mamma's bedside and said, excitedly

"Oh, mamma, I either dreamed of poor papa last night, or he was with me! I sat on his knee, and he talked to me just as he did to you that evening about insuring his life! You know, mamma, how sad he looked for awhile when you objected, and how quickly he commenced to joke with us, and how he laughed about you calling insurance money blood money!"

Here she became more enthusiastic and clapped her hands as a glorious thought flitted through her active brain

"Oh, mamma, mamma, don't you know how happy papa was when he came home from town that night when you said to him that if he ever drank you would think him intoxicated, and, mamma," placing her arms about her, "I do believe papa did insure his life and never told us! Don't you know that he spoke of a doctor? Who was that doctor, mamma?"

When informed that it was Doctor Goodrich, she continued

"When Joe comes again I will have him take me to that doctor! Oh, mamma, maybe poor papa did have his life insured!"

Mrs Westbrook felt a pang of regret pierce her heart, but replied

"Gracie, it can't be, it can't be!"

For the present she dismissed the subject, only to meditate and ponder over the possibility Gracie had suggested. At this point we will leave them and direct the reader's attention to the desolate home of our young hero, Joe Billings.

By the next Saturday poor Joe had taken such a cold from sleeping upon his damp bed in the loft that a fever had set in and he could not go to see his friends, but so earnest was he in his endeavors to save the poor Westbrooks from the cruelties of the old hunchback that he sent Bob Walker, a collier friend, as a substitute, and, as he had not been able to work for several days, he could only send with his friend an old silver watch and a gold ring, a gift and a souvenir, which he valued as the most sacred of his possessions. He sent those articles as security for the five dollars due in payment of the first half of the second month's bribe.

When Bob arrived he found the Westbrook family comfortable, but surprised to see him, and,

on hearing of Joe's indisposition, they felt very gloomy

After this meeting, Bob stepped outside to see old Lebo and give him the collaterals, as well as to make the necessary explanations. The old hunchback hastened, took the collaterals and said

"If the money don't come, vengeance is mine!"

Bob looked at him in astonishment at this remark, but said nothing, he only turned on his heel and entered the Westbrook room again.

Mrs Westbrook, Gracie and even little Benmie sent so many good wishes and so much love to Joe that, if Bob Walker could have taken it all to him, the old barn would have been changed into a palace and Joe crowned a king!

Joe received Bob's report with delight and tears, and when he unfolded a little note and read in Gracie's childish handwriting so many fervent wishes for his recovery and so many thanks for what he had done for them, he could not hide his emotion. When Bob informed him of what old Lebo had said in regard to the money, "Vengeance is mine!" Joe understood it, and his heart bled, for he knew, because of his sick-

ness, his utter inability to help them. At this he became almost delirious, and his maledictions on old Lebo were so vehement that they unerved him, he arose from his bed, and it was only by main force that he was compelled to lie down again. Bob Walker then began to realize the import of the old hunchback's language, he quieted Joe by promising his assistance in the event of any vengeance on the poor Westbrook family, and here for the present we must leave Joe with his kind friend, Bob Walker, and go back to the poor-house and follow Gracie on an eventful mission to test the reality of dreams and visions, and sincerely hope that if there ever was anything in these midnight musings it may be proven now.

The more Mrs Westbrook thought over the dream and suggestions of her little daughter the more faith she had and the more emotion she showed, yet she did all she could to conceal the latter, but consented to let Gracie go to the city, with some respectable farmer, to see Doctor Goodrich.

As the poor house was situated on the public highway, they did not have long to wait, for presently a

farmer came by, who was hailed by Grace and sped to see her safe to Doctor Goodrich's and back home. She kissed her mamma, little sister and brother good bye, the latter clinging to her and saying:

"Dacie, is oo dom' to fin' papa? P'aise do, Dhen! It's so eager to see him! Tell him to come and take us home! Dacie, I want to do home so bad! P'ease, Dacie!" She wept at her little brother's sincere pleading for their father. She then ran to the farmer's wagon and mounted into the spring seat beside him; he looked upon the fen little creature with as much surprise as if she had been an angel just dropped down from heaven. She was so beautiful, so modest and so intelligent that the good farmer felt embarrassed.

Grace was buoyant with hope, and, as she told the farmer of her bitter experience, he had frequent occasion to draw from his pocket a huge bandanna handkerchief. She told him how cruel old Lebo was to the unfortunate ones, how he punished them even for asking for bread when hungry, and how he tied the crooked-foot girl up by the thumbs and beat her, and how he whipped little Bobby Jones, and made all the

little ones sleep up in the old garret Ere she had finished, the farmer had resolved that the old hunch-back should be relieved of his place at the first meeting of the Board of County Commissioners Gracie had entirely won him and he thought he had never seen any one so much like an angel!

As they were drawing near the city, her mind reverting to the insurance, Gracie asked the farmer about what amount it would be if her papa's life was really insured Upon being informed that the amount would not be less than one thousand dollars, she almost went into ecstasies Five hundred dollars would buy them a little home, and the other five hundred would make them comfortable

"Oh, it can't be, it can't be!" she cried "What 'would' mamma say if it is so? We could all go away from the poor-house!"

Then, looking squarely in the farmer's face, she said, doubtfully

"Oh, mister, I fear it is too good to be true, and it is my only hope! I—I—fear to go if it is not true! Oh! Oh!"

The farmer quieted her by remarking that they

deserved even better than this, but that, if they were compelled to remain at the poor house, he would see that old Lebo was dismissed and a pleasant man put in his place.

By this time they were driving up in the city, and after Gracie had besought the farmer not to leave her, they were in front of the office of Doctor Goodrich, who came out and greeted them, as the farmer remarked

"Doctor, here is a little girl that has come a long way to see you, take good care of her till I call for her this evening."

The doctor promised and handed her out. Her long brown hair fell so profusely over her rounded shoulders, and her melting eyes looked out so complacently upon him that he actually trembled beneath her gaze, as that serious and earnest look upon her face was beyond his ken.

Here was the seal of her fate. Could she break it? Could you, dear reader, knowing it was your last chance for deliverance?

After seating her before a pleasant fire in a comfortable chair, the physician said

"I seldom have such beautiful little girls call upon me May I ask your name?"

She replied, in a sweet, emotional voice:

"My name is Gracie Westbrook, and I have come a long way to see you, Doctor, on business of much importance"

Ere she could proceed farther the doctor said, in an agitated voice.

"Gracie Westbrook? Why, are you James Westbrook's daughter?"

Gracie nodded and the doctor added

"How is your father getting along, Gracie?"

The tears rolled down her cheeks as she answered.

"Oh, Doctor, my poor father is in heaven, and my sick mamma, little brother Benmie and baby sister are in the poor-house!"

The doctor leaped from his chair as if an electric shock had struck him, and said.

"Explain, little angel, explain!"

Then he sank back in his seat

Gracie, amid tears and sobs, while the sympathetic doctor listened with bated breath, related the tragic circumstances of her father's death and then terrible

struggle to keep from the poor-house, as well as the cruelties of its heartless keeper, and they added that she was inspired to come when she thought over the gleeful mood of her father on his return home from the city and the previous talk of life insurance. "Besides," she continued, "I dreamed of sitting on my papa's knee again, he seemed to tell me to come to you, and I have come!"

A pale streak chased a red flush over the doctor's face for a moment as he struggled for speech, finally, mastering himself, he spoke in a breath:

"Dear little one, yes, yes five thousand dollars were due your mamma upon your father's death."

The mention of the five thousand dollars was all that Gracie heard. She fell forward, fainting. The doctor caught her in his strong arms, laid her upon a sofa and chased her hands and face till she returned to consciousness. Then, after bidding her he still till he returned, he left her to meditate by herself. He went directly to the insurance office, and, as he was well and favorably known by the officers, explained matters to the company, made the necessary proof and secured the five thousand dol-

lars. Then he ordered a fast team driven to his office door, where our little heroine was waiting for him, and the farmer also, whom he thanked for bringing such an angel to him, and, promising to see her safely home, lifted her beside him, laid whip to the team and away they went like the wind.

CHAPTER VI

RESCUED FROM OLD MENO'S CLUTCHES

THE emotion and excitement under which our little heroine was laboring were intense, and as the team sped on faster and faster she became almost wild with enthusiasm. She could hardly speak, but the doctor caught her words, as she lisped to herself

"Oh, is this a dream? Can it be true? Are we to be snatched from that horrid poor-house and its cruel keeper? What if this man wasn't Doctor Goodrich?"

The poor child did not know she was speaking audibly, she was laboring under such a tension of excitement

"Poor mamma and Benmie, they have been sick so long, and have had no doctor, they shall now have a good physician, a comfortable home, and all get well, I will go to school and yet become a

scholar. Oh, can it be so? What if it all were a dream?"

Catching herself soliloquizing, her large brown eyes were lifted imploringly to Doctor Goodrich, and their language he plainly understood, as he said

"Yes, little angel, it is true! It is no dream! You have suffered, oh, you have suffered, little one!" and the doctor, seeing her anxiety to know it was no delusion, drew the five thousand dollar check from his pocket and asked her if she could read writing. Yes, she could, her papa had taught her, and when her eager eyes glanced over the check, which was certified by the bankers, Gracie could not speak

But they were now driving up in front of the poor-house, and ere the horses were stopped she unceremoniously leaped from her seat and ran to the house, leaving Doctor Goodrich behind. Just as she was starting up the stairs to their room, she heard her mother's and Bennie's wail in the maniacs' cell. One of the maniacs was swearing and the other preaching. Almost wild with rage, she whirled

to go into this cell and met old Lebo coming out, his eyes snapping, a fiendish look upon his face. Like a young tigress preparing to spring upon its prey did Gracie face the old hunchback.

"You cruel monster!" she cried "You have taken my mamma, brother and little sister into that den of maniacs! I have come to take them from your cruel hands and I shall!"

Then, with an almost superhuman effort she strove to pass Old Lebo, who had a rod in his hand, brought it down upon her head with terrible force. She gave a little scream, but was not at all daunted when the old hunchback yelled out.

"Go at once to the dark cell and remain without food for two days! There you will not see your folks for two weeks! Go, I say!" and the fiend started to drag her away, but Gracie made a leap to escape him and would have succeeded had not the iron hand of old Lebo fallen with such brutal force upon her head that she sank upon the opposite side of the room unconscious. As she received this cruel stroke she gave a little scream, which Doctor Goodrich heard, he came rushing in just

in time to see his little angel struck down by the cowardly monster. The doctor with his powerful arm threw out a direct right-hander, which laid the hunchback senseless on the floor. Then he belabored him with his cane till the very breath was gone from his repulsive body. By this time Gracie had recovered, she ran in and fell at her mother's feet, where were crouched Bennie and Bessie, trembling and crying beside her, while the blood was trickling from their little heads. For a moment she could not speak, but, gathering up all her courage, she, at last, hisped

"Mamma, 'tis so, 'tis so!"

The maniacs set up a howl, preaching and swearing, each one seemingly trying to outdo the other. They were making such strange and loud noises that Doctor Goodrich for a moment hesitated, but, having seen Gracie enter the same door, he thrust it open, rushed in and stopped with uplifted hands and gaping mouth, amazed and in awe at the sight that met his gaze. There was Mrs. Westbrook sitting off in one corner, as far as she could get from the maniacs, trembling in fear, and little

Bennie and Baby lying by her side, with their heads, and Gracie kneeling at her feet. The steel frame of the doctor shook. Such a pitiful picture he had never witnessed before. It was some time before he could speak, but, when able to command language, he said.

"Come with me, Mrs. Westbrook! I am your friend! Come! Come from this terrible place!"

Ere she answered the doctor, Gracie told her.

"Papa—left—us—five—thousand—dollar—and Doctor Goodrich here has it for you!"

The mother swooned away, and would have fallen from her chair had not the doctor's arm supported her. When she recovered he laid in her hand the certified check for the money.

Mrs. Westbrook lifted her eyes to heaven with such sincerity and emotion that she seemed to be holding sweet communion with God and her spirit husband at his right hand.

Ere the doctor could explain matters farther, Gracie demanded of her mamma why she was in the maniacs' cell.

Poor woman! She only could tell the circumstances as follows

"Lebo came to our room directly after Gracie left, and ordered me out. As I did not know why this was done, I asked him, which seemed only to enrage him, and he said he was going to put us in the room with the maniacs, and when I refused to go he had the big colored man drag me, there by my arms. I resisted all I could, but to no avail. Lebo carried the little children each under an arm and dropped them on the hard floor! See their bruised heads! Bennie is trembling yet from pain and fight!"

Doctor Goodrich, after hearing Mrs Westbrook through, and then gazing for a moment at the bruised heads of the little ones, and at the same time hearing old Lebo groaning from his terrible beating, could not curb his anger, so he stepped out of the door and, by way of compliment, gave the keeper another rap over his ugly face, which sent him howling to the floor like a conquered, cowardly beast. The old lurchback begged for mercy, but his pleadings were only answered by the flying cane in the doctor's hand, as, swish after swish, it curved through the air, leaving its im-

pression upon the crooked form of old Lebo, whose screaming and pleading began to grow weaker and finally dropped into a dismal howl

Seeing a dark, dirty cell, with an iron door in which was a key, just opposite, the doctor grasped him by the shoulders and hauled the howling monster into it. Then he closed the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket. He afterwards returned to the room and prepared to take the Westbrook family home with him till further arrangements could be made.

Mrs Westbrook seemed in better spirits than at any time since her husband's death. She arose and prepared to depart, saying as she did so

"This is, indeed, being snatched from the poor-house! It is love money and not blood money! Oh, my noble husband, father of my children, your kindness and ever enduring love have been a benediction to my soul since you were called from me! The fruits of your thoughtfulness have snatched us from the poor house and its miserable keeper!"

Even going from the poor-house was sad for Gracie when she realized she would have to leave the

suffering little orphans, to whom she was so much attached, to the mercy of old Lebo

Kind reader, could you have seen the little ones whom she had so often befriended stretch forth their tiny hands and implore her not to leave them, you, too, would have shed a tear in pity for them! As far as they could see, the little eyes followed the carriage that bore the Westbrooks away, and their little hands waved as sad a farewell as though death had snatched from their midst their dearest friends!

Doctor Goodrich took the family to his comfortable home till other arrangements could be made, and there we will leave them, assuring the reader that our next introduction to the Westbrooks will be in much more cosy quarters than those they had at the poor-house

CHAPTER VII

GRACIE AND JOE.

WE will now go to the place where poverty's dark curtain hangs like a shroud, raise it and let the glimmer of sunlight enter beneath, until it has for a little while shed a halo over the wan visage of the kind-hearted Joe Billings. Poor fellow! not only did he suffer from his severe sickness, but also from the thought of the Westbrooks being at the mercy of old Lebo, because it was not in his power to take him the miserable bribe of five dollars! Well it is he did not know that the iron hand of the old hunchback had so cruelly fallen upon Gracie, that he had dropped the little ones headlong upon the hard floor, and torn Mrs Westbrook from her pleasant room and forced her into the den with the raving maniacs, and all upon his account! He had pictured matters in his mind as even worse, and it is not to be wondered at that his fevered

brain had driven him wild. During his meditation upon the awful truth we approach the stable loft, and look in

We see, sitting beside him, his faithful friend, Bob Walker, trying to quiet him by assuring him that old Lebo was not cruel enough to do such horrid things, but all in vain, Joe understood his designs, and he is only withdrawn from the terror of his awful visions when we say to him, upon entering the desolate place

"How are you, Joe?"

His eyes wildly stare at us for a moment, and then a little light seems to play over his pale face, an intelligent look gleams from his eyes, and he says, with great effort

"I—have—taken—a—heavy—cold—but—think—p'raps—I'll—be—better—to-morrow"

A shadow clouds his brow, a frown weaves over his pale features, as he continues

"Have—you—heard—from—Gracie?"

On being informed that we had not, the poor fellow sank deeper into his straw pillow, as if sadly disappointed. He had not called in a physician, nor

would he agree to have one summoned? But Walker's watchful eye had observed the lines of his face showing plainer and thicker, and Bob took the responsibility in his own hands and sent for Doctor Phelps, who resided in the village.

When the doctor came and looked upon the face of his patient, he shook his head dolefully and proceeded with a more critical diagnosis, after which he pronounced the disease double pneumonia with typhoid symptoms, and hastened to say

"Unless the patient is removed to a more comfortable place, where fire can drive away all dampness, there is but little hope for him!

Joe, overhearing him, turned upon his side and murmured

"Doctor—I—have—nothing—and—no—other—place to go I—have tried—to—do—my—duty,—and—must—be—content—to—bear—whatever—burden—is—placed—upon me! Here—in the—old—barn—with—Bob—and—the—horse—and—cow—I—can—die—as—well—as—any—place—for—they—pity—me—pity—me!"

Almost exhausted, he lay still for a moment, then

a tremor passes over his frame, his body quivers, his eyes open and shut in quick succession, a look of defiance clouds his brow, his hands rise as if reaching for an object, and he says.

"Gracie—I—tried—to save—you—save—you—from—Lebo! I—could—not—could not!" dropping his hands by his sides as if in meek submission to the inevitable. Then, as if supernatural force had taken possession of him again and endowed him with new strength, he arose to a sitting posture, striking out, and crying at the same time.

"Lebo—Lebo! cruel man, because I could not take you that money, you have ill-treated my little Gracie!"

Then he shrieked and wept till finally he fell back exhausted, and lay like one in that dreamless sleep which knows no waking.

The doctor, with tears in his eyes, left the necessary medicine and directions, and took his leave, promising to call the next day.

Bob sat beside his friend with untiring vigilance, watching his every motion by the flickering light of a tallow taper that gleamed from one of the logs

in the walls of the old loft, and only added to the ghastly aspect of the sick room

All through the night Joe was delirious, and would talk only of Gracie and old Lebo. At one moment he would be striking him and the next speaking words of consolation to her, between times grating his teeth. Towards morning his sole cry was for Gracie, and he became so wild and vehement that Bob thought it necessary to send a messenger for her. Under the impulse of the moment, he sprang from the loft, ran to the nearest house and dispatched a messenger to bring her immediately to Joe's bedside.

When Bob returned, the poor fellow seemed wilder than ever, parching with heat, and when his lips were moistened with cold water and his face rubbed, and Bob had whispered in his ear, "I have sent for Gracie to come to you," Joe, as if by magic, rose up to a sitting posture in his bed and uttered her name so pathetically that Bob, after laying him back on his pillow, shed tears.

After several hours of such wild, wandering conversation, he roused and grew more rational. He

asked Bob if it were not time for Gracie to come, and had him go to the window every few minutes to see if she were in sight. Then, in deep meditation, he would soliloquize.

"Poor—little—Gracie! She—ought—not—to—come—to this—damp—cold—place, but—I want—to see—her—so much! Bob—when—I gaze—upon—her—sweet face—I know just how the—angels—look—and that—drives—away so—many—shadows—that—the—thought—of—death—presents—to us! And—Bob—if—I can—hear—her—sweet—voice—once—more—I—shall—be—ready to die! She will come to—me—Bob—I know she will! Her—voice—in—this old spider—webbed—loft—will—drive—away so many dark shadows—that—the—light—she—will—leave—with—me—when—she—is—gone will guide my—spirit—to—its—heavenly home! She—will—come—Bob—yes—she—will—come!"

Joe, seeing the tears in Bob's eyes, resumes

"Don't—cry—dear friend! There—now—I—didn't—mean—to—hurt—your—feelings—but she will come—she will come—come!"

After this, he sank into a kind of half-sleep,

almost exhausted, while faithful Bob sat be-side him, employed for the present in wiping the tears that in spite of him would chase each other down his cheeks, and thus he sat while Joe lay with his eyes about half closed, with naught to break the solemn silence save the perpetual champ, champ, and crush, crush of the horse and cow

The next time he roused it was high noon, and as Bob looked out of the window he saw a cab coming around the corner, with a colored driver seated upon it. Gracie alighted and was kneeling by Joe's bedside, with her arms about his neck, ere Bob could tell him she had come. Neither of them could speak. Gracie had guessed the cause of old Lebo's kindness and subsequent cruelty. She was never far wrong in her conclusions, and often did she murmur

"Poor Joe's sacrifice has brought him to this, and, perhaps, to his death, and all for us!"

She laid her cheek upon his parching brow and whispered in his ear

"Joe, Joe, how can we ever repay you for what you have done?"

Joe, rousing from his excess of emotion, said, in a tremulous voice

"Your—presence—Gracie—here to-day—even—to—see me die—has paid me ten-fold—for—all—I—have ever done! Oh, Gracie—it was—so kind in you to—come—to me!" This caused Joe a great exertion, and it was some time before he could speak further, but, after a little rest, he takes Gracie's soft hand in his own, and between breaths asks about her mamma and the little ones

His thoughts then reverting to old Lebo, as if by magic he grows stronger His eyes gleam wildly and ghastly, and in a frenzy he speaks

"Lebo, Lebo! Did he, did he, Gracie!—Mama's!—Raving! Oh, Gracie, I tried, but I couldn't! Speak! Speak!—Tell me!"

Gracie was very much agitated by Joe's rambling speech, but, drawing closer to him and laying her velvety hand upon his parching brow, she whispered in his listening ear, which made him calmer She told him all about their good fortune, never hinting as to old Lebo's cruelties, for she knew that would drive him into another frenzy

being one of them himself! He managed to pass the usual compliments with her, and refrained from asking questions. But the carriage, the colored driver, her elegant dress and her exquisite beauty were all running through his brain like so much electricity, and though he curbed his queries, he acted so curiously and neglected his patient so long that Bob and Gracie began to notice. This brought

His eager ear drank every word she uttered. When she finished, he lay quiet for a moment, and then whispered "Thank God! Thank God!"

After he had taken another brief rest, he again laid her face down close to his and said:

"Dear Joe, I have come to take you home with me! Mamma has sent a carriage for you, with a soft bed in it, she said you must be sure and come. We have a nice home, Joe, a very large house, and the cosiest sleeping-room in it. I left mamma arranging for you, and if you don't go with me she will be disappointed!"

This news was so sudden that the big drops of perspiration stood upon his face. He gasped for breath, he could not speak. The while Gracie was chafing his forehead and moistening his lips with cold water.

Just at this moment Doctor Phelps entered the loft. His eyes fell upon Gracie and not upon his patient. He was amazed at seeing her there clad in such a prettily-fitting gown. At the same time he thought that if that was the way the inmates of the poor-house were treated, he would not mind

being one of them himself! He managed to pass the usual compliments with her, and refrained from asking questions. But the carriage, the colored driver, her elegant dress and her exquisite beauty were all running through his brain like so much electricity, and though he curbed his queries, he acted so curiously and neglected his patient so long that Bob and Gracie began to notice. This brought the doctor to a thought of his profession, and he commenced to examine Joe. Watching Gracie at the same time, he saw such interest manifested by her that when she broke the silence by asking, "Doctor, is he better?" he felt relief in answering "His symptoms seem more favorable, but his nervous prostration is mysterious—his nerves are at such a tension!"

At this Gracie interposed again and said

"Doctor, can't I take Joe away from this horrid place? Mamma has sent for him, and here in this old loft he will die if you do not let me take him! Please, Doctor, please!"

Doctor Phelps could not have been more surprised if a cannon-ball had just then passed through the old barn and he spoke ere he thought.

"You—you take him, Gracie—take him to the poor——"

But, ere he finished the sentence, he saw Gracie's head come up, her cheeks flush crimson and her eyes sparkle, though, catching herself just in time, she looked him squarely in the face. Thus they stood, eyeing each other as if at a loss for words. At last, Gracie spoke as follows:

"Doctor Phelps, my papa was a good and thoughtful man, and I would that other fathers in this town would do as he did! Papa left us a large insurance on his life, mamma has received it, and what has it done for us? It has snatched us from the poor-house and its cruel keeper, and placed us in a comfortable home! Say, Doctor Phelps, you are only a poor man! Suppose you should be taken from your family as suddenly as my papa was from his, did you ever think of what might become of your good wife and little ones? Did you ever think of this?"

The doctor looked bewildered, he was a kind-hearted man and Gracie's words had touched him, but he could only murmur in answer to her question

"Thank God, thank God, little one, for your good fortune!"

"No," cried Gracie, "thank my poor papa! God is good, but you, who are always thanking God, and never trying to do anything for which your loved ones could thank you, had better change your mode of thanking and act! Go, Doctor Phelps, go and do as my papa did!"

The doctor could only look with astonishment upon the sincere face of the little girl. It is needless to say that he believed all she had told him, as the register of the same insurance company in which Mr Westbrook's name was recorded but a single day after this conversation gave evidence that he took her advice.

In reference to her question as to taking Joe home with her, he at first hesitated, as the collier was so very dangerously ill, but, after making another survey of the surroundings and noticing the frown on Gracie's face, he said

"I have nothing more to add, Gracie. Taking him in that carriage, on the soft bed you have prepared, may do him good. He cannot get well here, that is a settled fact."

He then gave the necessary advice and departed, much bewildered as to how it happened that Mr. Westbrook went to the poor house when her husband had provided this insurance for her.

When the doctor had stepped from the loft, Joe called Gracie to his side, and, taking her soft hands in his, poured out his soul in thankfulness to his little saviour, as he accepted the kind offer.

By her directions, tender hands lifted him from his straw bed and gently bore him to the downy one in the cab, and faithful Bob Walker, with tears in his eyes, gave his kind friend, as he said, over to more worthy hands, while the horse neighed softly and the cow lowed, as if at losing a kind companion, and poor Joe seemed to exhibit almost a fellow feeling for them.

After Gracie had thanked Bob over and over again for his kindness to Joe, and invited him to come and see him, she sprang into the cab by Joe's side, at the same time bidding the cabman drive carefully. She closed the door and the cab rolled off.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WESTBROOKS' NEW HOME.

WE will not bother the reader with an extensive rehash of the village gossip after Gracie's return to it for Joe, but will offer a word, however. Not two hours had elapsed after she left Miers till almost every one in the village knew something of the fortunate turn of affairs for the Westbrook family. They knew that insurance money had snatched them from the poor-house, for Gracie had said so to Doctor Phelps, and he had told his family, consisting of several members, but as she did not give the amount, it was necessary for gossip to start one.

Mrs Jenkins had understood by the conversation of one of her neighbors that it was only one thousand dollars, but before night word was received that the Westbrooks were living in fine style, in the most fashionable quarter of P——. Consequently, the first

amount would not suffice, so it had grown through the day to such an extent that when the shadows of night began to fall it was ten thousand dollars. This was a fine lesson for the poor people of Miers, and the next agent that visited the place received a warmer reception, but in a reverse way, than even the one that was so unmercifully stained with the "Old Long Green" and pelted with coal, and many of these poor people would have shared a similar fate at the hands of an inconsiderate poor-house housekeeper, had it not been for the thoughtful James Westbrook.

If the reader should go to the insurance office that snatched Mrs Westbrook and her darling ones from the poor house, and look over the shoulders of the secretary as he is busy with the books and read the names of the beneficiaries recorded there, then seek the parties bearing those names, he will find that many of them would acknowledge that they had been saved from lives of poverty and misery.

Would every one avail himself of his opportunity to insure his life, the poor houses of our land would be empty, and no cruel Lebo could wield his lash over the backs of unfortunate little children. Crimes

would be fewer, for poverty in its direst forms leads to crime. Instead of having two or three penitentiaries in each State, one would suffice for two or three States. If the reader will go with me just opposite Miers, stand upon a mountain peak, look down on the little village across the river, and see here and there respectable cottages that had taken the place of old log ones, in which fatherless children are protected from the cold blasts by their prudent fathers, who followed the example of James Westbrook, he will not be skeptical about life insurance.

What man could lie calmly upon his death-bed, knowing the inevitable fate of his home under a mortgage, the only place on earth his loved ones could call home, and not feel remorse for his negligence? Though he repose upon a downy bed, it would be a bed of thorns when he thought that just the least self-denial would have saved his home for his family!

There are many people in the world who claim to be Christians, whose souls seem saturated with a devotional love for God, who think of death only with regard to their spiritual welfare, and not with

regard to the household left behind Selfish men! They do not think of the desolation of the home that will follow their final departure from it! In one sense of the word such men may be right, but if their own destinies solely absorb their minds, they are meanly selfish when they forget to think of what might become of their families! Is there any being so unquestionably helpless as a poor, weak woman who has just lost her husband? Ah! think of her in the great battle of life! What shall she do? Shall she become a servant to go at the bidding of some aristocratic tyrant? Shall she be a seamstress, earning, perhaps, two dollars per week, with which to clothe your children and pay the mortgage you may have left upon your house?

"Oh, no!" Stout man as you are now, a skeptic as to life insurance, "No, no, not my wife," I hear you say, "who has been the light of my home, the subject of my thoughts! Oh, no, not she!"

Then, Christian, as you claim to be, how can you go out of this world happy, dreaming of celestial bliss, watching the flashing robes of angels, and listening to the trembling vibrations of Æolian

harps, sweeter than those strung from the fair locks of Apollo? Ah, when such sights and sounds would flash before your eyes and tremble on your ears, would not terrible sorrow plant itself in your heart if, amid all this, the door of a poor-house in the dark distance would swing open to receive those you have loved so dearly? You, who have lived so much devoted to your God, take on the robes of immortality, smiling from the bright mansions above, immortal bliss and immortal glory shedding their eternal lustre over your crowned head, while your loved ones left behind enter a poor-house! Ah, happy angel that you are, your life has been a swindle and your example a cheat!

Hoping that what we have said on life insurance may save the back of some unfortunate child and prevent the miseries of some helpless widow, we will now proceed with our recital and trust that we may have no further occasion to digress.

Doctor Goodrich lifted the Westbrook family into his carriage and, when he started, Grace missed old Lebo. He was not to be seen anywhere. She asked the doctor what had become of him, and

when he informed her that he was in safe keeping, she was really more bewildered than ever, but, having little sympathy for him since his cruelty to her, she refrained from asking further questions.

The kind doctor took them to his comfortable home. Bennie rejoiced with Grace and his mamma, and the babe seemed to join them in thankfulness for their safe deliverance from the brutal hands of old Lebo.

The doctor appeared to blame himself for all their afflictions and miseries at the poor-house. He would walk back and forth in his library and say, in an excited voice

"Poor Westbrook left in my hands the sole protection for his family, thinking it would keep them from want, and, after such prudence and thoughtfulness, they went to the poor house! My fault, my fault! No, it was not my fault! I did not know of his death, but I should have inquired!"

After this soliloquy he made a solemn vow that the Westbrooks should from now on enjoy a life of comfort.

The next morning Mrs Westbrook, thinking she

would feel better satisfied, and not so dependent, if she were in a home of her own, as she had been the object of a miserable charity so long, asked the doctor to purchase her a dwelling in as desirable a location as possible, and as comfortable a cottage as two thousand dollars would buy. The doctor, being a man of vast wealth, and only practicing his profession as a specialist, and more for humanity's sake than mere mercenary motives, at once told her that he knew of an elegant new two-story residence, that cost seven thousand dollars, in a most desirable location, too, that she could purchase for two thousand dollars. Of course, she asked him to close the bargain at once, as they could scarcely hope for another such opportunity.

The property alluded to was the doctor's, he accordingly made her a deed for it, and, as she had implicit confidence in him, she asked no further questions, but was satisfied for him to transact all the business in the purchase as her attorney-in-fact.

After assuring her of her advantageous bargain, that her property was fully worth seven thousand dollars, and that she would be pleased with it, he left

her to meditate over her good fortune, for he intended to do much more for her. He went direct to the carpet stores, upholsterers and furniture warerooms, and ordered beautiful and substantial outfits for each room. He also had these outfits arranged, and, after expressing himself entirely satisfied, he hastened to his own spacious mansion and found Mrs. Westbrook wondering why he left her so unceremoniously, while Gracie was standing by her side, asking if their new home would contain four or five rooms, and how soon they would be able to see it.

The doctor smiled when he entered the apartment and said

"While I would like to have you remain longer with me, as you seem anxious to go to your own home, I will, if you wish, have my carriage called and take you there."

Gracie danced with joy, while Mrs. Westbrook thanked him for his extreme kindness and said, if he would drive them over they would see about buying their furniture for housekeeping. The doctor cunningly smiled and informed them that the furniture, if it suited them, all went in the trade for the two

thousand dollars Mrs Westbrook stood as if spell-bound, while Gracie smiled in satisfaction at their good fortune Seeing the widow's bewilderment, the doctor hastily spoke

"Oh, yes, Mrs Westbrook, it is a long lane that has no turn, and this particular bargain seems to have presented itself especially for you!"

Gracie's face was lighted all over with smiles, and when she ran up and whispered to Bennie that they were now going home, he clapped his little hands, while his face showed marks of happiness, as he said

"We'll see papa now, oon't we, Dacie, and oon't he tiss us and tiss us, and ty, and be mad at Ebo, who beat oo, an' made mamma an' me an' Baby stay in with the mad men!"

The little fellow kept up his childish prattle till the carriage was waiting at the door When they were all seated in it, and it rolled down only a little way on one of the most popular streets in the city, and stopped in front of a large mansion, the doctor alighted, with smiles upon his face and tears trembling in his eyes as he marked the surprise of the Westbrook family as he helped them up the stone steps into the spacious house which was theirs.

CHAPTER IX.

JOE'S DELIRIUM

PARDON me, reader, but I would ask you to take a little stroll, and we will wander to the Westbrook mansion, we will even be bold enough to enter it and observe the ill clad family walk into their elegantly-furnished rooms. We are now there, as they enter the sitting-room, where a cheerful grate fire greets them. Mrs Westbrook makes one little survey of her surroundings and at once drops into an easy-chair, her elbows fall upon her knees, her face in the palms of her hands, and we hear her exclaim

"Is this a dream, a dream? Oh, realized dream! If a dream, may you always be so to me, the fair reminder of youthful days in Old England!"

While Mrs Westbrook is thus meditating, we see Gracie stealing quietly from room to room, surveying everything with wonder and admiration, after

which she goes up to her mamma, who is still sitting in her dreamy posture, and, throwing her arms about her neck, says, with the sincerest emotion

"Thanks be to God, poor papa and Doctor Goodrich!"

Just at this moment little Bennie surveys his surroundings, creeps forward to his mamma, looks up into her face and lisps

"Mamma, do we 'ive here in dis nice p'ace, an' is papa here too? Tell him to tome to his 'ittle boy, p'ease, mamma, p'ease!"

Gracie could control her emotion better than her mamma, and at once explained to her little brother that their papa's home was away up in the skies, and that he could never come to them, but they all could go to him. At this the little fellow seemed more bewildered than ever, and added, doubtfully, as he dropped his head as if discouraged

"I'm so eager to see papa, an' sit on his knee, an' I's been doin' to him so long, an' haven't done to him yet! Bennie's so tired of his 'ittle pallet! Oh, Dacie, tan't I see papa?"

As he is thus talking, we see Doctor Goodrich standing apart, his eyes dimmed with tears as he marks the emotion of the family. When he notices that he is observed, he steps forth like the 'church-rous' hero he is, while Grace and her maid kneel at his feet and thank him for what he has done for them.

Mrs Westbrook was a woman of refined nature and good judgment, she knew that two thousand dollars had not given them this home, with all its comforts and luxuries, and that, as she had three thousand dollars to her credit in bank, there could be no doubt as to the donor of the magnificent gift.

It was difficult to tell which party was the most affected.

Doctor Goodrich, feeling that he had been amply repaid for whatever sacrifice he had made, took his leave and, after the sound of his footsteps had died away, the mother and daughter's eyes made a solemn survey of the spacious walls, upon which hung elegant pictures, thence their glances pass to the ceiling, from which swing magnificent chande-

liers, and to the springy, velvety carpet beneath their feet, all reminders of the great contrast and change that had come into their life. The eyes of the mother and daughter meet and seem to say "Behold us, the poorly-clad Westbrooks!" and here we leave them, Gracie preparing to go shopping with the maid whom the doctor had provided for them, while Mrs Westbrook, seated in her easy-chair, was giving the proper instructions as to the necessary purchases.

In this handsome home, living in comfort, if not luxury, Mrs Westbrook gains strength and grows young and beautiful under the skillful treatment of Doctor Goodrich, while Gracie becomes merry and rosy in her rather fashionable and neatly-fitting gown, and Baby Bessie, all life and health, seems to prattle her childish thankfulness for such a home, but poor little Bennie, amid all the pleasant surroundings, could not forget for even a little while, his papa, and fretted and pined until his colorless face showed plainer and plainer each day the heavy burdens upon his little shoulders, and the grim shadows seemed to hang heavier and heavier over

his bruised head, which had given him so much pain since thrown from the cruel hands of old Lebo

Here the Westbrook family had lived for almost one week, when a poorly-dressed messenger rode up in an old rickety vehicle, and beseeched Grace to go at once to Joe Billings' bedside. He had no sooner made his request known than it was agreed that the good boy should live with them, and Gracie informed the messenger that she would come for Joe in a conveyance of her own and bring him home with her. She accordingly procured Doctor Goodrich's coach and coachman, prepared the first as the reader already knows and started upon her journey

The roads were rough; Joe, in his weak condition, was much shaken up and would have fainted many times had it not been for two soft little hands stealing out and chafing his forehead, and a sweet voice whispering in his ear, telling him of the comforts that awaited him

When they drove up in front of the Westbrook mansion, Doctor Goodrich was there, ready to receive

his patient When Joe was carried in and laid on his downy bed, he closed his eyes and sank into a half-comatose condition

Doctor Goodrich worked with him as few physicians ever work with patients

In his delirium Joe would call for Gracie, and then ask to have the horse and cow taken from the barn, and the cracks stopped with straw to keep the wind out Then he would wildly rave about old Lebo, and, after quieting down for a moment, say, imploringly.

"You promised me, Lebo, that for ten dollars a month you would let the Westbrook family have that comfortable room! I got sick, oh, Lebo, Lebo, and sent you a ring, a souvenir beyond value, and my watch—true, it was an old one—but I thought that for these you would allow them to keep that room till I was able to pay you!"

At the close of this his eyes opened widely, and a frown spread over his features, as he cried out

"Lebo, Lebo, did you, did you? Oh, oh, I fear! Tell me, Gracie, did he, did he?"

As if by magic, he rose up in his bed, but two

little velvety hands, again stealing out, chafed his forehead, and a sweet voice hisped in his ear

"Don't, dear Joe! We are safe from old Lebo now!"

This caused him to lie down again, as if for tranquil rest

The doctor, noting Joe's words and hearing Gracie's reply, exhibited a key and said

"Lebo is in safe keeping till I choose to liberate him!"

It then flashed through Gracie's mind why old Lebo had not shown himself when they left the poor-house

Just at the moment the cruel monster was hurled into the cell, howling with rage and pain, the poor crooked-foot girl happened to look into the hall and saw the iron door close upon him. The other inmates, terrified by the old monster's howlings and pleadings, left the house and ran some distance away

When the crooked-foot girl saw the keeper hurled across the hall into the dark cell and the strong door fastened upon him, a merry twinkle of her eyes and a smile on her face showed her satisfac-

tion at his punishment, and she resolved that he should stay in durance so far as she was concerned

The old hunchback, realizing his fate, begged for mercy, and, receiving no response, threatened tortures to the inmates that would have made the cruel ancients shudder. Still receiving no response, he would curse, exhort and pray alternately, and all who heard him thought some crazy person had just been brought in and locked in the cell. The inmates missed the old keeper, but a superannuated, half-witted kleptomaniac, a harmless creature, insisted that Lebo had gone away for a week or two and left him in charge, he gave orders as commandingly as though he were the sole proprietor of a million-dollar hotel! The crooked-foot girl did nothing to undeceive the inmates, knowing that, notwithstanding all his chastisement by Doctor Goodrich and all the punishment he might be undergoing in that cell, the keeper was not even paying one-tenth of one per cent on the compound interest accumulated on the first installment of his crimes.

As Doctor Goodrich did not desire to be the means of any one starving or freezing to death, not

even the most savage brute, he went out to the poor-house the next day, resolved to liberate Lebo and arrest him at the same time, but, when he heard him cursing like a fiend and threatening the inmates with tortures that even a demon could not contemplate, he returned without making his errand known

In old Lebo's absence the poor-house was not such a bad place! The children would all crowd into the kitchen and have an extra cookie, while other food was so freely given out to eager applicants by the crooked foot girl that the doctor thought the present management up to the proper standard and decided to leave it as it was for a few days longer

CHAPTER X.

LITTLE BENNIE'S DEATH. 2

AFTER Joe had revived from his delirium and sunk into a calm sleep, Gracie stole quietly up to Doctor Goodrich and asked him if the old hunchback had really been in that dark cell ever since they left, which was now almost two weeks. Upon being informed that he had, and that it was proper he should remain there for a few days longer, she felt much alarmed, and said to the Doctor :

"While old Lebo is cruel and deserves all this punishment, suppose he should freeze, or starve to death and you have the key in your pocket that fastens the door upon him? Would you not be responsible for his death? Please, Doctor, go and take him from that cell, but have the officers go with you, turn him out and make him leave. Go at once, Doctor, please do!"

Nothing save the pleading voice of Gracie West-

brook could have induced the doctor to liberate the old heathen, nevertheless he had some fear lest his blood might be on his head, so he resolved to take officers to the poor house and arrest him for cruelty and hold him upon this charge until the result of little Benne's injuries was known

When the party arrived and the cell door was opened, the old hunchback walked out. The doctor was surprised at seeing him look so well, but when he observed that there was a little crevice under the door, through which the crooked-foot girl had slipped food and water, his surprise vanished.

After the physician had said a few words to Lebo, the officers marched up and exclaimed.

"You are our prisoner!"

The old hunchback stared wildly at the representatives of the law, he was completely surprised. He stood still for a moment, when his eyes dilated and snapped like balls of fire, the muscles of his face twitched, and his ears began to work, then, like a roaring lion, he gave vent to the most terrible howlings, intermingled with epithets. He blamed Joe Billings for it all, and cried excitedly

"I never accepted a bribe!"

"Who has accused you of accepting a bribe?" one of the officers replied, whereupon he saw his mistake and dropped his chin on his breast, but in trying to correct his error he only made matters worse, as he forgot himself in his ravings and said, unconsciously

"The old negro threw Crazy Moll and her babe in the well before I could get to him, and, after it was done, I thought it best to say nothing about it, as it would create talk and do no good!"

The officers let him ramble on, declaring his innocence just as if he was being arrested for throwing Crazy Moll in the well, and so eagerly did he walk into his own snare and the meshes of his own net that even his captors were amazed

A half-witted girl, who became deranged from disappointment in love, had been thrust from a home in which she was a domestic, and, being an orphan and friendless, her only course was to go to the poor-house. She had hitherto borne an excellent name, but when her condition began to be observed she was shunned, poor girl! while her seducer walked majestically on through the world, with his head erect, look-

ing down upon his crime with a fiendish joy, as if rejoicing at having ruined one person's happiness forever! Ah! that such defiant libertines might be thrust into a felon's cell and there be made to feel remorse for their awful crimes!

Thus it was that Crazy Moll, once known as beautiful Mollie Gooding, met her miserable fate at the hands of old Lebo, when reason had been chased from its throne! In a grave fifty feet below the surface of the earth she lay, 'quietly sleeping away that dreadful eternity, with her little babe by her side, brought to this disgraceful end by the perfidy of a creature called a man, but in reality one of the most miserable and contemptible brutes alive! Ah, could such men be trampled upon like the slimy worm that creeps in the path of virtue and crushed out of existence!

When old Lebo had finished the story of his fiendish work, the negro was questioned. He told the officers how he had been forced to assist in this heinous crime, describing how the poor woman begged for mercy and fought him, as he swung her back and forth over the deep, dark well, and, when he had hurled her down into it, the feeble and heartrending groans that followed.

The old hunchback writhed under the truthfulness of the negro's confession.

After he had finished his story, the precious pair were compelled to go to the well and confirm their awful crime by raising the half-decomposed corpses of poor Mollie Gooding and her little infant. Their remains were taken to an isolated cemetery, and there, upon a beautiful knoll, where the rising sun throws his splendor and gleams over the graves, poor Mollie and her babe find quiet in the eternal sleep of death!

Oh, licentious monster! gaze on this spot of sorrow, made by your treachery and perfidy! Would that you could feel the enormity of your crime, and then, instead of looking down upon those graves with the light of victory on your bestial brow, penitent tears would fall from your eyes in such torrents as would keep the mounds of your victims green and wash the stain from your depraved soul!

After the confirmation of the awful deed, the old hunchback had strong manacles placed upon his wrists. He was at once taken to the city and lodged in jail to await the action of the grand jury.

In the meantime the crooked-foot girl was monarch

of all she surveyed. So kindly did she treat the inmates, and with such ability did she manage, that, at a special meeting of the Board of County Commissioners, after visiting her, two of the members opened their hearts in order to try to make some amends for the miseries for which they were practically responsible, and she was elected matron of the poor house. Yet the one obstinate official, who was ever ready to guard the "county-box," unless his pocket was made heavier by the transaction, even in the face of all the disclosures would not believe in the guilt of old Lobo, and voted to retain him in the position of superintendent of the county-house, and, at the very next election, by pleading retrenchment, reform and economy, defeated the noble and excellent humanitarian, Doctor James R. Parker, for the post of County Commissioner.

The next day after the crooked foot girl's appointment, her commission was taken to her, signed by the two commissioners, and she was notified that she had been appointed matron with the superintendent's salary!

Such rejoicing among inmates of a charitable institution was never witnessed before. The old klepto

maniac threw his battered hat into the air and announced "Three cheers for the crooked-foot girl!" in which the little children's voices were raised to the highest key, while even the maniacs seemed to grow more natural and blended their shouts with those of the rational.

After the clamor had somewhat subsided, the old man jumped upon a chair and began to make a speech on the fortunate turn of affairs, saying that now, since the crooked-foot girl was appointed, it became necessary for him to resign the appointment given him by the old hunchback "And," continued he, "I do so in quiet submission to the crooked-foot girl, but would not resign to any other man living!"

The little children surrounded the new matron, reaching out their tiny arms to embrace her, and all the inmates followed and showed signs of affection for their good mistress

Each inmate who was strong enough went to work at her bidding. The old garret, in which the little ones had been made to sleep, starve and freeze, was given up to its rightful owners, rats, mice and owls, while comfortable rooms and clean beds held the poor

unfortunate ones in a creditable manner. Even the old dilapidated structure, under the new arrangement, was not regarded with horror by those who were compelled to make it their home.

When old Lebo had been safely locked in his cell, Doctor Goodrich went to the Westbrook residence to see his patients and carry to them the news of the fate of the cruel hunchback. Gracie listened in amazement, and, after he had finished, breathed a sigh of relief to know that the unfortunate ones were safe from his cruelties and under the tender care of the crooked-foot girl. After the doctor had explained the fate of poor Molhe Gooding, Gracie expressed her belief that she could never forgive Lebo and that he should be punished to the full extent of the law.

When the doctor entered the chamber in which Joe lay, he was surprised to mark the rapid improvement of his patient.

Mrs Westbrook also seemed to be growing young again. Her cheerful home and the proper medicine were painting her cheeks with the flush of her English beauty, but poor little Bennie, in spite of all that could be done for him, grew weaker and weaker. His case

puzzled Doctor Goodrich more and more. The little fellow, though he had every care and was surrounded by all the essential comforts of life, like the unfed fire seemed to be dying, dying! As he had been told by Gracie that their papa lived in a finer house than this, the little fellow would look up at those standing about him and say

"I's doin' to papa anyhow! He's in a finer p'ace dan dis, where 'ittle ones don't dit sick, where 'oo tan all tome an' 'ive with us! Oh, mamma, I's so eager to see papa!"

Here, surrounded as he was by kind friends, and in the hands of a skillful physician, the demonstration of the power of God only showed the weakness of man, as the kind-hearted doctor bent over the little sufferer. He had exhausted all his store of skill and knowledge, and the practice of medicine became a farce in the sight of God! He threw himself into a chair, learned man as he was, and wept, because he could do no more!

Bennie, realizing also how near he was to his papa, called his mamma, Gracie and Bessie to him. They knelt by his side, and, as he lay beneath a shower of tears, he lisped, in his feeble voice

"I'm mos' to—papa—my dool papa—an—I—can't—
—come—back—but—I'll—tell—him—for—co—lool
mamma——"

Here the little fellow was entirely exhausted, but, after a moment's struggle for breath, he continued:

'Dit oo's—done—from—de—old—house!

He takes another rest for a moment and then says, in feebler tones than ever

"I'm—mos' there—mos'—there!"

Then, raising up his little hands as if groping his way in the dark, he resumes

"Dacie—I'll tell him—oo didn't—dit tilled in big
oods, an' brought dool—ooman—to—us!"

At this speech, which had cost her dying brother such an effort, in spite of her powerful will power, Gracie gave way to her feelings, and Bennie, seeing her emotion, went on, in a few whispers

"Don't—ty—so—Dacie,—Bennie—mus'—lo—to—
papa! Oo—an'—Baby—stay—with—mamma—but—
come—to—us—soon—soon!"

The little fellow closed his eyes as if to sleep and rest for a moment then, after a slight twitching of the nerves, he stretched forth his tiny hands and, in an audible voice, hisped.

"Papa—here's 'oor 'ittle Bennie!"

Another quiver of the lips and Bennie was gone

Yes, gone, dear reader, gone where shadows are not, gone before to await the coming of the loved ones, gone to meet his kind papa, who stands on the opposite shore with extended arms to embrace his little one. Let us hope that the Westbrook family may all be reunited in that land where the grim shadows of poverty, sickness, disappointment and death are unknown!

Go where we may upon this earth, we cannot escape the inevitable. We may build palaces and provide them with all the luxuries, and there retire for a life of pleasure, contentment and ease, but Fate only mocks us, as it enters behind us and shows us our presumption and folly!

Here, in this beautiful and comfortable home the same as in the humble cot at Miers, death came and left the grim silhouettes again as a reminder of God's power and man's weakness, and, in this mansion the same as in the humble home, our little heroine is to become the comforter of her mother.

While Mrs Westbrook's head was pillowed upon

the breast of her little daughter Joe Billings tottered from his chamber, kneels beside them and whispers

"May God, who has claimed our little Bessie, give us strength to bear our loss!"

Here three heads were bowed together in silent weeping, but the kind words of Joe soothed the heart of the bereaved mother, who left the chamber of death and retired to her room, wrapped in the silence of her solemn thoughts.

The next morning the fiery day-god threw his shimmering darts in resplendent rays over the Westbrook mansion, and, when the eloquent minister had poured the balm of consolation upon the stricken hearts, all that was mortal of little Bennie was followed to the isolated cemetery—the corner of the woods at Miers and there lay to rest beside his beloved papa, to whom he had been "going so long" and whom he was so "eager to see!"

CHAPTER XI

BLANCHE ARNOLD

WE will not trouble the reader with the intervening period of four years in our story, but will pass this time for the present, and merely allude to it at the proper juncture in some future chapter. We will, however, proceed at once to build a college for the education of young ladies. We will not presume to build a Vassar, but will attempt one on a strictly original plan of our own.

The college I have in my mind is Thalia, situated a few miles from P—— upon a beautiful knoll, surrounded by a fine collection of natural forest trees, covering about one hundred acres. All the buildings are new and of the most modern architecture. The grounds are divided into circles and right angles by which run avenues and drives, and amid which is bronze statuary of every description. Beautiful fountains are pouring forth their

crystal waters, forming little brooklets through the entire grove in all directions Grottoes of flowers are strewn profusely over the whole grounds, and in midsummer send forth an aroma equal to that spoken of by the bard of Erin as he takes Lalla Rookh through the Cashmircian Vale

This college is not devoted to book education alone, but to a general and practical one, such as to fit young ladies for all kinds of avocations, as well as for society

All who attend Thalia College must learn to perform physical labor, such as housekeeping, dress-making, fancy-work, etc, *ad infinitum* They must also have a comprehensive knowledge of certain branches ere they are admitted at all

Many a belle's white taper fingers have been scarred with bruises ere she became accustomed to her work, and many fair maidens have been induced to attend who have become ornaments to society and a benefit to the world from having lived in it, while had they remained away they would have grown expert as gossiping jilts, in other words frivolous nothings!

There were three grades at this college, namely Ordinary, Junior and Senior, each one requiring a year to complete its round of studies. The Ordinary grade was intended for young misses, and for a student over thirteen years of age to be placed in it was to heap coals of fire on her head, as she was looked upon as stupid and dumb. It was with no little delight that a young miss passed to the Junior grade. In fine, to be Ordinary was to be nothing, while to be more was to be great.

The college was also famous as a boarding-school upon an entirely original plan, as each student was required to attend to her room in person, and the rooms were inspected each day, but at no regular hour, the design being to take the pupils by surprise. The condition in which the rooms were found was carefully noted and criticised. Many a fair daughter born in luxury here learned obedience for the first time, and many a scalding tear has fallen from her cheeks as she has had her work to do over and over again, yet she would accede in meek submission, for to be dismissed from Thalia College was not to be thought of. Often,

too, has this same fair belle in later years, upon more mature reflection, especially while gazing in her mirror and beholding nature's glorious tints upon her cheeks, spread by the goddess of health and inspired by the exercise of labor, thanked her good star that she attended Thalia College

One bright morning in May, in a little grove about one mile from the city, two young ladies were seated upon a grassy mound, watching the little birds in their twittering glee enjoying the breezes of "their unlorded sky" and singing their tender love songs "to listening mates" The two young ladies were Gracie Westbrook and Blanche Arnold In introducing Miss Arnold to our readers we need only say that she was the third and youngest daughter of De Witt Arnold, the banker She inherited the disposition of her father, who was noted for his generosity and kind heart The poor people of the city looked upon him as a benefactor At the sight of distress his generous heart always would get the better of that will 'power which wealth is so certain to cultivate, and he would give to the worthy The oldest of Mr

Arnold's children was his son Hugh, who was a partner in his business. He was a "chip of the old block," as the people say over in Pennsylvania, inheriting his father's disposition. He was smiled upon by aristocratic mothers and their fair daughters, and could have had his choice for a wife, but as yet he had not met the right one and bore himself with like courtesy to all.

Nora was the second child, at this time a young lady of eighteen summers, whose vain pride and aristocratic mien would indicate to the observing eye that her estimate of herself was that she was the peer of any lady in Pennsylvania. She was beautiful, save when her irritable temper rose like a whirlwind, and that was so often that people had but few opportunities to see how beautiful she was. Her long brown hair, her deep blue, almost hazel, eyes, her perfect features, her symmetrical form and her elegantly-tinted complexion all were obscured when one thought of her incorrigible temper.

In describing Nora we picture Mrs. Arnold, with the exception of the slight inroads that her years had made upon her.

Nora selected her associates from the aristocracy of the city, and tried to hold her haughty head high enough to breathe a different atmosphere from persons in moderate worldly circumstances. She chose her companions by a standard of gold, remarkable of any other characteristics, in which she was encouraged by her mother.

But let us return to the little wood and listen to the conversation of Blanche Arnold and Gracie Westbrook.

Let us take up our position behind that great oak, under which the two young ladies are seated, and hear their unaffected language. It is no harm to do so, as they are only young girls talking upon frivolous matters. Just as we throw ourselves at the roots of the great tree, we hear the following dialogue.

"Gracie, what did your mamma say about your going to college with Nora and me?"

"At first, Blanche, she was pleased, but you know how mamma is, unless I can have as many dresses and just as nice ones as my associates, she don't like to see me with them. But, for myself, I don't

care so much, so I look respectable, and Blanche," here Gracie hesitated a moment, "do you think Nora would act toward me as she used to in our seminary? Were I away from home, going to school, it would kill me, Blanche, if she did!"

Blanche's eyes glistened with tears, as she looked Gracie squarely in the face and said.

"I am going to tell father about Nora. She shall not go to college with us, we will go by ourselves"

"Oh, don't, Blanche!" cries Gracie. "If any one remains at home, let it be me, for you know mamma can scarcely afford to send me, yet I would like to go so much. They say the students have to do all kinds of work. Oh, wouldn't you look fine, Blanche, fishing around in a large dish-pan full of water and hunting out the dishes! You see I have the advantage of you in this, for I often wash dishes, sweep and help with the work at home. I think I would be an apt student in that line at college!"

"I would like to be, too," said Blanche, "and I do often help the maid when ma isn't around. Pa and Hugh scold mamma and Nora often because

they don't let me do as I like, but I guess when we go to college I will learn. Hugh is anxious for me to go, and for you to go with me, he said so this morning."

At this Gracie was as much surprised as if a thunder-storm had just burst forth over their heads. After a moment's hesitation, she said.

"Does Hugh know I am thinking of going?"

"Yes, and he says he will bet two to one that you carry off all the prizes, as you did in our school!"

Gracie felt the warm blood rush to her face, she dropped her head a moment ere she exclaimed:

"Blanche, I almost wish I was as rich as Croesus! I know this is wrong, but one in my circumstances cannot associate with wealthy people without feeling a disagreeable sensation of inferiority! Mamma's income is limited, as you know, and we must be careful in our expenditures, but what will it cost, Blanche?"

"I'm sure, Gracie, I don't know, but I will ask Hugh or papa this evening"

"Let me see!" says Gracie "From my spring

school expenses I have seventy dollars left, and if it don't cost much more than this I will go "

Since Hugh Arnold had taken such an interest in her, and knew, too, just what circumstances she had been in, she felt at the time a little defiant toward the haughty Nora

"Yes, Gracie, you must go," said Blanche "I cannot go without you, but we must be going toward home," and the young ladies leisurely walked back to the city, Blanche thinking what a fine time they would have at boarding-school, and Gracie wondering why it was that Hugh Arnold had manifested so much interest as to want her to go, too!

CHAPTER XII

A PRINCELY GIFT

IT was just one week until the time to start to 'Thaha College for the spring and summer term, and, as Blanche had informed Gracie that the trip need not cost more than seventy five dollars, she, with the consent of her mother, had agreed to go, and preparations were being made, while over at the Arnold mansion a sharp discussion was going on. Mrs. Arnold and Nora were scolding Blanche in no stinted terms because she had asked Gracie to attend the college with her sister and herself.

"Just think of it!" said Mrs. Arnold, with a haughty shake of the head. "Gracie Westbrook, a little poor-house vixen, for an associate and companion for my daughters! I've a great mind to keep you both at home! The idea of your associating with such stock as she is!"

At this Nora curled her nose and put in.

"I think so, too! If she has to tag along, I'll stay at home, that's what I'll do!"

This caused Mrs Arnold to rise up, walk over to Blanche, take her by the ear and shake her severely, saying, as she did so

"You little hussy! I've a notion to shake you to pieces!"

As the tears came into Blanche's eyes, Nora looked up contemptuously at her and said.

"Good enough for you! Maybe you will learn yet not to take such liberties as to impose upon me the trash you seem to seek for associates!"

Hugh stepped in just in time to hear a portion of this dialogue, and, having listened a moment at the door, remarked, angrily

"Mother, why is it you always vent your spleen so cruelly on Gracie Westbrook? She is my ideal of a woman! It seems the little poor-house vixen, as you call her, invariably snatches the laurels from her aristocratic rivals in all contests—in school, music and society—and is so far ahead of them they cannot keep on her track! Now, don't you think it quite as much disgrace to those highly

intelligent and aristocratic girls you are always prating about to be surpassed by one whom you are pleased to call the little poor-house vixen, as it is to her when she surpasses them? In other words, does it lower Gracie in the balance when she surpasses her aristocratic rivals?"

Hugh stopped short, reserving the rest for his thoughts. Mrs. Arnold looked up, with a frown on her face and her eyes flashing with anger.

"Well, my boy," she said, "you are growing eloquent in the defense of the brilliant pauper!"

It is not to be doubted that Hugh had really inherited some of his mother's fire, for he said, commandingly

"Hush, mother! I will not hear you speak in that way of Miss Westbrook!"

Springing toward him as though she would use him as she had Blanche, Mrs. Arnold cried, sarcastically

"I say you will hear me, Hugh! It may be, my fine boy, that this brilliant pauper has entangled you in the meshes of her long hair! You will be highly elevated when you make your selection for a wife from the poor-house!"

Hugh winced beneath the bitter words, but that only pleased Mrs Arnold and inspired her to continue, more bitterly than ever

"And won't your sisters feel honored by your giving them such an accomplished sister-in-law, and won't my fine boy feel proud of his wife when he is asked a few questions 'pertaining to her genealogy and past history? "

At this Hugh began to boil over with rage, but, controlling himself in time, he said, almost imploringly

"Mother, I entreat you to hush! Gracie Westbrook is no more to me than any other worthy young lady!"

Hugh hung his head just the least bit, as if in repentance for having stretched the truth, but continued

"Because she was unfortunate in losing her father, which left her to the cruel mercies of a cold world, you discard her and call her names! Think of it! A little girl twelve years old, left with a sick mother, little brother and infant sister to care for, and she the only staff upon which they could lean! This

little girl you call the poor house vixen heroically stood by them, through all their trials, sharing their woes and comforting them, and her extraordinary intelligence took advantage of the most meagre circumstances, child as she was, snatched them from the poor-house and gave them a comfortable home! If one of your aristocratic young ladies had done the same thing, mother, with her wealthy father's money she would have been looked upon as a heroine and good enough for Hugh Arnold, or for an associate for his sisters! But, since it is Gracie Westbrook, she must forever bear the inhuman taunt of being a poor-house vixen! I tell you, mother, Gracie is worth a whole city full of your fashionable belles, and I say it is a shame, yea, mother, it is cruel, to speak of Gracie Westbrook as you have!"

Mrs Arnold began to grow nervous, but, knowing that anger was her weakness, she resumed, in her inimitably sarcastic way

"Well, my dear boy, you speak as eloquently in behalf of Gracie Westbrook as a Harrison or a Voorhees ever spoke in defense of the character of a genuine criminal!"

At this point Hugh turned on his heel and left the room, followed by Blanche, who said to him.

"Oh, Hugh, I'm so glad you talked that way to mother! Gracie is trembling all the time, fearing Nora will treat her-as she did in the seminary. She asked me yesterday if I thought Nora would like her if she allowed her to get the best grade. She said she could do that for entrance to the college."

Hugh's blood at this intelligence coursed to his head in profusion, as he said

"Blanche, I can trust you, and I don't want you to repeat what I say! If I can win Gracie for my wife, I intend to do so! I want you to encourage her to beat Nora every time, and if ever she twits her or speaks disrespectfully of her, you let me know!"

Blanche was surprised. She had not thought of Gracie as a sister, and from this moment she began to grow dearer to her. Taking Hugh's hand, she made the solemn promise that Gracie should be treated and respected as an equal. At this Hugh and Blanche parted, she with a firm resolve to

stand by Gracie, and Hugh with a heart full of love for her

At the Westbrook mansion, as we have said, preparations were being made for Gracie's departure to college. Mrs. Westbrook was remodeling dresses and making some new additions to Gracie's wardrobe, when an express messenger drove up and began to unload an elegant lady's traveling trunk. Mrs. Westbrook stepped to the door and said

"You must be mistaken, we are not looking for anything!"

"All the same," answered the messenger, "this trunk is billed to your daughter Gracie."

Gracie was then summoned and, of course, knew no more about it than her mother. She was so much surprised that the agent had her receipt for it and was gone, ere she thought what she had done. The trunk was locked, but had no key! What was it for, and what should she do with it? Just as she was in this quandary, a mail carrier came in and left a letter addressed to Miss Gracie Westbrook. She looked at the envelope in astonishment. She saw it was post-marked New York, and there was a flat solid substance in it.

"The key, the key!" she said, and at the same time broke the seal, when the key fell to the floor. Never stopping to pick it up, she took a daintily folded slip of paper from the envelope and read as follows

NEW YORK, May, 18—

DEAR MISS WESTBROOK You will be surprised on receiving this letter and the trunk that will follow or perhaps, precede it, but the contents of that trunk are safe from your sight till the key contained herein reaches you. I am an old man of more than eighty years, and am called wealthy. I am a friend to the Westbrook family. It will be my pleasure some time to make myself known to you, but, owing to circumstances, I cannot just now. The reasons you will soon know. I fully realize that I have but few years to live, and if you were to refuse this gift, which is given as a father gives to his child, you, who are certainly a kind daughter, would blight the few years I may yet have spared me. I am not used to writing anonymous letters, and to show you my sincerity and earnestness in making you this little present my bankers are my vouchers. Yours affectionately,

The above letter is genuine, and written by one of New York's most respected citizens, whose motives are honorable, and we beg you to accept the gift

WILLIAMS BROS, BANKERS

At this the mother and daughter were more surprised than ever Joe was in Europe and hence could have nothing to do with it They were silent a long time, finally Gracie speaks up

"Mamma, what does it mean?" Mrs Westbrook answered

"Unlock the trunk and, perhaps, that will give us some light"

She did so, and when she raised the lid she stepped back in redoubled wonder, but, without saying another word, she drew out a plush, a silk and a satin dress, the finest her eyes had ever beheld, trimmed with the most costly laces, just what all modern belles would have styled "perfectly lovely!"

The problem, however, was not yet solved, and she was more puzzled than ever, yet, taking new courage, she laid these wardrobe additions aside She had commenced to go through the trunk, and was determined to do so

In one corner was a small iron safe with a combination lock. How was she to get into that? She turned the lock in every direction she could, but it would not yield. She finally gave it up for the time, and was again admiring the beautiful dresses till she thought of the letter. It might tell her how to get into that safe. Taking it up and unfolding it, then reading it carefully again, she was just about to return it to its envelope when she saw on the margin, written in a delicate hand, "Begin at fifty. Turn to the right five times, then to the left four times, then to the right to sixty, then gently to the left till stopped. You can then draw the bolts." Gracie hardly knew how to proceed, but she went to work carefully, and, when she had finished, just a little effort and the door yielded, and, to her astonishment, gleamed forth a brooch of diamonds for the hair, set in pearls, a golden necklace, studded with the choicest diamonds, bracelets that would do credit to the shapely arm of the illustrious Patti, all shining upon her like so many dazzling stars, and snugly laid away in one corner were golden eagles, she knew not how many, for she had not counted them, but they were there.

Mrs Westbrook was sitting back in amazement. She knew not what to say or think, and only aroused when Gracie exclaimed

"Mamma, what does all this mean? I am sure I don't understand it, but I believe the old man's motives are honest. Look at the pains he has taken by having bankers to vouch for his motives"

And just then a thought flitted across her brain. She began to grow buoyant and continued, excitedly.

"I believe he was papa's friend, the same as Doctor Goodrich. I mean to see the doctor at once and show him this letter, and we will act upon his advice"

After laying away the elegant dresses, she snatched her hat from its box and hastened away to Doctor Goodrich's ere her mother had considered the propriety of her going. Upon arriving she found the doctor seated in his library, reading. He saw at a glance that Gracie was very much excited, and spoke hurriedly

"Why, what's the matter with the little fawn this evening?"

Fawn was her nickname in memory of her heroic trip through the forest to old Johnson's

She thrust the letter into his hand as she said.

“Read that and tell me what it means”

The doctor read and was almost as much surprised as Gracie, and by her request he was soon on his way with her to see the mysterious trunk that had so pleased and yet so annoyed her. The doctor was astonished when he looked upon the trunk and its contents, and studied, and wondered, and finally decided to telegraph to Williams Brothers, with whom he was well acquainted. He accordingly sent the following message

WILLIAMS BROTHERS, BANKERS, NEW YORK

Why do you ask Gracie Westbrook to accept the gifts of an anonymous donor?

DOCTOR GOODRICH

He had only to wait a few minutes for the following reply.

DOCTOR GOODRICH, P—— P—— We have the best of reasons, but are not at liberty to give them, and if Miss Westbrook does not accept, she will never regret it but once, and that will be the remainder of her life

WILLIAMS BROTHERS

"Well," said he, upon reading the message and scratching his head, "this is mysterious, but Gracie must accept."

When he reached the Westbrook residence, he handed Gracie the message and said:

"Well, little fawn, there seems to be no way for you save to accept. This voucher from the responsible Williams Brothers is a sufficient guarantee!"

Gracie's face grew radiant with delight, and she asked the doctor to count her golden eagles. He complied and, after he had finished, asked her to guess how many there were.

"One hundred!" she said, excitedly.

"How did you know?" asked the doctor.

"I watched you count them! Let me see, that is two thousand dollars, isn't it?"

"Quite right, little fawn, quite right! You are rich now, and can go to school till you are tired, and ask no one any odds!"

Gracie, while her eyes were swimming in tears, showed the doctor the jewelry and elegant dresses. He was amazed and yet as much delighted, and said:

"You deserve it all, little fawn, you deserve it all! Now the haughty Nora Arnold, whose flippant

behavior toward you on so many occasions has shown what she was, will be thwarted and scourged by her own folly, when she sees you decked in those dresses! Why, little fawn, they are Worth's most expensive productions, and, if you had an idea of the money it has taken to send them to you, you would be abashed!"

"Why, doctor, do you suppose they cost more than fifty dollars each?"

"Multiply that by twenty, little fawn!"

"What! One thousand dollars each! Surely, not so much as that!"

"Not a cent less, little fawn!"

Gracie thought in silence, then sorrowfully said

"I wish he had not sent me such expensive presents! I fear they will never do me any good! It would not be in keeping for me to wear them!"

"Don't be scared, little fawn! Who knows but that you are immensely rich now!"

Gracie started, but the doctor continued

"He who has made you this magnificent present has more in store for you! My advice is to keep still, say nothing to any one, but let it be a profound secret till further developments!"

CHAPTER XIII.

HUGH'S NEW SISTER.

THE morning on which the young ladies were to start to college arrived. It was one of those bright mornings in spring when Old Phoebe rises over the hills and vales and makes us think that this very morning has dropped down from some serene region above especially for our comfort or joy.

The carriage in which the young ladies were to go to the station was already waiting at the Arrol mansion.

Gracie had just taken leave of her mamma, her little sister, and Polly, the maid, and was starting to give a sick friend good-bye as the carriage drove to the door. Nora, with a frown and scowl upon her face, directed the driver to go on, but Blanche instantly countermanded this order, this caused a few warm words between the sisters, which Gracie overheard just as she was entering the carriage.

Blanche greeted her with a sisterly welcome, while Nora turned her head and curled her nose. Like a caged bird, Gracie sat down close to her friend, looking wistfully toward her mamma and little sister, who were watching her with streaming eyes, and throwing answering kisses, as the driver cracked his whip and away they went.

The carriage soon rolled up in front of the depot, where Hugh Arnold was standing, waiting for them. He lifted his sisters to the platform, and clasped Gracie's soft hand to assist her, when the melting eyes that met his sent such a thrill of rapturous love through his veins that he trembled like an aspen leaf.

It was just twenty minutes till train time. Hugh asked Gracie for a promenade and she started off with him ere she thought of the revengeful Nora, and when she did cast her eyes toward her, she was met with such a look of contempt and menace that she shuddered and drew closer to Hugh as if for protection. Hugh, mistaking this demonstration on the part of Gracie, almost uttered the dictates of his heart, but managed to control himself in time, and said.

"Gracie, did you ever notice the difference in the dispositions of my sisters? Blanche is as calm and sweet as a summer day, while Nora is like a storm in winter, and provoking in the extreme. Pardon me, Gracie, but I am aware of how she acts toward you, and am sure, which is some consolation, that the remorse she so greatly deserves to feel will one day overtake her, you can hasten that day, Gracie, and in doing so do yourself no harm, but Nora a great deal of good! Besides, Gracie, you will confer a favor upon me by doing so, as it will teach her a salutary lesson!"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Arnold!" replied Gracie

"Well, you see, you are a much better scholar than Nora, and I want you to surpass her so far that she cannot keep in sight of you, and if she treats you ill, or slights you in the least, I would like to be informed!" Then, dropping his head down close to hers, he whispered in her ear "Gracie, don't you know that you are good enough, kind enough, smart enough and pretty enough to have queens for associates and be crowned the sovereign of them all!"

Gracie blushed, wondering why Hugh should talk so to her, though she felt a sensation she had never experienced before. She looked up at him in bewilderment. She did not speak, and, recognizing her dilemma, he proceeded.

"Nora must be broken of her haughty and disdainful ways!"

Here he trembled again, having had another glance straight into her eyes. Then he whispered to her:

"I—I—want you to be my sister, too! That is—for awhile! I will consider that I have three sisters at college, the interests of whom are identical! Do you think I am worthy of the position of brother to you?"

"Oh! Mr Arnold!" cried Gracie, glancing so pleasantly up in his face that one would think the crown of happiness had just fallen to her from the skies, "you make me so happy! I—I—would like to have you for my brother! I had a brother once, poor little Bennie, who went to live with papa in Heaven!"

Here Hugh interposed, seeing the tears start from her bright eyes:

"Thank you, Gracie! I will be your brother! Yes, more than——" He checked himself abruptly, then added. "I am so glad, Gracie, to have this privilege!"

The train was now rattling up, and, as Gracie felt sure of Hugh's protection, she could look just the least bit defiantly at her haughty sister, who would not own her. After they were all snugly seated in the railway coach, Hugh turned to leave them and remarked

"I hope to hear from my three sisters often!"

Blanche and Gracie nodded, while Nora only frowned and curled her nose, as she replied.

"You may hear from the other two! I will correspond solely with mamma!"

"You will not write me then?" said Hugh

"No!" was her short reply

"All right! Gracie and Blanche will, and I have an idea that their letters will be more interesting any way!"

"I have no doubt but that Grace Westbrook's will be to you!" was Nora's sneering retort

Gracie trembled as she heard what passed between

Nora and Hugh and felt that she was the cause of this breach between brother and sister. Blanche noticed that Gracie's sensitive nature was touched and strove to console her, but she sat quiet for a long time. Finally Blanche shook her gently and said

"Gracie, rouse up! I have just been thinking what a fine time we were going to have, but I fear Nora and I will not pass to the Senior year, and, if we don't, we will not get to occupy rooms near you!"

"You will pass, Blanche, I'm sure of that! You always were perfect in your lessons"

"Well," added Blanche, "if I pass and Nora don't, I believe mamma will take us both from school! You know how she is about Nora!"

And thus the conversation went on until the train reached its destination

When the girls arrived in sight of the beautiful college grounds and magnificent buildings, they almost went into ecstasies. They were so grand, so far removed from the busy, noisy town! The wild birds ventured upon them, and poured forth songs of welcome. The silvery brooklets, following their channels through the campus, babbled a merry greet-

ing as they passed Here, amid all this beauty, even Nora forgot herself and was happy for a few moments

"Isn't the statuary grand!" cried Blanche, "and how stately the buildings are!"

Grace seemed not to heed what was said She was too much absorbed in her surroundings She could only gaze in amazement and admiration

Ere they were aware, the carriage drove up to the boarding-house, where the President of the college, Doctor Milford Lewis Coulter, in his usual happy manner, came out to greet them The doctor was a very affable man, and at once won the approbation of the young ladies

He was also famous as a scholar, especially in the sciences, and deservedly so He had won his laurels by genuine merit, being an indefatigable worker A lazy, indolent student was always in suspense, fearing his reproaches that were sure to come He was a man, indeed, of such vast comprehension and activity that the faculty under him dreaded the consequences when those twin sisters, Indolence and Laziness, entered the recitation rooms

He knew the individual progress and ability of the students almost, as well as the tutors in charge of them. He also seemed to be such a proficient judge of human nature that at one glance he measured a pupil's intellectual calibre. He knew when she was exercising the necessary effort. Energy and ambition, handicapped by ignorance, always elicited his sympathy, but ability retarded by indolence and laziness invariably called forth his utmost contempt. Genius and industry were his greatest admiration. His very look was a language that the most ordinary student could read. If you had his sympathy, he need not tell you, to make you aware of it, and with his contempt it was the same. He was a positive man, as well as an intellectual anthropophagus. If this word should ever come beneath the doctor's eye, may he accept it as a tribute of the author's appreciation, and in no other way!

When the doctor pressed the hand of each of the young ladies, Gracie and Blanche were delighted, while Nora shuddered, and when they were handed over to the head governess the haughty girl felt a sense of relief. They were then conducted to their apartments, nice cosy rooms, adjoining each other.

CHAPTER XIV

OLD LEO'S FATE

AFTER a tedious trial, the old hunchback was convicted of manslaughter for the murder of Molhe Gooding, but cheated the penitentiary out of its just deserts by dying in jail. Before doing so, however, he sent Gracie Westbrook the following letter:

COUNTY PRISON, May —, 18—

DEAR LITTLE GRACIE. My courage almost vanishes when I take up my pen to write you, but the miserable old man, dear child, has learned when too late, and while in a felon's cell, to feel remorse gnawing at his heart. Oh, could he have felt the sensation of pity years ago, as he feels it now, all this would have been spared him. He feels, little one that he has so cruelly wronged you, your mother, little brother and sister that, unless you come to him and let him hear you say that sweet word, 'forgive,' he cannot bear his burdens another night! Yet, Gracie, is it possible

that you can forgive? The floor beneath him appears to shrink from his feet, the gloomy walls of his cell cry out against him, while everything seems to go from him. He craves death and yet he fears it. Can you, little one, take courage to come to the miserable old man? Oh, the poison bowls he has caused the poor unfortunate ones to drink have all been merged into one cup for him, and he has drained it to the very dregs! Were it not so slow in its work, Gracie, not so slow—but he dreads death! Come! come!

LEBO

He thrust the paper into the jailer's hands, and, like a maniac, strode back and forth in his cell. The jailer delivered the message to Gracie, and she resolved at once to see the old man whom all had deserted. He was repentant and suffering. In what other way could he make amends for his cruelties?

As she was alone when the jailer arrived, Gracie quietly stole away with him. When she stood in the presence of the old hunchback, he fell on his knees before her, buried his face in his hands and feebly cried out "Forgive! forgive!"

As the tears rolled down her cheeks, Gracie in pity

laid her hand upon Lebo's white locks, and said, earnestly and pathetically

"You are forgiven, and may God forgive you as I have done!"

The old man quivered as if in convulsions, gasped and fell to the floor. He lay there for a moment, then arose, as if in a frenzy, and said

"I have wronged you, Gracie, and your extreme kindness, together with the realization of my awful fate, has heaped retribution upon my head!" He continued, in a whisper "I want to be able to hold out a little longer till my punishment is adequate to my crimes! Can it be, can it be?"

As he said this, his look was so pitiful and humble that Gracie uttered a prayer to God to forgive the miserable wretch

Scarcely had she finished, when, glancing at him, she was met by the staring eyes of a maniac, and if a legion of demons had just then burst forth we doubt if they would have been more tumultuous than was old Lebo. On one side he would see Molhe Gooding swinging back and forth over the deep well, and on the other some fiend imitating cer-

tain of his cruel acts He would moan and plead piteously at one moment to save Mollie and not drop her into the deep well, and at the next cry out to do so!

Reader, see him! There he stands in the centre of his cell, swinging his arms back and forth, the while his eyes snap like fiery balls, as the terrors of his visions shake his frame The muscles of his face twitch, his body quivers, his white locks stand straight up on his head, his frothing mouth moves as if to speak, and finally he shrieks out, with bending form and pointing hand

"There, there she swings, suspended as she is by arms of strength! Down with her, down, down I say, ere thou art marked by a suspecting eye! No! no! Hold, you villain, hold on to that frail form!"

Then his voice changes and pleads in tender tones, as if pleading for sweet life

"Oh, have mercy, man, upon a helpless mother and her babe! Save them from these deep horrors! Kill them ere you do this awful act! Oh, God, have mercy on their souls!"

Then the old hunchback springs forward, crying, in a voice of thunder.

"Down, down with her! Down! Let the tones of pity stay thy hand! Do not they go! Hear! hear! Oh, the soul of love fall sweetly on my ear!"

Then, placing his hands over his eyes he wept as if in mortal agon.

Gracie in her turn left the cell, but in silence.

After a moment's silence, the old man exclaimed:

"Bennie, Bennie, Bennie!" Then he said out:

"Gracie, Gracie, Gracie!"

Louder and louder does he utter her name until the very walls seem to tremble beneath the force of his mighty voice. Then, slowly raising his hand, he points his index finger directly toward Gracie, whom he espies through the strong bars that separate him. Gracie gazes at him with bated breath and gradually steps back, awe-struck and in fear. Then he advances a little closer and, in a deep guttural voice, says:

"She, the little angel whom I have so cruelly wronged, now comes, forgives and comforts me, fend that I am!"

Gracie's eyes seemed fastened as if by a spell upon the deformed and ugly figure before her.

The next moment the old hunchback leaps into the air with a terrific yell, striking out, grappling with phantoms and shouting at the same time

"Get thee hence, devil! fiend! demon! Go, go from me! He comes! he comes! Oh, save me, Gracie, save me!" and, extending both arms toward her, he falls upon the floor, raving, tearing his hair and clothes until he is overpowered, tied down and stupified with the powerful drug, ether.

Gracie during his last paroxysms of insanity had left the jail and returned to her home, her heart full of pity for old Lebo, who was now drinking his potion of woe and remorse

It was not long, however, before the prisoner awoke in a seemingly rational condition, when he was given the freedom of his cell, but ere the morning dawned the old hunchback's soul was in the hands of a judge of a higher court than is comprehensible to us—a court from which there is no appeal—and may we devoutly believe, dear reader, that God in his divine wisdom did not create even such a soul as had animated the body of the cruel Lebo in vain!

Oh, the cold world around his inanimate form seemed to shrink from it, the ugly, crooked old Lebo, for him there was no tear, no sympathy, no pity, when he lay in his coffin in the corridor of the jail and the eyes of curiosity alone pazed down upon him from the multitude gathered. Did we say no sympathy? Through this multitude a little figure stole, bearing a beautiful wreath of flowers, which it placed on the breast of the old man, and, gazing upon the pale, ugly face, a tear dropped from the beautiful white visage and the figure vanished. Ah! was there no sympathy for old Lebo, the wretched hunchback, the murderer, the brutal keeper of the poor-house, the repentant sinner, and was not this sympathy expressed by one who had less cause to express it than any in this cold world, by Gracie Westbrook, the bearer of the wreath of flowers.

Now that the earthly career of old Lebo has closed forever, let us, dear reader, bury him from our sight and dismiss him from our minds, believing, as we do, that even the old hunchback did not live in vain, but left behind him the dark shadows of treachery, knavery and crime that others may see and avoid them.

CHAPTER XV.

JOE'S DEPARTURE

“GOOD morning, Joe! You are looking bright! You must be happy!

Such was Joe's greeting one morning when he came into the sitting-room, where Gracie was alone, having returned from school for a visit.

He looked up a little surprised, as he believed she was reading his most inward thoughts.

“Yes, Gracie, I believe I'm reasonably happy I scarcely slept last night, though, I had so much on my mind!”

“I can't see why your mind should be burdened,” rejoined Gracie “Don't you like your position? Seventy-five dollars per month, as book-keeper for such a firm as Hadley & King ought to make you thoroughly contented, I should think ”

“Oh, yes, I am pleased with my place, entirely so, but as you know more than I do, Gracie, and always

have given me the best advice, I am going to tell you something that I have thought of doing, which I fear you will not concur in, and if you don't I will not be able to sleep again for several nights. I want you so much this time to decide with me!"

Joe looked earnestly and eagerly at Grace as he was thus speaking.

"Well, what is it, Joe?"

"Don't say anything now till I have finished. Just consider that I have the floor and am the speaker of the morning! You know I have told you something of my father and mother. I will now tell you more

"We started to America in a ship called the 'Skipper,' when I was about five years old, and you also remember I told you that our vessel was wrecked and my father and mother were drowned

"I recall how the great waves dashed us against the rocks again and again, how the strong sides of the ship trembled, creaked, and finally, with a tremendous crash, gave way under their leviathan strength, how my father and mother clung to me as the great flood came gurgling in, while terrible screams arose and prayers were uttered even by those who had never prayed before

"I remember my father taking me from my mother's arms. How death-like she looked and how beautiful, with her face turned to heaven and her lips moving in prayer, as my father threw me into the arms of a man in the life-boat. Ere it was close enough for my parents to enter, the great ship gave one tremendous lurch and disappeared, and the white spray and bubbles above her were all that could be seen.

"I remember how I cried and implored the man who held me to take me to my father and mother. There were two life-boats lowered, and when I heard a voice from the other boat cry out, 'The little one's parents are here!' oh, how my heart bounded with joy! But when I was turned over to that boat I was snatched by the arms of a distracted father, whose wife and little ones had gone down in the ship. How disappointed he was, and how I again wept for my parents! I remember also that I sat down in the stern of the boat and cried until I could cry no more. I was finally taken up by a fatherly hand and soothed to sleep, and knew nothing more for some hours.

"When I at last aroused and looked up into my

protector's face, which was tear-stained and full of sorrow, I found he was the same man who first took me in his arms, thinking I was his own child.

"I still continued to plead for my parents, but at length realized that all pleading was in vain, and clung to the man as my sole protector.

"All those in the life-boat into which my father cast me perished, while we were picked up by a schooner after drifting about for a long while, almost drowned by the flying spray, and landed in New York City.

"My protector, who called himself Joe Billings, went direct to Pittsburgh, Pa. He was a machinist, and had no trouble in securing a position. There he kept me continually at school, and few parents ever were so kind and gentle to their own children as he was to me. He had accustomed me before arriving at our destination to call him papa, and to say my name was Joe Billings, Jr. I remember how difficult it was for me not to tell my own name when any one asked me what it was, but I knew that would displease my new father and I managed to force the words back.

"One day when I was in school, a machine hand from the shop in which my new father worked called for me and stated that my papa was badly hurt and wanted me to come to him at once, but ere I arrived he was dead, having been wound about a large shaft I was now about nine years old, and fully realized my terrible loss My adopted father had been a man of liberal heart and consequently had nothing ahead, so I was again left pen-
niless

"After my only friend was buried I resolved to leave Pittsburgh The mines were being opened and worked at Miers and many people were going there, so I had plenty of opportunities to go also I availed myself of a chance to go with a certain collier, who the friends of my adopted father had reason to think would care for me When we reached the mines I was greatly surprised to hear him say 'Now, Joe, you must find a place and go to work and earn your living!' I only dropped my head in meditation, said good-bye to my father's friend and started to see the foreman of the mines

"When I arrived I met Mr James Westbrook

(here tears came in Gracie's eyes) and related to him my condition. He seemed at once to become a kind of third father to me. He went with me to see the foreman, and through his influence I secured a job—carrying water at two and a half dollars per week. I immediately engaged a little room, with an old comfortable or two in it for a bed, at two and a half dollars per month. I took cheap lunches, and thus I lived.

"Now, Gracie, I am coming to the plan in which I want you to concur. My real father's name was Wilham Bingham, and mine is Vivien. We had many relations living in the old country, and they were all wealthy. I think my father must have started to America with at least thirty thousand pounds, and I know some of my uncles had large stone mansions. I intend to go back to the old country, and, if possible, make myself known. I believe I can return a wealthy man. The reason I have not gone before is this. I feared they would brand me as an impostor, and that I could not convince them of my identity. But I have resolved to try it now and want you and your mamma to concur in my design."

Gracie sat perfectly dumb founded for a second, but said at last

“And you have kept all this a secret so long!”

“Yes, I thought it best,” said Joe “I feared I would not be believed by anybody Now, however, I have fully determined to make this move, and if I fail—Well, I will not fail! I will establish my right to my real name and succeed in my undertaking, as you shall see!”

Gracie was always quick in making up her mind, and she at once extended her hand to Joe, saying as she did so.

“Brother, your life certainly sounds like a romance, but I feel sure your suppositions are well founded, and, with your remembrance of all these facts, I have no doubt but that you will establish your identity Still, whatever you may receive as an inheritance can never repay you, brother Joe, for what you have suffered! But are you quite sure your father and mother were drowned?”

“Yes, Gracie, or at least, I never heard of them after the wreck I know, however, that they went down in the ship and that the waters closed over them”

"You will not be gone long, will you?" asked Gracie, anxiously, and the eyes of Joe Billings met hers with a different look than that of a brother, as she continued

"Go, Joe, go at once! This may be a turn in your life that will make you happy the rest of your days! I entreat you to go! While it will pain us to see you journey so far away, to stay so long, we will spare you, Joe, till you can return, and may God bless you!"

These words from Gracie were just what he so much craved. He asked her to explain all to her mamma, which she did, and Mrs Westbrook fully concurred in Joe's plan.

He at once set about making the necessary arrangements to start the next morning. He had saved a few hundred dollars from his salary, and was prepared to make the trip upon his own resources.

When the time for departure arrived Joe was at the depot, and the friends who gathered about him indicated the esteem in which he was held. Mrs Westbrook, Gracie and little Bessie showed their sorrow at parting with such a noble son and brother

by the deep emotion expressed in tears. He had been with them so long that he was looked upon as a son and brother on whom death had brought the responsibility of head of the family, and well had he done his duty!

Joe resolved on this trip to adopt his own inherited name, consequently the reader will hereafter know him as Vivien Bingham. He had often longed to make this journey, and, being enabled now to do so without aid from others, he started upon his important mission, buoyant with hope.

When he arrived in New York he had but little time to remain, as his vessel was to sail that evening, but what time he had he spent in seeing the city. Landing at Wall Street, he leisurely walked down it and arrived in front of a large and magnificently constructed building, displaying the most unique architecture, whose pinnacle almost pierced the heavens, being just a trifle higher than those beside it. This edifice to Vivien's observing eye appeared to be an aristocratic giant among giants! Our hero paused beneath the shadow of its massive walls, diverted at what he now considered his weakness and folly,

and was half-inclined to retrace his steps. He said to himself. "Are they who own these massive buildings, who count their wealth by millions, any happier than the poor colliers at Miers?" But, starting leisurely on his journey, plunged in a deep reverie, he soon found himself in his cabin on board the ship, ready to sail.

CHAPTER XVI

FATHER AND SON

OVER a calm sea Vivien sailed safely to the shores of the old country. He found that the glimmering visions of his youth were real, but that his identity could not easily be established. He visited one or two of his uncles, and related to them the incidents of his life, but they branded him as an impostor and ordered him to leave their premises. He was for the time abashed and wished himself back in the Westbrook mansion in the city, yea, back in the village of Miers, where he had the respect of the people and was believed when he spoke.

He resolved, however, to make one more trial, and, if he then failed, to return to America. He again called upon the uncle whom he had first approached. This second call was regarded as an evidence that he was convinced of the truthfulness of his story and the genuineness of his claim as regarded identity. He

detailed to this uncle all his faint recollections of his father and mother, giving a full description of his parents and even naming the vessel in which they had sailed

After he had finished, his uncle was thoroughly convinced of his identity and acknowledged him as his nephew, the little Vivien, the son of his brother William, adding.

"Your father is still living! He is a millionaire in New York city! His residence is on A—— street and he owns business edifices on Wall street!"

At this the young man felt the blood rush to his head, for an instant he could not speak, but, finally, in a half-stifled breath, he said

"No! no! uncle! My father and mother went down in the ship I saw the great waters close over them."

"Yes," said his uncle, "but your father was an expert swimmer He dived through the broken side of the ship and clung to a floating spar After drifting about for several days, during which he almost starved, he was rescued by a fishing vessel As his money was in the shape of an exchange on New York, he did not lose it, but he lost that which

was dearer to him than all else, yourself and your mother! You see, my dear boy, I am fully convinced that you are my nephew! Your description of the wreck and the way in which your father threw you into the arms of a man in the life-boat, as well as of the sudden sinking of the ship, corroborates your father's statement. This, with the expression of an honest face, proves clearly to my mind that you are no impostor! I wish you to go immediately to your father, and I will accompany you! Come, my nephew, come, let us go to him whose old heart has been well-nigh broken ever since that terrible voyage! He is growing aged, Vivy, and I fear the sudden joy of meeting his son will be more than his frail constitution is able to bear, but I will break the good news gently to him! Come, let us go!" He thrust a wallet containing five hundred pounds into the hands of his nephew, and, before the young man had time to meditate, they were off to take the first ship bound for New York.

Under a fair sky and upon a smooth sea it was but a short time till the prow of the magnificent steamer touched the shore in the harbor of New York. They

went immediately to the residence of William Bingham, the millionaire. Vivien was to linger behind and approach the door after his uncle had entered the mansion, and there remain until called for.

When Vivien's uncle arrived and rung the bell, he was ushered into the presence of his brother, who was seated in the library. The old man was not much surprised, as it had always been their custom to visit each other unceremoniously, he arose as if very glad to see him, extended his hand in brotherly welcome, and said:

"I am delighted to see you, James, although I was not looking for you at this season of the year, which makes your visit the more pleasant, for I believe each day as I grow older, especially at this season when I am not expecting my European friends, I become more gloomy and despondent."

"Well," said James, "I think this time I have brought more pleasure for you than I ever did on any of my preceding visits! I have certainly brought you a lasting comfort for your declining years!"

"Why," said the old man "did you come to remain with me!"

"No, William, I did not, but I have brought you a young man——"

"Hang the young man!" interrupted the old sage

"I don't think you will want him hung, William, when you listen to me till I have done! The news I have brought will startle you, but be brave! It is pleasant news, and you must prepare to bear it! The young man I have brought you, William, is my nephew—your son!"

"My son!" roared the old man "What do you mean, James? Who has dared to say that I have a son? Do you mean that some woman fiend in the old country has——"

"Do not become excited, William! There is nothing wrong! Your character in the old country is as bright as diamonds, as well as in this! The young man I have brought you is your own son by your own wife, the sweet and lovely Eleanor, who found a grave in the deep sea yonder! Your little boy, William, whom you threw into the arms of a man in the life-boat, still lives, and carries his mother's eyes and features, and his father's dignity!"

The old man arose excitedly and said.

"James, this can't be! It is neither probable nor possible! My son lives, my little Vivy? No, James, he was drowned in the same sea that took from me my beautiful Eleanor and left me miserable! Yes, James, have been imposed upon! When I threw my little boy, my little Vivy, into the arms of a man in the life boat our ship sank beneath the waves and I alone escaped! The last cries of my bright-eyed little one still linger in my ears! The life boat to which I cast him was lost—lost—and my little Vivy found a grave in the great ocean with his mother, my Eleanor, my wife!"

The old man hung his head, as if in deep meditation, and his frame shook.

"William, listen to me. Your little boy was saved from the fate of his mother! He was handed from one life-boat to the other. This he remembers, and more, too!"

"Keep me no longer in suspense, James! Bring him to me, and if he really is my boy——"

Here James walked to the door and led the young man into the presence of his father, who arose and took him by the hand, saying.

"Open the shutters and let in the light!"

When the first blaze of the brilliant sunbeams fell on the brow of the young man the old father sank into a chair, exclaiming

"My son! my son!—mine and Eleanor's!"

Vivien pathetically cried:

"My father!"

He laid his hand tenderly upon the old man's white locks, and in this position they remained for many moments, neither able to break the silence

Here we will draw the curtain, for it is not meet that the public gaze be let in upon the meeting of a father and son when each had supposed the other dead for nearly twenty years

The father flung his only child into the arms of a stranger upon a wild, turbulent sea, and only remembered him as he was then—the baby features, the tender, pathetic and childish appealing cry for his parents—and now this little boy, thus remembered, stands before him a man, with the seal of honor stamped upon his brow!

We will not wonder if there was thanksgiving to God, who alone could have saved this little one from

a wild ocean and from the vices of a wilder world, and given him back to his father a man upon whom he could lean as on a staff while the shades lengthen and the sun sinks on the horizon of his life!

After the father and son had become somewhat accustomed to the great pleasure of their restoration to each other, and the uncle and brother had returned to his European home, each evening could be seen an aged man with white locks sitting beside a young one nearing the prime of life, or walking upon the streets leaning on him as though he were his only comfort and support, and so tender and affectionate was the young man that each eye grew moist as it gazed upon them.

One bright morning Vivien and his father walked down Wall street, and while standing opposite a magnificent building Vivien said

"Here, father, is the very place where I stopped, when about to start on my trip to Europe, and almost resolved to retrace my steps to the little village of Miers! When I looked upon so much wealth and magnificence, I felt as though I would rather die in poverty and obscurity than go to

Europe and, in striving to prove my identity, be looked upon as an impostor! While gazing on that magnificent building yonder, something prompted me to pursue my journey, and I did so!"

The old man excitedly replied:

"Vivien, my son, did you point to that building which is just a little higher than those on either side of it as the structure that inspired you to find your old father? Was it that building, my Vivy, my son?"

"Yes, father, that is the very building!"

"Well, my son, that building is mine! Williams Bros, the bankers, occupy it, but it shall be yours in less than an hour!"

And he started with his son to the office of his attorneys, but Vivien was too much overcome to make much progress, and the father for the time became the staff for the son, and thus for once was verified the lines of Wordsworth

Vivien did not until now realize the magnitude of his father's wealth. After a moment's hesitation he said:

"Don't, father, don't, not now, at least!"

But the father went on, led the way up to the rooms of his lawyers, and introduced Vivien as his son and heir. Then he had a little confidential conversation with one of the attorneys and they quitted the rooms. Upon arriving at the mansion, Mr Bingham said to his son.

"Vivy, I believe I want to know something of your past life, and, if you begin to tell me, please do not leave anything unsaid. Unfold all to me, Vivien!"

Upon this earnest solicitation, Vivien resolved to tell him all his past history. He began with the shipwreck, and, without any coloring, told everything. When he came to the Westbrooks, he grew very earnest and eloquent. He related how Gracie came to him in the old loft, when his companions were a horse and cow, and took him to her comfortable home, how Mrs Westbrook had been a mother to him, how Gracie's social qualities and talents had placed her in the highest circles of society, and how she was at times taunted by some of the aristocrats who possessed more pride than brains with the slur of poor-house

vixen! He concluded by stating that Gracie had higher aspirations and wanted to attend college, but was reluctant about it on account of lack of means

The old man listened and his ears drank eagerly every word. When Vivien had finished, he said

"Noble daughter, noble daughter! She shall possess sufficient of this world's goods to cope with her aristocratic rivals! Come with me, Vivy, come, let us go!"

They did go, and made up the contents of the trunk that went to the Westbrook family, with which the reader is already familiar.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WPONG LETTER

WE will now leave Vivien with his father and take up that portion of our story relating to Thaha College and attempt a further description of the experience of three young ladies in attendance there—Nora and Blanche Arnold and Gracie Westbrook

After the President of the college, Doctor Milford Lewis Coulter, had handed them over to the matron of the boarding-house, as the reader is aware, they were assigned to separate but adjoining apartments. The physical labor that each student was to perform was assigned by the matron in circles, subject to changes. Gracie was placed for the first week in the circle of sweeping and dusting, Blanche in the circle of dish-washing and Nora in that of washing and ironing.

As the matron announced their different places,

Blanche and Gracie smiled, but when they looked at Nora they saw such a frown upon her face as convinced them that a storm was approaching, indeed, how it was curbed even while the matron was announcing these positions was a mystery, but it was to come, and no sooner had she taken her departure than it burst forth

Nora paced back and forth through her room, planting her little feet firmly upon the carpet as she exclaimed.

"Well, we'll see! I'll show her whether I will wash dirty duds or not! I don't have to do such drudgery at home, and we'll see whether I dip my hands into the foul soapsuds here! Thaha College for the education of young ladies, forsooth! Think of fitting them for society by training them over the wash tub! The idea!"

Scrutinizing her fingers sorrowfully a moment, she continued.

"Before I submit to that I will go home! A millionaire's daughter rubbing and soiling the hands she has taken so much pains with on an old wash-board!"

Again she plants her foot squarely on the floor and says:

"I won't!—so there!"

Gracie and Blanche listened to this energetic speech and knew that she would suffer herself to be expelled from college rather than perform this work!

"What are we to do, Gracie?" asked Blanche, imploringly. "Nora, I'm sure means what she says!"

"Stay here till I return," replied Gracie, and she quietly left the room.

She went at once to the matron and asked to change circles with Nora, making some reasonable excuse for wishing to do so. The matron was generally firm, but there was something in Gracie's manner that influenced her and she readily consented to the change.

When Gracie returned and informed Blanche of her exchange of places with Nora, the former bore the news to her sister, stating that Gracie had been assigned to the wash circle, and that she had been given her place. Nora thereupon curled her lip in triumph, exclaiming:

"Well, I thought it was strange! The idea of

assigning me that horrible task when there is a pauper already here to do 'it! I felt convinced there was some mistake about it!"

When Blanche entered, a dozen or more young ladies, attracted by Nora's vehement language, had gathered about her and were trying to console her by informing her that all the washing was done by servants, except that of a few light fabrics, and all that was required of a student was to superintend the domestics, learn how to do the work and know when it was properly done. All this had no effect, and Nora sarcastically remarked, as she nodded toward Gracie, who was just entering the room

"Let the pauper superintend the paupers, for all I care! I will not!"

Gracie immediately turned and went to her own apartment, her eyes swimming with tears, and threw herself upon the bed, almost heart-broken. All the girls would now look upon her in disdain. The professors, too, would know that she had been an inmate of a poor-house and scorn her. The world looked darker to her than ever before. And there she wept and sobbed for a long time, almost per-

suaded to flee from the college. Even Blanche did not come to her, but this thought had scarcely flitted across her brain when two arms wound tenderly about her, and a sweet voice whispered in her ear

"Dear Gracie, I have informed Hugh and papa of Nora's conduct toward you; they shall make her apologize to you for what she has said, and place you right before the school!"

"Oh, Blanche, you did not write about it to Hugh, did you?"

"Yes," said Blanche "I wrote all about it to him, and he will see that she is rightly punished, too! I am not going to have such conduct! It is a disgrace to me, Gracie, more than to you, to have a sister do as Nora has done! How gladly I would change places with you in the world, if I could! You are looked upon as a lady, a heroine, and honored for yourself, for what you are and what you have done! I am known only as the daughter of DeWitt Arnold, the banker, and through nothing that I have achieved for myself! Yes, Gracie, give me your place in life and I will

give you mine! But I think ere you had had Nora for a sister a week, you would give me quite a sum to change back with you!"

Gracie, by the time Blanche had finished, had formed a better opinion of herself, and the words that Hugh had spoken returned to her

- "Beat Nora in every way you can! I ask it as a favor! It will do her good!"

Something like a desire for revenge seemed to rankle in Gracie's heart, but her better feelings obtained the mastery as she soberly considered the matter

Doctor Coulter sent for the young ladies to question them as to the grades they expected to enter. He called them all into Blanche's room, and thus proceeded:

"Miss Nora, what grade will you be examined for?"

"The Senior, of course!" she replied

"Hem! Indeed!" said the doctor "And you, Miss Blanche?"

"I will try for the Senior year, Professor, yet I may fall into the Ordinary."

The Professor looked pleasantly at Gracie, and at the same time asked Gracie about her grade. Nora's flashing eyes fell upon her with a look of contempt, and Gracie said in a low tone:

"I expect the Ordinary, Professor."

"Why, Miss Westbrook, did you ever study Latin?"

"She study Latin!" muttered Nora under her breath, but loudly enough for the Professor to hear. He turned upon her, with a look of reprimand, which caused her promptly to drop her head, if not in shame, at least in submission.

But Gracie replied firmly to his question:

"I studied Latin two years under Professor Dunn, at the Seminary at home, and here is his certificate."

After reading it, Doctor Coulter said:

"Well, I am sure, Miss Westbrook, you had a splendid teacher, and this certificate he has given you, together with your diploma, entitles you to the Senior grade without an examination. Thus it is that merit and industry always win!" Then, turning to the other two, he asked:

"Have you, or either of you, the same kind of

certificate? If you have, you will not be required to pass the examination”

They looked at each other a moment, after which Nora glanced at Gracie with such contempt that the latter shrank beneath her gaze, as Blanche broke the silence as follows

“Professor, if you will allow me to speak for my friend, Miss Westbrook, I will say in her behalf that she had the best lessons and received the highest grade given in our Seminary in all branches she studied, she was regarded as the best scholar ever graduated at our school, and is the only one who received that addition to the degrees usually given”

The doctor did not seem at all surprised at this explanation. His insight into human nature was such that he could almost read his pupils' thoughts. After taking a card from his pocket and writing upon it, he handed it to Gracie, at the same time congratulating her upon her past record and telling her that this card would admit her to the Senior grade, and that she had done her tasks so well in the past that she could look at the others work on the morrow for their positions and, perhaps, extend to them occa-

sionally a little sympathy. Then, when he had instructed the Misses Arnold as to the time and place of holding the examination, he took his departure.

No sooner had he gone than Blanche threw her arms about Gracie and congratulated her, but Nora held back, full of her own venom. All at once, however, a new light beamed from her eyes and a meaning smile illuminated her features as a thought of a little strategy passed through her head by which she might utilize Gracie in the dreaded examination. She then, as if in thorough earnest, with her head bowed and a forced tear trembling on her cheek, extended her hand to Gracie and pressed the tips of her fingers as if in congratulation. This so surprised Gracie that she could not speak, and tears alone responded to the cold heart but seemingly kind action of Nora Arnold. When the latter, amid her forced tears, said

"I have wronged you, Gracie, but I am your friend now!" Gracie could only respond to the artful deceiver as follows

"I am so glad! I have been wanting your friendship so long!"

Then the cold-hearted girl, fearing she might be detected, ran to her room to prepare for the examination which was to occur the next morning. Nora had laid her plans to have Gracie go to the examination and sit beside her. She did not care how Blanche fared, indeed, she wanted her to fall back into the Ordinary grade. All she cared for was Nora Arnold, and by the help of Gracie she hoped to be safe. But Doctor Coulter, always on the alert, knew the designing girl equally as well as she knew herself, he, therefore, made the following announcement just prior to the examination.

"As there are only ten applicants this morning, the examination will be held in the recitation-room in the left wing of the college. All applicants will retire to that room, spectators will not be admitted, and each applicant will occupy a separate seat at least two seats distant from any other applicant!"

Nora was thwarted, and, besides, felt irritated at herself for having shown Gracie kindness.

After the examination commenced in earnest, if ever a student suffered for past idleness, Nora Arnold was the one. As for Blanche, she had been

a diligent and studious girl, and hence had acquired considerable knowledge. The result of the examination was to be announced in the chapel-hall after services the following morning.

Nora slept but little that night. She knew that the spaces left by the printer for writing answers had more than half been left blank on her examination paper, and, after a conversation with Blanche, she was sure that fully half her answers were incorrect. If the reader had just then been at the window, gazing into her room, he would have seen a pretty little female, restlessly walking back and forth, talking to herself as follows:

"I'm satisfied that from my examination paper I would no more than get into the Ordinary grade, but Doctor Coulter would not dare to place Mr Arnold's daughter in that grade! Pshaw! The idea! Here I've been losing sleep all night on account of that examination!"

Then, turning her pretty face up to the mirror, as if in defiant jealousy of her own image, she burst into a haughty laugh, exclaiming "Nora Arnold in the Ordinary class! How funny! Ha! ha! ha!

Doctor Coulter will announce this morning that my excellent average will entitle me to the Senior class, of course he will! As for Blanche, I would rather see her in the Ordinary, but I fear she will get into the Senior too! But I must be off! Dignity will take one through oftener than merit! So here goes!"

Throwing on her most costly wrap and decorating herself with her elegant jewelry, she brazenly swept through the doorway and down the little path toward the chapel. We hear her exclaim, as she passes along

"Let me see! A great deal of dignity, with a little learning, is a good thing! I guess I have that! I think I answered one question in Algebra correctly, and I believe I translated the Latin phrase, *Memento Mori*, all right! I answered at least twenty-five out of one hundred questions! That's not bad! I'll pass!" and, rushing along, she joined the other girls on their way to the chapel.

They arrived and seated themselves in front of the rostrum, and after service when Doctor Milford Lewis Coulter arose to make some remarks and to present the cards representing the grades for position, Nora felt much anxiety. He spoke as follows.

"Some of the grades in this examination, are excellent, while some are very poor, which I hope can be attributed to embarrassment, and if such is the case, the student can be promoted at any time, but we must assign her for the present to the grade to which this examination entitles her."

He read out several names, none of which had fallen below the Junior year, and among them was that of Blanche, who had successfully passed to the Senior, but, finally, coming to Nora's name, he said.

"Miss Nora Arnold's examination has been unsatisfactory for any other place than the Ordinary! We hope this occurred through embarrassment, and trust she may be able to prove to us in the recitation-room that she is, at least, entitled to the Junior grade, as she is the only one falling below the Ordinary"

The doctor spoke a little sarcastically, having satisfied himself of the disposition and acquirements of the haughty Nora when he first saw her

For a moment Nora sat like a statue, only by the greatest effort could she manage to curb her temper till the doctor had finished. Ere he had stepped from the rostrum, she approached him so

defiantly that the fire seemed to flash from her eyes

“Doctor Coulter!” she cried, “I demand an explanation!”

“I have given you all the explanation necessary,” said the doctor, “and I command you to keep your temper! Your examination does not entitle you even to entrance to this college, but I have indulged you leniently rather than send you home! You answered only two of the most simple questions in any manner correctly, and now you can use your pleasure as to going home or remaining and submitting to the rules! We will have no students here who presume to be above submission to the requirements of this college!”

At this Nora cast one of her scowling glances at the professor, but met with such a firm retort that she dropped her head in submission and began to weep, as she asked the Doctor if her folks at home would be informed of the result of her examination. When he assured her that he would not inform them, she turned and left the room.

Just as she stepped out at the door, her anger

heaved up in her bosom again as she saw Gracie and Blanche, who were waiting for her. They approached her in sympathy, which Gracie began to express, assuring her that the doctor would soon allow her to pass, when the right palm of the haughty Nora came down cruelly and stingingly upon her cheek with a force which caused her to reel. There were only a few students present, but Gracie in as much shame as pain quitted the spot immediately, Blanche accompanying her, and Nora was left to receive the lisses and snubs of the pupils, and if there ever was a miserable person it was she about this time.

Gracie and Blanche went directly to their rooms, without interchanging a word. Blanche was entirely baffled, she did not know how to console Gracie this time. Nora had cruelly struck her, and Gracie was so heart broken over the matter she could only weep. While they were both so much depressed a servant knocked and handed each of them a letter. Gracie arose, glanced in the mirror, washed her face, and then, gazing at the superscription of her letter, exclaimed in great ecstasy "From Joe! I'm so glad!" and then...

NEW YORK, Sept 15, 18—

DEAR GRACIE I am sure you will be surprised on receiving a letter from me, written in New York I am here all the same, and the new era of my life predicted by you seems to have fallen upon me like a millenium I will try to tell something of the history of my trip. I arrived safely in the old country, and, after having the dogs set upon me as an impostor two or three times, I became discouraged and was almost ready to start for home, when I again approached my youngest uncle, who had caused me upon my first appeal to make rather an unnatural exit. But this second appeal proved successful, and I so thoroughly convinced him that I was the original little Vivy that he thrust a wallet containing five hundred pounds into my hands and rushed me to the harbor, where we took the first steamer bound for New York, and landed at our destination in due time

I soon found myself standing in front of a magnificent stone mansion on A—— street, and on entering this mansion, Gracie, who should I find but my dear old father, who had escaped death in the wreck of

the ill-fated 'Skipper' Poor old father, though thinking me dead for almost twenty years, his recollection of me seemed to have rekindled all the flame of his noble heart and he will scarcely permit me to leave his side, and, Grace, when I told him how kind you and your mamma had been to me, he wrote and sent you the trunk you have, no doubt, already received. He wanted to send ten thousand dollars, but I persuaded him to allow me to carry eight thousand to you myself when I come home, which will be at the close of your school term.

I wish you could see my father. I know you will like him, he is such a grand old man! He will accompany me when I return home. Father is very wealthy, and has made me rich already.' It seems to me I have been from home a year. I can hardly wait for the close of the school term to see you all! How are you getting along anyway? Taking the prizes as usual? School days are happy ones, but they must pass. Give Blanche and Hugh my regards, and Nora my contempt. I hope she will be on her road to Guinea when I return! Of course, she has not bothered you in college as she used to in the

seminary. I have credited her with, at least, a little sense. Do not fail, Gracie, to speak of me to Blanche. I have thought that next to you she had the sweetest disposition of any girl in P——. Give my love to all, and write me at once. Ever yours,

VIVIEN BINGHAM

Gracie, after reading this letter, shed tears of joy at Vivien's great success and her own luck as well. Eight thousand dollars yet to come with Vivien, their Joe! All this luck, upon close meditation, she attributed to her father's thoughtfulness in insuring his life. "What a noble father!" she utters, as she raises her eyes heavenward, and, sitting in this position a long while, with the letter lying upon her lap, she seems to be holding sweet communion with her spirit parent, thanking and blessing him for his thoughtfulness, and at the same time to be wrapped in delicious remembrance of the days when she would steal up to his side, or sit on his knee—a little girl, with her arms twined about his neck, lisping to him in her childish glee.

All at once, as if suddenly awakened, she rouses

from the spell of her thoughts of the dreamy past and rushes into the apartment of Blanche, who is also pondering over the letter she had received

"Oh, Blanche," cried Gracie, "I have such good news and I want to tell you! Will you listen?"

But, not waiting for a reply, she proceeded and told her all—Vivien's success in finding his father, that the old gentleman had made him rich, and that he had given her ten thousand dollars! Then, leading the way into her room, she showed her the elegant dresses he had sent her, together with the jewelry, and told her of the two thousand dollars in gold, and that Vivien would bring her eight thousand dollars more, all of which was a gift from his father. Then she exacted a promise from her friend to say nothing until the proper time. Blanche listened with bated breath. She was astounded. She hardly knew what to say first. We will venture to assert, though, that this thought did not escape her mind. That to be the daughter-in-law of such a generous old man, with such a husband as Vivien would make, was an aspiration not to be scoffed at! After thinking a moment she fully agreed with

Gracie as to the advisability of keeping silent and surprising her friends at the entertainment at the close of the term with the best of her elegant wardrobe. After looking through the mysterious trunk, Blanche remarked

"Gracie, how could you keep all this such a profound secret? If any other girl in the State had received those valuable presents, even if she had not wanted it known, she would have made a confidante of each of her friends, and in two hours from the time of receiving them it would have been known to all!"

Ere Gracie could reply, Blanche thought of a letter, which was enclosed in hers, to Gracie from her brother Hugh, and, handing a note to her, Gracie retired to her study and began to peruse it. It ran as follows.

—, Sept 18, 18—.

DEAR, GOOD SISTER Your kind letter, informing me of Nora's treatment of Gracie, is at hand. I shall ever after disown her as my sister, unless she makes the proper reparation, and shall at once proceed to have her brought home. It is useless to send her to school, this I have been satisfied of for a long time

Why is it, Blanche, that you have not told me the grade Nora entered? I was satisfied that you would, at least, go into the Junior year, but Nora I knew could not, unless she was specially favored, and from my acquaintance with Doctor Coulter, I was equally sure he would not favor any student in that way. I can hardly bear to think of Gracie being thus treated by my haughty sister, neither can father. Let me see! Gracie will graduate this year. What do you think she would say, if I should propose to her? I fear she would say no, and then, oh, then, I don't know how to court any way! I wish I did, I would stand so much better chance of being successful! I never expect to love another, and my happiness forever depends upon my fate with Gracie. It is a pleasure to be in love with so sweet an angel, and if there were no doubt of its being returned, life would be a dreamy delight, and I could afford to wait and wait with such knowledge to stimulate me, but there is a doubt, Blanche, a doubt that troubles me, I feel I must ascertain my fate, but I hardly know how to begin, what to say, or how to say it! But, sister, help me to pave the way. I send this in all confidence, but help

me, Blanche, and may God prosper us! Yours affectionately,

HUGH ARNOLD

P S—I enclose a letter for Gracie Please give it to her

H

While Gracie was reading this letter, Blanche was yet in the room, admiring the jewelry, etc., that came in the mysterious trunk. When she began to read it, she knew that Blanche had handed her the wrong missive, but, after glancing over it and seeing her name so often, she resolved to violate the rules of etiquette and read on. When she read that Nora was to be taken from school, her heart sunk, but as she drank in the outpouring of Hugh Arnold's love for her she was amazed. She had never thought of Hugh as a lover, and now he offered her, the little poor-house girl, the love that the most aristocratic belle in the city would be proud to claim! She found herself thus meditating, and was only aroused by Blanche, who upon entering Gracie's room saw the letter upon her lap and realized that she had given her the wrong one. She exclaimed.

"Oh, Gracie, pardon me! I have given you the wrong letter and you know all! Hugh, poor Hugh, is almost wild!" and, kneeling at Gracie's feet, she buried her face in the folds of her dress and pleaded for her brother as only a loving sister could plead.

"Oh, Blanche," cried Gracie, "my brain reels. This is so sudden, so unexpected! All must be soberly considered. Hugh is a noble boy, but he has never said anything to me that would prove his sincerity in this outpouring of his heart, yet, while I cannot doubt him, he must be brave enough to do his own courting, and I must hear him utter such words as you have been speaking, then, after careful consideration, I will answer him. I did not dream of such a thing as Hugh's love for me, especially when he knew my past history and my circumstances in life. But let us drop this subject. I must go. It is time I was on my way to recitation."

Rising nervously, forgetting her books, she started away with but little thought of her lesson, but really, for the first time in her young life, lost in the boundless sea of rapturous and dreamy love!

Hugh Arnold had always been Gracie's ideal of a

man He was honest, upright and manly. Only sincere love could have prompted him to ask her for her hand even by proxy. She would consult her mother and tell her all, then, if he should talk to her as Blanche had spoken, she would answer him at once

She had now arrived at her recitation-room, not realizing that she had left her books behind. She manifested less interest in the recitation than any previous one, and the students, as well as the professor, noticed it, yet she was in no way reprimanded.

CHAPTER XVIII

BLANCHE'S HAVESY

THE year at Thalia College was now drawing to a close, and Nora, having faithfully promised obedience, had been allowed to remain. She began to see something of her folly, and even made some improvements in her studies, so much so that there was a fair possibility of her passing to the Junior year. Gracie and Blanche would graduate, and it was generally conceded that Gracie would carry off the honors, indeed, there would have been no doubt had Blanche been more careful with her brother Hugh's letters but Gracie's heart was not an exception to the rule, when she read the honest appeals of love from such a worthy source. Instead of living as she had been, drowning herself in the ocean of knowledge, she was swimming on the Cashimerean tide of love, dreaming of orange blossoms and white roses.

It was just four weeks till commencement, and

Gracie was preparing her oration for the occasion, she took for her subject, "From Love Emanates all Success" * Her whole soul was saturated with her theme. If choice, chaste, and powerful language ever embellished an oration it did this one. So inspired she became that it was all committed to memory when the writing was done. We are sorry we have not the space to give this oration in detail, as it was written wholly by a young lady just graduating, I am sure it would save many students, older and wiser friends in the future much labor in preparing orations for them. The fitting subject, the outpouring of an experienced heart, would strike the chord in unison with nine-tenths of the young graduates of seminaries. We would give it in any event, but, as we have passed the meridian, and the love dreams of youth appear only in the archives of our mind, we lean we would not do our heroine justice, and consequently will leave it to be drawn by the imagination of the reader.

One morning, while Gracie and Blanche were sitting together, comparing orations, the mail carrier delivered a letter for each of them.

"From Joe!" Gracie cried, not as yet being accustomed to using his right name; at the same time opening the envelope, she read:

NEW YORK.

DARLING GRACIE:—I don't see how I can wait till commencement to see you. I read your letter to father and he is anxious to go at once. We will start in one week from to-day. We will go direct to P—— and, perhaps, remain a few days, and will try to reach Thalia College the day before commencement. Gracie, please don't take my letters to you as specimens of my letter writing. I can write to any one else better than I can to you. Somehow I cannot say to you what I want to say. I don't know why, but my heart dictates one thing and my right hand writes another. Tell Blanche I want to see her so much. I will write no more, but will try to tell you the balance when we meet. Ever Yours,

VIVIEN BINGHAM

Gracie was puzzled on reading this letter and called Blanche in to help her interpret it. Blanche understood it and felt, for the first time, a burning sensa-

tion of rivalry, for she had always thought Joe the only boy living in the city, and, since he was manifesting a lover's feeling, instead of a brother's, for Gracie, she grows jealous, in spite of her better nature.

She never till now begrudged anything that Gracie was or possessed. She said nothing more than: "Joe can always talk better than he can write!" and left her to draw her own conclusions. This was the first thing to estrange Blanche from Gracie, but the former was wounded, deeply wounded, and felt it so keenly that she could but soliloquize in this manner.

"Gracie, are you a coquette in disguise? Are you going to tear brother Hugh's heart from his bosom and trample it under your feet, and, in doing so, break mine? Since Vivien is rich, you consider him good enough for you, but when he was a poor boy, clerk-ing in a livery stable, you only flippantly alluded to him as your brother! You know, Gracie Westbrook, what Vivien was to me when only a clerk, and now, if this is your game, I will play it with you! Beware, Gracie Westbrook! It was to wound me that you called me in to read that letter!"

Blanche became almost furious, she walked back

and forth and, after she had carefully thought over the matter, entered Gracie's room again and demanded an explanation.

"Gracie," said she, "you have made Hugh and me miserable! You know or ought to know, what Vivien is to me, and you know what you are to Hugh, my noble brother! Yet you call me in to read such a letter as this that you the intelligent girl you are, claim not to understand! Ah! Gracie, you did it to torture me, for well you knew its meaning!"

Gracie sprang from her chair as if an electric bolt had fallen from a clear sky. She did not till now realize or understand the import of Vivien's letter, and her surprise was so great that Blanche shrank back beneath her powerful gaze. Standing in this position a moment, she cried

"Oh, Blanche!" and sprang forward and twined her arms about her neck as she exclaimed "Blanche, my sister, I would not, could not, cause you a moment's pain! I did not realize, or even think, that Vivien looked upon me in any way but as his sister, and as kind and good as he has been to us, as noble a boy

as he is, I could not think of him save as a brother! He is yours, Blanche, yours, and you will yet be my sister, for if Vivien has in the least centered his affections upon me, except as a sister, it will be an easy matter for him to transfer them to you, for, upon such an intimation, I should be firm with him, and tell him that brothers and sisters never get married!"

Blanche's eyes began to open as Gracie was talking, white and red chased each other over her cheek, and she realized from Gracie's actions more and more how ignorant she was as to the import of the letter. She cried, as she knelt at Gracie's side

"Oh, Gracie, I did not understand! Forgive me! You have made me so happy! Now, darling, complete that happiness by telling me that Hugh will not plead in vain!"

Gracie smiled, as she looked at her friend and said

"I think Hugh entirely competent to do his own courting!"

"Yes, Gracie, but he fears he will not be successful, and then he would be miserable! The poor

fellow would rather live in the dreary land of hope than risk the chances that might lead to a wretched life!"

"You are eloquent in your brother's behalf!" said Gracie "Inspire him with your superfluity and he will surely be capable of winning any woman's love! But I must go to my study!" and, with this hint of a final understanding, they parted.

CHAPTER XIX.

UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENTS.

THE day arrived when Vivien and his father were to start upon their journey, and after securing a draft for eight thousand dollars, payable to the order of Gracie Westbrook, they boarded the train, and a few hours' jostling over a rough railway landed them safely at P——, after which they were soon at the Westbrook mansion.

Mrs Westbrook and her little daughter were away on a visit, not looking for them until late in the evening. Vivien, after spending a few hours at the old home where Joe Billings was the shadow of Vivien Bingham, started out on a tour of the city, leaving his aged father to rest preparatory to finishing his journey.

He naturally dropped into the bank to see his old friend, Hugh Arnold. The greeting he received was unusually warm, as Hugh made it a point to increase

friendship with any one who was a friend to him. He congratulated his friend, 'Joe Billings,' expressing almost at the same time for his stupidity in not remembering his right name after having seen so much of it in the papers during the last few months. While he was proceeding with his apology, Vivien drew from his pocket a package, saying as he did so:

"No apology, old fellow! I remember Joe Billings with much satisfaction notwithstanding the hardships he had to endure! I have the most sacred respect for holding him in my mind with this favor! It was he whom Gracie leaned upon as a brother, and, had it not been for her, Joe Billings would have been nothing more than a miserable coal digger all his life! It was she, that angel although an inhabitant of the earth, who found my father, it was she who saved my life in the old barn when my only companions, save Bob Walker, were the horse and cow; it was she who inspired me to lift myself above myself and it is to her I shall present this eight thousand dollar check," taking it from his wallet and showing it to him, "and with it offer her myself!"

Hugh sprang to his feet, his face flushing and turning pale alternately, as his troubled blood coursed to and from it, and excitedly exclaimed

"Stop, Joe Billings! Do you dare step between me and Gracie Westbrook, you, sir, whom I have always looked upon as a friend and Gracie's brother? Do you, Joe Billings, propose to buy so dear a treasure for a money consideration, and expect the love of such an angel in return? Answer me, villain, before I strike you down!"

Hugh was standing firmly before him, each gazed steadfastly into the other's eyes for some moments, as if for want of words, when Vivien broke the silence by saying

"Hugh Arnold, how dare you insult me by such language! Will you, dastard that you are, attempt to destroy my claim to Gracie Westbrook, and use as a lever that taunting word, brother? You, hound, have been dallying with her affections, as I have noticed from her letters of recent date! I'll strike you down as I would the cowardly cur that dares to cross my path! Take that—and that!"

They clinched and a terrible struggle ensues. In

the strife chairs, desks and tables were overturned, making a tremendous noise which the officials of the bank heard. They rushed into the room and separated them. The officers were almost dumbfounded to find "Joe" and Hugh fighting, having known them to be warm friends.

The boys now¹ began to see the folly and silliness of the fight. Vivien made a sign to Hugh, and they then satisfied the officials by a promise that all should be peaceful and that this difficulty would be satisfactorily explained. The officials rather reluctantly retired without saying a word, but were more at a loss than ever to see a smile on the faces of the boys that were upon their entrance furrowed with such frowns that each seemed to bear a look of determination to annihilate the other. When they were gone, Hugh said

"We were both hasty, Vivien, if we had been more considerate, this disgraceful affair would never have happened, and now, old fellow, seeing our folly, let us be frank with each other and settle the matter like men and not like brutes! Did you, Vivien, ever talk or write to Gracie on the subject of marriage?"

"Well, to be honest with you, I can't say that I did! Did you?"

"Well, I will have to acknowledge, too, that I have never got that far along only in my mind. Ha! ha! ha! what fools we were!" replied Hugh, "fighting just as though the fight would settle Gracie's mind on the subject! Why, old boy, it's quite as silly as it is funny! But I will tell you right here, Vivien, that I have determined to make her my wife if I can, so I forewarn you to prepare to do your best!"

"That's my determination also, but I think I will be manly enough to consent to leave the matter to Gracie herself. What say you?"

"I don't see how I can do otherwise," replied Hugh.

"That is sufficient. Let us bury the hatchet!"

The two determined boys with guilty faces shake each other's hands heartily.

"Let me see!" says Hugh. "Gracie graduates to-night; let us go together, but we must be discreet!"

Vivien groaned. "My fate," said he, "would be a

fearful one, should she decide against me, but should her decision be for me, then, Hugh, I pity you, for your earnestness proves your sincerity and that my success would blight your life !'

"I feel that it would be the same with you, old fellow, so look out for your own fate and I will try to see after mine, but we are to be friends all the same, no matter what her decision may be."

"Certainly, certainly," was the reply, and the two separate, agreeing to meet at the station for the evening train.

Vivien's father was very anxious to see the angelic little lady who had restored his son to him, and as there was no one at the Westbrook mansion, but Polly, the maid, he had grown a little weary in the absence of his son. The carriage was soon in waiting for him, and, in a very few minutes, was driving up in front of the depot. Vivien introduced Hugh to his father, and he at once won the admiration of the old gentleman, who congratulated his son on having the good luck to have such a constant, noble friend. The young men dropped their countenances, but Vivien ventured to

"We have been good friends almost without interruption"

"Yes," his father replied, "but there are times with the best of friends when each thinks the other the aggressor"

Just at this moment Vivien turned his head, and there was a great furrow down one of his cheeks, tearing away the cuticle, but not sufficiently deep to bring blood in any profusion to the surface, only a long snake-like furrow, very red, ploughed there by the nail of his friend Hugh. The old man saw it and sprang to Vivien's side, crying

"Vivien! Vivien! my son! what is the matter with your face? You actually look as if you had been in a fight! What is the matter, my boy?"

Vivien was completely taken aback, and, putting his fingers to his cheek, felt a stinging sensation. He hung his head, as did Hugh, and the old man was about to proceed, when Vivien spoke up

"I have had my face scratched some way, I cannot tell just how, and had not noticed it until you called my attention to it!"

The old man replied that it looked a little suspicious

cious, but dismissed the subject, much to the satisfaction of the boys

They arrived at the college about the time the large audience was assembled in the great auditorium to witness the graduating exercises. They occupied reserved seats about thirty feet from and fronting the elaborate stage

After the invocation, music was announced as follows, "Solo, with guitar accompaniment, by Gracie Westbrook"

When Gracie stepped upon the stage there was such a tremendous outburst of applause that the floor of the building trembled, nor did it cease for some time. All eyes were turned upon the fair and beautiful face before them. Her history was known throughout and beyond the limits of the State, her intelligence as well was recognized wherever she was known. Ere she had taken her position to sing, showers of flowers rained down upon her from every part of the great hall, and continued to rain for several moments, the only response being the tears trembling on Gracie's cheeks. Applause for the "little fawn of Miers" rang out from every section of

the great hall, and at this juncture we cannot do better than describe her to the reader as she stands before us. There, there she is, the little silver-haired wood nymph of Miers,

Mid Showers
Of flowers,

till the velvety carpet beneath her feet was strewn in heaps, tokens of appreciation for our beautiful heroine. There in the centre of that Cashmerian wilderness alone she stands, with the silvery lights over her head, decked in the costly garb taken from the mysterious trunk, sparkling with diamonds that encircled her neck and arms, while from her flowing tresses beamed forth dazzling stars, and now and then a little pearl and diamond seemed to be playing hide and seek. 'Tis there she stands, waiting for silence, the while two or three of the professors with little baskets in hand step upon the stage and begin to gather up the bouquets so lavished upon their favorite student.

All this time Vivien was availing himself of his opportunity to cast wicked glances at Hugh, and

occasionally feeling the snake upon his face, while rage would swell in his bosom for revenge for this ungrateful mark, but when silence came he looked up

Gracie for a few moments lifts her eyes heavenward, as if drinking inspiration from above, and then like a silvery-throated bird, all heedless of its surroundings, she pours forth her soul in sweet numbers, such as we imagine to come from divine spirits, and as she sings the last line, the vast audience are rising in their seats with forms bent forward, each listening ear strained as if in fear some note might escape unheard

When she has finished, such an encore follows that she is compelled to remain on the stage for several minutes

Vivien and Hugh give each other another scornful look, Hugh as if thinking, "I did gloriously mark you with that snaky wound!" and Vivien, "Old fellow, I'll make you think you have snakes before I'm through with you!" The old man was bending forward like a statue, unable to speak, but ultimately he commanded the attention of the two boys,

who were on either side of him, by excitedly exclaiming

"And that is Gracie! Vivien, bring her to me, do not stop, but bring her at once! Her eyes are like those of my Mary, and her voice is sweet like the wild bird! Let me see her, bring her to me, Vivien!"

All attempts to quiet him were vain, and Vivien was compelled to conduct him direct to a reception-room where he could meet her. Hugh, thinking this might be a scheme to take advantage of him, followed, much to the chagrin of Vivien, but the reader can readily imagine the surprise of both, who looked contemptuously at each other, Hugh curving his fingers through the air like a snake as he looked at Vivien's check, when the old gentleman dismissed them at the door, saying he would see Gracie alone, but directing his son to call for him in half an hour.

When Gracie was led into his presence, and he was introduced to her as Vivien's father, she knelt at his side and said

"I love you, dear old man, and I knew I would from what Vivien had written me! Where is he?"

"Well, little one, Vivien is here and wanted to come in with me to see you, but I preferred to see you alone" The old man's voice trembled as he continued "There is something, darling child, in your look that takes me back to my youthful days, and, pardon me, little one, if I ask you some questions before you see my Vivv, who went from my arms a little boy and came back a pure and noble man"

Gracie began to tremble like a young caged bird; she was sure he was going to allude to a marriage between herself and his son, and as he continued his voice grew husky

"Gracie," he said "when you gave me back my boy, darling child, and saved him from a pauper's grave, Heaven prompted you, although it did not tell you who you were befriending" Placing his nervous hand upon her profusion of silken locks, he resumed, in a lower voice "You are more to me, dear child, than you think!"

Gracie became more nervous than ever, her heart seemed to be trying to jump out at her mouth; she began to weep

"Don't, don't, my little one!" hisps the old man. "There now, don't cry! All will soon be made clear. I am an old man, nearly to the last mile-stone of my life, and the mystery that has presented itself to me this evening while you were on the stage bothers me quite as much as the restoration of Vivien to my arms! Let me ask your mother's name before she married!"

A little light began to beam in Gracie's eyes, visions flitted across her brain, she reeled and would have fallen had not the old man's nervous hand supported her. As soon as she could speak, she arose and said

"My mother's name was Bingham, and she came from the old country, too!" At this the old man started up and asked, in a breath

"Your father's first name, little one? Speak! speak!"

"James, James Westbrook," she hisped

"Come, come to the arms of your own old grandfather! Those eyes, that nut-brown hair, together with that sweet voice, are sufficient!"

He gave her an affectionate embrace and then arose from his seat and paced back and forth in the room

as though the mantle of youth had once more fallen over his drooping shoulders; then he cried:

"Let us go, daughter, come, let us go to your mother so that I can make amends for the only cruel act of my life!"

"Oh, grandfather!" cried Gracie, as she fell on his breast and wept "And mamma is your daughter, Vivien your son! Oh, we thought we had not a relative on earth, and here you are, noble old grandfather! I have seen mamma weep when she would speak your name, and when Vivien told us his right name I know how it affected her, but she said the name was a common one and the coincidence was soon forgotten Grandfather, can there be any doubt of this?"

"No, little one, it is true your mother is my own child! Let us hasten to her!"

Just at this moment Vivien rapped at the door. Hugh was also there when it opened and closed in his face just in time to let him see Gracie fly into the arms of Vivien. She wound her arms about his neck, but could not speak for some moments.

Joe has now reached the climax of his happiness. When Gracie could control herself, she lisped

"Dear Joe, dear brother, dear Vivien—my uncle!"

Vivien sprang back as if thunderstruck, uttering, "What, what does this mean!" at the same time looking at his father for an explanation.

"Tis so, Vivy, Gracie is my own grand-daughter, and Mrs Westbrook, who has been a mother to you, is my Mary, my daughter and your half-sister by my first marriage, which I have never explained to you, my son, but will do so soon. But let us go at once. I must see my daughter"

Vivien again stepped back, his face white as marble, as he uttered.

"Father, I don't understand this!"

"Never mind, my son, it is so nevertheless, you have my word for it, and that is sufficient. Go on, my boy, go at once!"

When Vivien left the room upon his errand, he met Hugh standing by the door, with a frown woven all over his face, and he said under his breath, as their eyes met

"Coward! You are afraid to meet me in a fair contest as you promised! Were it not for the respect I have for myself, I should augment your snaky countenance tenfold."

Vivien only looked up with a bewildering smile, and went on, noticing that Hugh had already attracted the attention of those near him

Gracie set about getting ready to start, and merely mentioned to Professor Coulter that it was necessary for her to go and that she would explain the reason at some other time. This was sufficient and satisfied the Professor that something of unusual importance had occurred to call her away

When she was ready to start, she stole quietly up to Blanche Arnold, and whispered a few words in her ear which caused her heart to leap and sent the blood tingling to her face

By this time the carriage was at the door, and the three took their departure through a back way in which the audience could not observe them

The speakers were now through to the valedictorian, and when it was whispered among the audience that Gracie Westbrook would not appear further, in order to pacify the immense assemblage Doctor Coulter stepped upon the stage and announced that Miss Westbrook, the valedictorian of her class, owing to peculiar circumstances that had just transpired, was

compelled to leave ere the entertainment was closed, but would in one week from that evening, before her class, the faculty and as many spectators as desired to be present, deliver her oration in that hall, at the close of which the degrees would be conferred. This satisfied the audience, and they filed out of the hall.

When Mr Bingham and his son and grand-daughter arrived at the depot, they learned that the train was twenty minutes late. The old man was nervous, it seemed an hour to him, and he would not allow Gracie to leave his side a moment.

Vivien stood a few feet away, meditating over his fate. He was crestfallen and conquered. The object of his love was fenced in from him by a mountain.

He thought of Blanche and a light played over his face, a smile illuminating his features, and, in spite of himself, he said.

"Well, I have a brilliant niece at all events, and I believe she had already made up her mind to marry Hugh! Confound him! he scratched my face in the fight, left a snaky mark on my cheek! I'm angry, but yet it's funny! All right, old fellow,

take her and be happy! 'A fair exchange is no robbery!' I doubt whether I've lost in the deal! I've gained a fine mece, and when I gain the nephew, and his sister for a wife, I think I will be even with him! Blanche spoke as well as Gracie did to-night, and the applause and encores she received were only second to Gracie's, if they were second at all!"

The train rolled up and roused Vivien from his reverie. The old gentleman had begun to grow uneasy about the strange actions of his son, and when they were seated in the railway coach and the train went thundering on, he called Vivien to a seat near him. The poor fellow thought he saw the word, "snake," trembling on the old man's lips, and hesitated, when his father began to censure him a little for his negligence towards Gracie as well as himself, and he would have become quite angry had it not been for two little hands stealing out, patting him on the cheek and caressing his forehead, when he saw it was his beautiful granddaughter in her handsome graduating costume, he looked up and smiled. Vivien by this time had taken

a seat near them, but, forgetting himself, turned the scarred side of his face to Gracie, who discovered the wounded cheek and cried out.

"Oh, Vivien, what is the matter with your face! There is a wound extending entirely down your cheek! It looks frightful! Doesn't it pain you? Why it is just the shape of a big, angry snake!"

Vivien boils with rage and turns his head to one side, as he says, under his breath

"Curse the big ugly snake and the man who painted it there!"

The old gentleman and Gracie see he does not like the idea of being asked about how the mark came there, and say no more about it for the present

They were just then dashing into P—— The sun was shining in all his splendor, and the city was alive with pedestrians. The old gentleman was living in an atmosphere of excitement and did not feel the loss of the night's rest. They were soon snugly seated in a carriage, Gracie directed the driver where to go, while her grandfather commanded him not to spare the whip. Then away they go, over the hill, round the curve, and by

the corner, and drive up in front of the Westbrook mansion

It was understood that the grandfather should go into the house first, and, without the aid of his cane, he sprang from the carriage, ran up the steps to the door and gave the bell such a ring as it had never had before, which brought the maid, to whom he said, in a husky voice, "I want to see Mrs Westbrook," and stepped into the hall so that the light did not fall directly on his face

The lady came soon, and walked cautiously down the hallway to where he was standing. They looked at each other a moment, neither speaking. After a few moments' silence, Mr Bingham said, in a trembling and pathetic voice

"Don't you know me, Mary?"

The poor woman fell fainting at his feet, crying:

"Father! father!"

The old man reeled as he bent over the prostrate form of his only daughter, whom his iron will had cruelly wronged

Ah! old man, shed your tears of sorrow till the perspiration beads your forehead, and if each drop is

dyed with the blood of remorse your suffering will not suffice for the sorrow you caused your only daughter when you drove her from your elegant English home and thereby broke the heart of her mother, the wife of your bosom, sending her to a premature grave, and all because, Mary did not wed to suit your whims! Make your appeals for forgiveness, and let them come from your heart, even if dictated against your iron will! It sounds sweetly to the ears of the outside world to hear you plead and plead in the most pathetic tones that voice can utter! And you, oh, daughter of adversity, listen not to those words uttered by the same lips that sent you from his bosom, but let him wring his own heart in pleading, as he wrung yours in commanding, and if the touch of time has softened that iron will and mellowed that stern heart, may he feel the words coming down from heaven from your sainted mother, pleading to him as she did when you were banished from his door! Listen not, oh, daughter, to those pleading words, "Forgive! forgive!" Can she utter those words? Will she utter them? Ah! 'tis a woman! She has already uttered them! Her great

heart cannot resist the pleading voice of her father; her lips move and she lisps the silvery words he has so long craved! 'Tis a woman—ah, a woman!

While they were thus engaged, Doctor Goodrich stepped into the hall and looked upon the scene, completely dumbfounded, finally taking courage, he rushed forward, demanding.

"What does this mean?"

The old man looked sternly in the intruder's face as if in defiance, and commanded

"Get thee hence, stranger! Leave my daughter and myself alone!"

"Sir!" replied the doctor, "satisfy me that you are not an impostor before I leave you!"

"Get thee hence!" roared the old man "Is my word to be doubted by such a dog as you?"

The doctor moved threateningly toward him just as Vivien stepped in, having heard enough to satisfy himself that his presence was needed

The doctor demanded of Vivien

"What does this mean?"

"It means, Doctor, that the venerable old man there is Mrs Westbrook's father as well as mine!"

The doctor stands aside, astonished, as the father, daughter and son meet in one embrace. The old man lays his hands on the heads of his children and pronounces blessings upon them, after which they retire to a room where Gracie and little Bessie join them; but just as Vivien goes to enter the room Doctor Goodrich notices his wounded cheek and calls to him.

"Vivien, my boy, what is the matter with your face? Why, that is a very ugly wound! You have taken cold in it and it looks angry! It lies on your cheek as though it were a great snake!"

Vivien grates his teeth as he says again, under his breath.

"Curse the snake!"

He rushes away to join the group, where we leave them to themselves, free from eavesdroppers and the prattling tongues of gossip.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

AFTER this reunion, with all its tales of sorrow and disappointment, an observing eye could notice that all differences were settled and all identities clear. Mr Bingham, Sr, was yet living on the stimulating nerve of pleasant excitement. His generosity knew no bounds, and, ere his friends were aware of it, he had secured possession of one of the finest hotels in the city, and prepared to celebrate this grand reunion by spreading a banquet and holding receptions in a royal way, and a most noble host did the old sage prove himself to be

One evening, Hugh and Gracie walked into the parlor and paused in front of a large mirror beside which Vivien and Blanco were holding sweet converse, while Gracie was exchanging a few words with them, Hugh glanced into this great mirror

and thought, as Gracie's large hazel eyes peeped forth from it, that he had never before realized how beautiful she was. And as he is thus standing, musing on the beautiful reflected image before him, a negative seems to be outlining itself on his heart that only the crumbling dust to which old Time brings all things earthly can obliterate

There never was a happier moment for the event that was to take place than this. Hugh had not removed his eyes from the image before him till aroused by Vivien, who was holding the hand of his handsome niece. Gracie grew pale and then the flushes on her cheeks chased each other like little wavelets upon a calm sea, for well she read the language stamped upon her uncle's face. He addressed Hugh as follows

"Old fellow, you once fought me for a prospect, and so viciously that you painted with my own blood the image of a snake upon my cheek! Since then I have been convinced that you would die for a certainty! Consequently, old fellow, no doubt shall ever mar your happiness again! Believing that the feeling you manifest, the feeling that

makes your heart leap and gives new life to your pulse, is fully reciprocated by one of America's most accomplished daughters, who possesses a disposition as sweet as a bright May morning, and whom I have the honor to claim as my niece, all I can say is, take her, old fellow! But, when you become my nephew, can I look back upon the time when you made me carry that repulsive image upon my cheek and say I have been revenged?"

Hugh stands for a moment with Gracie's hands in his own, then, moved by a sudden impulse, he walks to Blanche's side, takes her hand and presents her to Vivien, as he says.

"I am willing that you should have the revenge you seem to crave! Here is my sister, who is worthy of any man's love, and if I am to become your nephew, I trust you may consider the wrong I have done you fully avenged, and that, as the snaky image has disappeared from your cheek, the thoughts of it may also go with it!"

If Gracie was ever more beautiful at one period than another, it was at this time, and the lines that once came to the author's mind while descri-

bing the "Ill-Fated Bride" cannot escape it now. The bride stood at death's door, ready to knock for entrance and step through to the great eternity of eternities, while Gracie, we have every reason to hope, stands before a life of the happiness she has so deservedly earned and so greatly merits. Yet these lines are a fitting description for both.

Her features drawn by love's own hand,
Her cheeks are flecked with blushes rare,
She seems not of this earth to stand,
And view her face, it is so fair
Her lips as rubies, and her eyes
Vie with the fairness of the skies,
Her locks in golden tresses fall,
In waves that charm the eyes of all

It was thus this scene closed, and when the two couples separated, if ever four hearts fluttered with joy, they were the four possessed by those young people!

But why stop here? As this is a chapter of general disposition, let us sprinkle a few more orange blossoms through it.

In the other room is Mr Bingham, Sr, Mrs Westbrook, her little daughter and Doctor Goodrich. They are all sitting close together, and Doctor Good-

rich is speaking in an earnest voice, while the old gentleman is listening as if afraid that some word might pass unheard, but during this conversation he is every now and then casting glances at his daughter, prompted by the actions of Doctor Goodrich, who is also doing the same. And he noticed nature's tints upon her cheek come and go in quick succession, as the doctor cast his glances toward her. Her flushing cheeks reminded him of the days gone by in old England, his heart again grew large, and, although an octogenarian, he understood the meaning of those glances and blushes. A merry twinkle played in his eye and a smile lighted up his countenance as he arose from his chair and, taking his daughter's hand, presented her to Doctor Goodrich, who, although an old bachelor, accepted the present as gratefully and eagerly as though he were receiving the world. Amid this little Bessie was looking on, wondering what it all meant.

The evening's reception was now at hand, it was the closing one of the series, and when the personages of our romance met the guests in the great drawing-rooms, and the music pealed forth, a new

life seemed to crown them all. The dancing was more graceful than ever, the music more inspiring. When the reception was over, the old gentleman expressed himself as being well pleased with the turn affairs had taken.

The time at length arrived when Gracie was to deliver her oration, and such an audience as congregated has only been equalled by that brought together by the presence of some famous personage, whose great genius has won the hearts of a nation. When our heroine stepped upon the rostrum, before this mass of people swaying to and fro, the applause was even greater and more enduring than when she made her first appearance to sing.

When the storm of plaudits had ceased and stillness pervaded the vast hall, she again lifted her eyes heavenward, as if drinking the inspiration of her theme, and such rhetoric, such grand elocution, followed, that naught was heard save the sweet voice of the fair speaker, which was so penetrating, so rotund and, at the same time, so soft and gentle that the audience was held spellbound as if listening to some divine messenger from heaven. Her

gestures were perfect, and her beauty, crowning the beauty of her theme, made her look the more like some celestial spirit. As if speaking twice, did she go on—once by her own sweet voice and again by the expressions of her lovely face. Not only was the general audience entranced by her eloquence, but the teachers and her class surrounding her were each held as if by the voice of some immortal being, whose hand was wielding the wand of magic above their heads.

When she had finished, the torrent of applause can better be imagined than described. The flowers, like falling meteors, came showering down around her till she was again encircled by wreaths fresh from the hand of Flora.

After the applause had subsided and Doctor Coulter had given that necessary advice which generally precedes the distribution of diplomas, a great surprise was in waiting for the audience. As the professor announced that the programme would be completed by another exercise, the trio of engaged couples stepped to the centre of the stage in a semi-circle and as impressive a ceremony as was

ever witnessed was performed by Rev. F H Hays. It bound together forever Hugh Arnold, the worthy young banker, and our lovely heroine, Gracie Westbrook, the idol of our story, Vivien, the youthful and noble "Joe Billings," and Blanche Arnold, the fit and constant companion of our heroine throughout her school days; and Doctor Goodrich, our talented and kind-hearted physician, and Mrs Westbrook, Gracie's worthy mother. Never was a more impressive act performed on the theatrical stage

During all this Nora was sitting in a remote corner, with frowns wreathing her face, wondering why she was always overlooked and never heard anything complimentary to herself, save from her mother, who was then by her side, whispering words of encouragement in her ears, which she had heard so often from the same source that they were of little consequence and brought no consolation. The poor girl could hardly think of marriage, either, as she had two years of school life yet before her

We would close our story here, but there are other fields to look after than those decked and wreathed with orange blossoms and white roses.

If there is any lesson taught in this story, let it be that every good act is just as sure to receive its reward as the farmer who plants the seed in the ground is to reap his harvests.

It is necessary, or, at least, always the rule, that when the aristocracy of a city get married bridal trips should be in order, and, if we were to allow the characters of this story to be the exception, we are sure our readers would be disappointed. Consequently, we will accompany them on their tour. Don't be surprised if you are not to follow them to Saratoga, Newport, or even to Loch, but be content to remind yourself that the scene of this story is in Pennsylvania and not Indiana or Arkansas, where nothing short of those famous watering-places would suffice.

There is a little village on the Susquehanna River that has more attractions, and, if we remember rightly, its name is Miers! Our personages do not start on this tour in one of Pullman's finest cars, but in handsome carriages, drawn by elegant horses, driven by colored drivers

Upon their arrival, the first to recognize any one

in this procession was Bob Walker, who nursed "Joe Billings" in the old hay-loft when his companions were the horse and cow. At the sight of Vivien, he threw down his pick, sprang to his side and greeted him as joyfully as a parent would greet his child who had long been absent. Though his hands were black with coal dust and his face resembled that of an African, he was greeted as warmly as if he had been an English noble.

Just as Bob glanced at the next carriage, Gracie drew the veil from her face and looked squarely into his eyes. He recognized her and quickly stepped to her carriage with extended hand, but, realizing its demoralization with coal dust, dropped it as he did his head. Gracie, noticing his embarrassment, extricated him from his dilemma by saying, as she extended her hand toward him.

"Never mind your hands, Bob! Shake with me in memory of old times!"

Gracie, after shaking his hand heartily, introduced him to Hugh, who merely pressed the tips of his blackened fingers.

While Bob was engaged with Gracie, Vivien

explained to his father who he was, and that he had been his friend when all had forsaken him but the horse and cow. Then the old man called Bob again to his carriage and grasped his hand, as he said.

"Most noble boy, I cannot pay you for what you have done for me in kindness to my son, but take this, not as a compensation, but as a token of my appreciation!" and he thrust a five hundred dollar bill into noble Bob Walker's hands.

The poor fellow could not speak, but stood like a statue, and only responding tears coursed down his cheeks as the carriages rolled away.

Old Mrs Johnson, too, lived at Miers. The old trustee, having taken lung fever, died, leaving his wife in destitute circumstances, and had it not been for the timely arrival of this bridal cortege, no doubt she would have found a home with the crooked foot girl. If ever a poor woman was rewarded for having done her duty, it was Mrs Johnson. As she stood in her door when the carriages drove from it, with her hands full of money, tears coursing down her cheeks, she presented a picture to the departing ones that

they will never forget, a picture that an artist would do well to paint

The vehicles followed the same road traveled by Joe Billings and old Johnson when they took the Westbrook family on the old log wagon to the poor-house. What reminiscences were brought up while they were traveling this road is not for us to know, but if the reader could glance into the faces of Gracie, Mrs Westbrook and Vivien, he would behold such sober earnest looks of meditation as he could not fathom. The cruelties of old Johnson, the dying throes of little Bennie and a thousand other things, all stood out as so many solemn sentinels on this unusual trip.

Old Mr Bingham seemed as much affected as any of them, and tears could be seen coursing their way down his wrinkled cheeks, nor did he recover till they arrived at the poor-house.

When they drove up an unusual sight greeted the eyes of the inmates. Such a sight they had never seen before and are not likely ever to see again.

The little ones with staring eyes stood back in the distance till Gracie lifted her veil and spoke,

when they made a rush for her, and such a swarm as gathered about her made Hugh a little jealous of even the poor-house urchins. Gracie had often visited them during her school days, and her name now seemed to be on all tongues at once. It was "Gracie! Gracie! Gracie!" from every direction, and amid all this the poor crooked-foot girl, who still held undisputed sway, rushed to her and caught her in her arms, embracing her as affectionately as a mother would embrace her child. During this episode there could be seen from the windows invalids waving their hands and beckoning Gracie to come to them, and even the boisterous maniacs ceased their swearing and praying for the time, as if in honor of our heroine's visit.

After they had visited the solemn scenes of Miers and the poor-house, and alleviated all the suffering they could, the newly-married couples returned to the city to spend the honeymoon in quiet.

Old Mr. Bingham was beginning to feel the touch of time more sensitively than ever, but he watched with a clear head the shadows of his life lengthening, and from the fathomless vistas above a

silvery eternity threw down a bright ray which directed the old man's eyes steadily to its mysterious portals. During the few weeks since their journey he had occupied a large room, with his favorite lawyer as a companion.

"The lights of heaven still appear the same," while the light of man on earth rises, flickers for a moment and then goes out forever. So the old man, worn and weary, at the end of a long life, having fulfilled his mission on earth, lays down his earthly burdens and winds about him the robes of immortality.

A few days after he had been laid to rest, the lawyer to whose care all his papers had been entrusted, arrives at P——, and there, in the courts, probates the will of the generous, kind-hearted but firm old benefactor. His daughter, Mary Westbrook Goodrich, and his son, Vivien, share equally in his vast fortune; Gracie and little Bessie each receive one hundred thousand dollars, while five hundred thousand dollars are bequeathed for charitable purposes, with Gracie Westbrook Arnold named as the trustee to expend and apply the money according to her own wishes.

Was ever a life so completely reversed as that of our little heroine? I imagine her in the tattered garments of poverty, receiving alms from the pinched hand of charity; then behold her as she is, surrounded by wealth and luxury, with her great mission before her!

The morning's gone, the sun is sinking: our story is told. We cannot dwell, but let us lift the veil of the future, point the reader two years hence and show him, in place of the old poor house, a magnificent structure dedicated to the poor people of the county in which Miers is located, that he may behold the throng of charity, marching to the sweet harmony of music and following the benefactress, Gracie Westbrook Arnold, who is beneath a gilded banner bearing the unique and suggestive inscription, "SNATCHED FROM THE POOR-HOUSE!"

THE END.

A SWEEPING REDUCTION!

All our 12mo. Cloth Books are Reduced to
\$1.50 a Copy, including all the Works of

*Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,
Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. Warfield,
Miss Dupuy, Dumas, etc., etc.,*

As well as other Books formerly published
by us at \$1.75 each.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

And for sale by all Booksellers.

Any of the Books named in this Catalogue will be sent by mail, to
any one, to any place at once, post paid, on remitting the price of the ones
wanted to T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS Philadelphia, Pa.

T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS,

306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,

Desire to direct the close attention of all lovers of good novel reading to the books and authors contained in their new catalogue, just issued. A strict inquiry is solicited because the books enumerated in it are among the most popular now in existence. In supplying your wants and taste in the reading line it is of the first importance that you should give special attention to what is popularly designated an entertaining reading matter. No library is either attractive or complete without a collection of novels and romances. The experience of many years has demonstrated that light reading is essential to even the most studious men and women, furnishing the mind with healthful recreation while to the young and to those that have not cultivated a taste for solid works of science, it forms one of the best possible training schools gradually establishing in a pleasant manner that habit of concentration of thought absolutely necessary to read understandingly the more ponderous works which treat of political economy, the sciences and of the arts.

We publish and sell at very low rates, full and varied editions of the works of all the famous American and Foreign Novelists, whose writings are very entertaining, specially adapted for all readers. The most of them are bound in strong cloth binding, and also in paper covers. Examination is asked for our editions of the writings of Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, whose romances are always in demand. Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS the well known favorite. Mrs. HENRY WOOD, the authoress of "East Lynne." Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, whose tales of Southern life stand unparalleled in their simple truth and exquisite beauty. Mrs. C. A. WARFIELD another very popular Southern writer, Miss ELIZA A. DUNN, who has made a wonderful mark. Mrs. F. H. BURNETT the authoress of "The Harrowing and pathetic French and Russian romances of HENRY GREVILLE the wonderful and famous fictions of GUSTAVE FLAUBERT the brilliant and artistic works of OCTAVE FEUILLET the highly finished and powerful stories of EMILE ZOLA the popular and pleasing productions of PROSPER MERIMEE the beautiful and touching love tales of the celebrated GEORGE SAND the clever and intensely interesting writings of JULES SANDRAU the exciting and ingenious novels of ADOLPH BELOT the picturesque and enchainning works of MADAME ANCEL DUSSEAU the exquisitely pathetic romances of the PRINCESSE ALTIERI the strong and graphic productions of ANDRE THEURIET the wild frontier sketches of GUSTAVE AIMARD the classic and refined works of MADAME DE STAEL the absorbing and vivid fictions of ALEXANDRE DUMAS Pere the natural and forceful novel of ALEXANDRE DUMAS Fils the startling and mysterious romances of EUGENE SUE the recent and unique narratives of VICTOR HUGO the realistic novel of EMILE ZOLA which have had a sale in this country unparalleled in the history of recent book making. Of great interest is SIR WALTER SCOTT, whose "Waverley" novels still maintain a strong hold on the people. CHARLES DICKENS complete writings furnish every variety of style. We publish also the weird stories of GEORGE LEPARD the martial novels of CHARLES LEVING the comical nautical tales of ALAN MARSHALL EMERSON BENNETT's Indian stories. HENRY COCKTON's laughable narratives. T. S. ARTHUR's temperance tales and household stories the won't fail and entertaining novels of EUGENE SUE and W. H. AINSWORTH the quiet domestic novels of FREDRIKA BREMER and ELLEN PICKERING the masterly novels of WILLIE COLLINS FRANK FAIRLEIGH's quaint stories, and SAMUEL WARREN's dramatic romances the works of Mrs. C. J. NEWBY Mrs. GREY and Miss PARDOE W. H. HERBERT's sporting stories and the graphic Italian romances of T. A. TROLLOPE also the fascinating writings of G. P. R. JAMES Miss S. A. DORSY, SIR EDWARD BELWER LYTTON JAMES A. MITLAND THE SHAKESPEARE NOVELS, CHARLES G. MORFORD, as well as FRANCAVELLI's Miss LESLIE's and all the best Cook Book, Peterson's "Dollar Series of Good Novels" Peterson's "Sterling Series of entertaining books Peterson's popular 'Square Series of excellent stories' together with hundreds of others, by the best authors in the world.

Look over our Catalogue, and enclose a Draft or Post Office Order for five, ten, twenty or fifty dollars or more, to us in a letter and write for what books you wish and on receipt of the money, or a satisfactory reference, the books will be packed and sent to you at once, in any way you may direct. Address all orders to

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Publishers,
306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, PA

T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS.

Orders solicited from Booksellers, Librarians, Canvassers, News Agents, and all others in want of good and fast-selling books, which will be supplied at very Low Rates.

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH'S FAMOUS WORKS

Complete in forty-three large duodecimo volumes, bound in morocco cloth, gilt back price \$1 50 each, or \$64 50 a set, each set is put up in a neat box.

Ishmael, or, In the Depths, being Self-Made, or, Out of Depths	\$1 50	The Deserted Wife,	1 50
Self Raised, or, From the Depths	1 50	The Fortune Seeker,	1 50
The Mother-in Law,	1 50	The Bridal Eve,	1 50
The Fatal Secret,	1 50	The Lost Heiress,	1 50
How He Won Her,	1 50	The Two Sisters,	1 50
Fair Play,	1 50	Lady of the Isle	1 50
The Spectre I over,	1 50	Prince of Darkness,	1 50
Victor's Triumph, ..	1 50	The Three Beauties,	1 50
A Beautiful Friend,	1 50	Vivia, or the Secret of Power,	1 50
The Artist's Love,	1 50	Love's Labor Won,	1 50
A Noble Lord,	1 50	The Gipsy's Prophecy,	1 50
Lost Heir of Lunkithgow,	1 50	Retribution,	1 50
Tried for Her Life,	1 50	The Christmas Guest	1 50
Cruel as the Grave,	1 50	Haunted Homestead	1 50
The Maiden Widow,	1 50	Wife's Victory,	1 50
The Family Doom,	1 50	Allworth Abbey,	1 50
The Bride's Fate,	1 50	India Pearl of Pearl River	1 50
The Changed Brides,	1 50	Curse of Clifton,	1 50
Fallen Pride,	1 50	Discarded Daughter	1 50
The Widow's Son,	1 50	The Mystery of Dark Hollow, ..	1 50
The Bride of Llewellyn,	1 50		
The Fatal Marriage,	1 50		
The Missing Bride, or, Miriam, the Avenger			
The Phantom Wedding, or, The Fall of the House of Flint, ..			

Above are each bound in morocco cloth price \$1 50 each

Self Made, or, Out of the Depths By Mrs Emma D E N Southworth.
Complete in two volumes, cloth, price \$1 50 each, or \$3 00 a set

CAROLINE LEE HENTZ'S EXQUISITE BOOKS.

Complete in twelve large duodecimo volumes bound in morocco cloth, gilt back price \$1 50 each, or \$18 00 a set, each set is put up in a neat box

Ernest Linwood,	\$1 50	Love after Marriage,	\$1 50
The Planter's Northern Bride,	1 50	Eoline, or Magnolia Vale,	1 50
Courtship and Marriage,	1 50	The Lost Daughter,	1 50
Rena, or, the Snow Bird,	1 50	The Banished Son,	1 50
Marcus Warland	1 50	Helen and Arthur,	1 50
Linda, or, the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole,			
Robert Graham, the Sequel to "Linda, or Pilot of Belle Creole,"			

Above are each bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each

Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. (2)

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS

MRS. ANN S STEPHENS' FAVORITE NOVELS.

Complete in twenty-three large duodecimo volumes, bound in morocco cloth, gilt back, price \$1.50 each or \$34.50 a set, each set is put up in a neat box

Norston's Rest,	\$1 50	The Soldiers' Orphans, . . .	\$1 50
Bertha's Engagement, .	1 50	A Noble Woman, . . .	1 50
Bellehood and Bondage,	1 50	Silent Struggles, . . .	1 50
The Old Countess, ..	1 50	The Rejected Wife, . . .	1 50
Lord Hope's Choice, .	1 50	The Wife's Secret, . . .	1 50
The Reigning Belle,	1 50	Mary Derwent, . . .	1 50
Palaces and Prisons,..	1 50	Fashion and Famine, . . .	1 50
Married in Haste,	1 50	The Curse of Gold, . . .	1 50
Wives and Widows,	1 50	Mabel's Mistake, . . .	1 50
Ruby Gray's Strategy,..	1 50	The Old Homestead, . . .	1 50
Doubly False, 1 50		The Heiress, 1 50	
Above are each bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each			
The Gold Brick, .. 1 50			

MISS ELIZA A DUPUY'S WONDERFUL BOOKS.

Complete in fourteen large duodecimo volumes, bound in morocco cloth, gilt back, price \$1.50 each, or \$21 00 a set, each set is put up in a neat box

A New Way to Win a Fortune	\$1 50	Why Did He Marry Her?	\$1 50
The Discarded Wife,	1 50	Who Shall be Victor?,	1 50
The Clandestine Marriage,	1 50	The Mysterious Guest,	1 50
The Hidden Sin,	1 50	Was He Guilty?	1 50
The Dethroned Heiress,	1 50	The Cancelled Will,..	1 50
The Gipsy's Warning,	1 50	The Planter's Daughter,	1 50
All For Love,	1 50	Michael Rudolph,..	1 50
Above are each bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each			

LIST OF THE BEST COOK BOOKS PUBLISHED

Every housekeeper should possess at least one of the following Cook Books, as they would save the price of it in a week's cooking

Miss Leslie's Cook Book, a Complete Manual to Domestic Cookery in all its Branches Paper cover, \$1 00, or bound in cloth,	\$1 50
The Queen of the Kitchen; or, The Southern Cook Book containing 1007 Old Southern Family Receipts for Cooking,	Cloth, 1 50
Mrs Hale's New Cook Book,.	Cloth, 1 50
Peterson's New Cook Book,	Cloth, 1 50
Widdifield's New Cook Book,	Cloth, 1 50
Mrs. Goodfellow's Cookery as it Should Be,	Cloth, 1 50
The National Cook Book By a Practical Housewife,	Cloth, 1 50
The Young Wife's Cook Book,.	Cloth, 1 50
Miss Leslie's New Receipts for Cooking,	Cloth, 1 50
Mrs Hale's Receipts for the Million,	Cloth, 1 50
The Family Save-All By author of "National Cook Book,"	Cloth, 1 50
Francantelli's Modern Cook Book With the most approved methods of French, English, German, and Italian Cookery With Sixty-two Illustrations One vol, 600 pages, bound in morocco cloth, 5 00	

Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price by T B Peterson & Brothers Philadelphia, Pa

MRS C. A WARFIELD'S POPULAR WORKS.

Complete in nine large duodecimo volumes bound in morocco cloth, gilt back, price \$1 50 each, or \$13 50 a set, each set is put up in a neat box

The Cardinal's Daughter,	\$1 50	Miriam's Memoirs,	\$1 50
Ferne Fleming,	1 50	Monfort Hall,	1 50
The Household of Bouverie,	1 50	Sea and Shore,	1 50
A Double Wedding,	1 50	Hester Howard's Temptation,	1 50
Lady Ernestine; or, The Absent Lord of Rocheforte,	1 50		

Above are each bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each

FREDRIKA BREMER'S DOMESTIC NOVELS.

Complete in six large duodecimo volumes, bound in cloth, gilt back, price \$1.50 each, or \$9 00 a set, each set is put up in a neat box

Father and Daughter,	\$1 50	The Neighbors,	\$1 50
The Four Sisters,	1 50	The Home,	1 50

Above are each bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each

Life in the Old World In two volumes, cloth, price, 3 00

G. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS' FUNNY BOOKS.

Complete in four large duodecimo volumes, bound in cloth, gilt back, price \$1 50 each, or \$6 00 a set, each set is put up in a neat box

Doesticks' Letters,	\$1 50	The Elephant Club,	\$1 50
Plu-Ri-Bus-Tah,	1 50	Witches of New York,	1 50

Above are each bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each

JAMES A. MAITLAND'S HOUSEHOLD STORIES.

Complete in seven large duodecimo volumes, bound in cloth, gilt back, price \$1 50 each, or \$10 50 a set, each set is put up in a neat box

The Watchman,	\$1 50	Diary of an Old Doctor,	\$1 50
The Wanderer,	1 50	Sartaroe,	1 50
The Lawyer's Story,	1 50	The Three Cousins,	1 50
The Old Patroon, or the Great Van Brook Property,			

Above are each bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE'S ITALIAN NOVELS

Complete in seven large duodecimo volumes, bound in cloth, gilt back, price \$1 50 each, or \$10.50 a set, each set is put up in a neat box

The Sealed Packet,	\$1 50	Dream Numbers,	\$1 50
Sartstang Grange,	1 50	Beppo, the Conscript,	1 50
Leonora Casaloni,	1 50	Gemma,	1 50
		Manetta,	1 50

Above are each bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each

FRANK FORESTER'S SPORTING SCENES.

Frank Forester's Sporting Scenes and Characters By Henry William Herbert A New, Revised, and Enlarged Edition, with a Life of the Author, a New Introductory Chapter, Frank Forester's Portrait and Autograph, with a full length picture of him in his shooting costume, and seventeen other illustrations, from original designs by Darley and Frank Forester Two vols, morocco cloth, bevelled boards, \$4 00.

Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Philadelphia, Pa.

4 T B PETERSON & BROTHERS PUBLICATIONS

WILKIE COLLINS' BEST BOOKS.

Basil, or, The Crossed Path 21 50 | The Dead Secret 12mo \$1 54

Above are each in one large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth.

The Dead Secret, 8vo. . 75 | The Queen's Revenge, . 75

Basil, or, the Crossed Path, . 75 | Miss or Mrs? . 75

Hide and Seek, . 75 | Mad Monkton, . 50

After Dark . 75 | Sights a-Foot . 50

The Stolen Mask, 25 | The Yellow Mask, 25 | Sister Rose, . 25

The above books are each issued in paper cover, in octavo form.

EMERSON BENNETT'S INDIAN STORIES.

Complete in seven large duodecimo volumes bound in cloth, gilt back, price \$5 each; or \$10.50 a set, each set is put up in a neat box

The Border Rover, \$1 50 | Bride of the Wilderness, . \$1 50

Clara Moreland, . 1 50 | Ellen Norbury, . 1 50

The Orphan's Trials, . 1 50 | Kate Clarendon, . 1 50

Viola, or Adventures in the Far South-West, . 1 50

Above are each bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each

The Heiress of Bellefonte, . 75 | The Pioneer's Daughter, . 75

GREEN'S WORKS ON GAMBLING.

Complete in four large duodecimo volumes, bound in cloth, gilt back, price \$1.50 each; or \$6.00 a set, each set is put up in a neat box

Gambling Exposed, \$1 50 | The Reformed Gambler, \$1 50

The Gambler's Life, 1 50 | Secret Band of Brothers, 1 50

Above are each bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each

DOW'S PATENT SERMONS.

Complete in four large duodecimo volumes, bound in cloth, gilt back, price \$1 25 each; or \$5.00 a set, each set is put up in a neat box

Dow's Patent Sermons, 1st Series, cloth, \$1 25 | Dow's Patent Sermons, 3d Series, cloth, \$1 25

Dow's Patent Sermons, 2d Series, cloth, 1 25 | Dow's Patent Sermons, 4th Series, cloth, 1 25

Above are each in cloth, or each one is in paper cover, at \$1 00 each

GEORGE SAND'S GREATEST NOVELS.

Consuelo 12mo, cloth, . \$1 50 | Jealousy, 12mo, cloth, \$1 50

Countess of Rudolstadt, 1 50 | Indiana, 12mo, cloth, 1 50

Above are each published in 12mo, cloth, gilt side and back

Fanchon, the Cricket, paper cover, 50 cents, or fine edition, in cloth, 1 50

First and True Love. With 11 Illustrations Paper, 75 cents, cloth, 1 00

Consuelo Paper cover, 75 | The Corsair, . 50

Simon. A Love Story, 50 | The Last Aldini 50

The Countess of Rudolstadt. The Sequel to Consuelo Paper cover, 75

MISS BRADDON'S FASCINATING BOOKS.

Aurora Floyd, . 75 | The Lawyer's Secret, 25

Aurora Floyd, cloth 1 00 | For Better, For Worse, . 75

~~25~~ Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price by T B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS ILLUSTRATED

This edition is printed from large type, octavo size, each book being complete in one large octavo volume, bound in Morocco Cloth, with Gilt Character Figures on back, and Medallion on side, price \$1 50 each, or \$27 00 a set, contained in eighteen volumes, the whole containing near Six Hundred Illustrations, by Cruikshank, Phiz, Browne, Maclise, and other artists.


The Pickwick Papers	By Charles Dickens	With 32 Illustrations,	\$1 50
Nicholas Nickleby	By Charles Dickens	With 37 Illustrations,	1 50
David Copperfield	By Charles Dickens	With 8 Illustrations,	1 50
Oliver Twist	By Charles Dickens	With 24 Illustrations,	1 50
Bleak House.	By Charles Dickens.	With 38 Illustrations	1 50
Dombey and Son	By Charles Dickens	With 18 Illustrations,	1 50
Sketches by "Boz"	By Charles Dickens	With 20 Illustrations,	1 50
Little Dorrit	By Charles Dickens	With 38 Illustrations,	1 50
Our Mutual Friend	By Charles Dickens.	With 42 Illustrations	1 50
Great Expectations	By Charles Dickens	With 34 Illustrations,	1 50
Lumplighter's Story	By Charles Dickens	With 7 Illustrations	1 50
Barnaby Rudge	By Charles Dickens	With 50 Illustrations	1 50
Martin Chuzzlewit	By Charles Dickens	With 8 Illustrations	1 50
Old Curiosity Shop	By Charles Dickens	With 101 Illustrations,	1 50
Christmas Stories	By Charles Dickens.	With 12 Illustrations,	1 50
Dickens' New Stories	By Charles Dickens	With portrait of author,	1 50
A Tale of Two Cities	By Charles Dickens	With 64 Illustrations,	1 50
Charles Dickens' American Notes and Pick-Nic Papers,	...		1 50

BOOKS BY THE VERY BEST AUTHORS.

The following books are each issued in one large duodecimo volume, bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each

The Initials	A Love Story	By Baroness Tautphœus,	\$1 50
Married Beneath Him	By author of "Lost Sir Masingherd,"		1 50
Margaret Maitland	By Mrs Oliphant, author of "Zaidee,"		1 50
Family Pride	By author of "Pique," "Family Secrets," etc		1 50
The Autobiography of Edward Wortley Montagu	..		1 50
Two Forsaken Daughters.	A Companion to "Linda,"	..	1 50
Love and Liberty	A Revolutionary Story	By Alexander Dumas,	1 50
The Morrisons	By Mrs Margaret Hosmer,		1 50
The Rich Husband	By author of "George Geith,"		1 50
The Lost Beauty	By a Noted Lady of the Spanish Court,		1 50
My Hero	By Mrs Forrester	A Charming Love Story,	1 50
The Quaker Soldier	A Revolutionary Romance.	By Judge Jones,	1 50
Memoirs of Vidocq, the French Detective	His Life and Adventure.		1 50
The Belle of Washington	With her Portrait	By Mrs N P Lusselle,	1 50
High Life in Washington	A Life Picture	By Mrs N P Lusselle,	1 50
Courtship and Matrimony	By Robert Morris	With a Portrait.	1 50
The Jealous Husband	By Annette Marie Maillard,		1 50
The Conscript, or, the Days of Napoleon 1st.	By Alex Dumas,		1 50
Cousin Harry	By Mrs Gros, author of "The Gambler's Wife," etc		1 50

Above books are each bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each.

 Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price by T B Peterson & Brothers. Philadelphia, Pa.

8 T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS BY THE VERY BEST AUTHORS.

The following books are each issued in one large duodecimo volume, bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each

The Count of Monte Cristo	By Dumas	Illustrated paper	\$1 50, .. \$1 50
The Countess of Monte Cristo		Paper cover, price	\$1 00, or cloth, .. 1 50
Camille, or, the Fate of a Coquette	By Alexander Dumas,		1 50
Love and Money.	By J B Jones, author of the "Rival Rivals,"		1 50
The Brother's Secret; or, the Count De Mars.	By William Godwin,		1 50
The Lost Love	By Mrs Oliphant, author of "Margaret Mailland,"		1 50
The Bohemians of London	By Edward M Whitty, ..		1 50
Wild Sports and Adventures in Africa	By Major W C Harris,		1 50
The Life, Writings, and Lectures of the late "Fanny Fern,"			1 50
The Life and Lectures of Lola Montes, with her portrait			1 50
Wild Southern Scenes	By author of "Wild Western Scenes,"		1 50
Currer Lytle, or, the Autobiography of an Actress	By Louise Leader,		1 50
The Cabin and Parlor.	By J Thornton Randolph	Illustrated,	1 50
The Little Beauty	A Love Story	By Mrs Grey, ..	1 50
Lizzie Glenn; or, the Trials of a Seamstress	By T S Arthur, ..		1 50
Lady Maud, or, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase	By Pierce Egan,		1 50
Wilfred Montrose, or, High Life in New York	Illustrated, ..		1 50
Lorrimer Littlegood, by author of "Harry Courtenay's Courtship,"			1 50
Married at Last	A Love Story	By Annie Thomas,	1 50
Shoulder Straps	By Henry Morford, author of "Days of Shoddy,"		1 50
Days of Shoddy	By Henry Morford, author of "Shoulder Straps,"		1 50
The Coward	By Henry Morford, author of "Shoulder Straps,"		1 50


Above books are each bound in morocco cloth, price \$1 50 each

The Roman Trustor	By Henry William Herbert	A Roman Story,	1 75
The Last Athenian.	By Victor Rydberg	From the Swedish,	1 75

MRS. HENRY WOOD'S BEST BOOKS, IN CLOTH.

The following are cloth editions of Mrs Henry Wood's best books, and they are each issued in large octavo volumes, bound in cloth, price \$1 75 each

Within the Maze.	By Mrs Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne,"	\$1 75
The Master of Greylands	By Mrs Henry Wood,	1 75
Dene Hollow.	By Mrs Henry Wood, author of "Within the Maze,"	1 75
Bessy Rane	By Mrs Henry Wood, author of "The Channings,"	1 75
George Canterbury's Will	By Mrs Wood, author "Oswald Gray,"	1 75
The Channings.	By Mrs Henry Wood, author of "Dene Hollow,"	1 75
Roland Yorke	A Sequel to "The Channings" By Mrs Wood, ..	1 75
Shadow of Ashlydyatt.	By Mrs Wood, author of "Bessy Rane,"	1 75
Lord Oakburn's Daughters, or The Earl's Heirs	By Mrs. Wood, ..	1 75
Verner's Pride	By Mrs Henry Wood author of "The Channings,"	1 75
The Castle's Heir; or Lady Adelaide's Oath	By Mrs Henry Wood,	1 75
Oswald Gray	By Mrs Henry Wood author of "Roland Yorke" ..	1 75
Squire Trevlyn's Heir, or Trevlyn Hold	By Mrs Henry Wood, ..	1 75
The Red Court Farm	By Mrs Wood, author of "Verner's Pride,"	1 75
Elster's Folly	By Mrs Henry Wood, author of "Castle's Heir,"	1 75
St. Martin's Eve	By Mrs Henry Wood, author of "Dene Hollow,"	1 75
Mildred Arkell	By Mrs Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne,"	1 75

 Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

ALEXANDER DUMAS' ROMANCES, IN CLOTH.

The following are cloth editions of Alexander Dumas' works, and they are each issued in large octavo volumes, bound in cloth, price \$1 50 each

- The Three Guardsmen, or The Three Mousquetaires By A Dumas, \$1 50
 Twenty Years After, or the "Second Series of Three Guardsmen," 1 50
 Bragelonne, Son of Athos, or "Third Series of Three Guardsmen," 1 50
 The Iron Mask, or the "Fourth Series of The Three Guardsmen," 1 50
 Louise La Valliere The Sequel to "The Iron Mask" Being the
 "Fifth Book and End of the Three Guardsmen Series," 1 50
 The Memoirs of a Physician, or, Joseph Balsamo Illustrated, 1 50
 Queen's Necklace, or "Second Series of Memoirs of a Physician," 1 50
 Six Years Later, or the "Third Series of Memoirs of a Physician," 1 50
 Countess of Charny, or "Fourth Series of Memoirs of a Physician," 1 50
 Andree De Taverney, or "Fifth Series of Memoirs of a Physician," 1 50
 The Chevalier The Sequel to "Andree De Taverney" Being the
 "Sixth Book and End of the Memoirs of a Physician Series," 1 50
 The Adventures of a Marquis By Alexander Dumas, 1 50
 The Forty-Five Guardsmen By Alexander Dumas Illustrated, 1 50
 Diana of Meridor, or Lady of Monsoreau By Alexander Dumas, 1 50
 The Iron Hand By Alex Dumas, author "Count of Monte Cristo," 1 50
 Camille, or the Fate of a Coquette. (La Dame aux Camelins,) 1 50
 The Conscript. A novel of the Days of Napoleon the First, 1 50
 Love and Liberty A novel of the French Revolution of 1792-1793, 1 50

THE "COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO SERIES," IN CLOTH.


- The Count of Monte-Cristo By Alexander Dumas Illustrated, 1 50
 Edmond Dantes The Sequel to the "Count of Monte-Cristo," 1 25
 Monte-Cristo's Daughter Sequel to and end of "Edmond Dantes" 1 25
 The Countess of Monte-Cristo The Companion to "Monte-Cristo" 1 50
 The Wife of Monte-Cristo. Continuation of "Count of Monte-Cristo," 1 25
 The Son of Monte-Cristo The Sequel to "Wife of Monte-Cristo," 1 25

T S. ARTHUR'S GREAT TEMPERANCE BOOKS.

- Six Nights with the Washingtonians, Illustrated T S Arthur's
 Great Temperance Stories Large Subscription Edition, cloth, gilt,
 \$3 50, Red Roan, \$4 50 Full Turkey Antique, Full Gilt, 6 00
 The Latimer Family, or the Bottle and Pledge By T S Arthur, cloth, 1 00

MODEL SPEAKERS AND READERS.

- Gomstook's Elocution and Model Speaker Intended for the use of
 Schools, Colleges, and for private Study, for the Promotion of
 Health, Cure of, Stammering, and Defective Articulation By
 Andrew Gomstook and Philip Lawrence With 236 Illustrations 2 00
 The Lawrence Speaker A Selection of Literary Gems in Poetry and
 Prose, designed for the use of Colleges Schools Seminaries, Literary
 Societies By Philip Lawrence, Professor of Elocution 600 pages 2 60
 Gomstook's Colored Chart Being a perfect Alphabet of the English
 Language, with exercises in Pitch, Force and Gesture and Sixty-
 Eight colored figures, representing the postures and attitudes to be
 used in declamation On a large Roller Every School should have it. 5 06

 Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price.
 by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS

WORKS BY THE VERY BEST AUTHORS

The following books are each issued in one large octavo volume, bound in cloth, at \$1 50 each, or each one is done up in paper cover, at \$1 00 each

The Wandering Jew	By Eugene Sue	Full of Illustrations,	\$1 50
Mysteries of Paris, and its Sequel, Gerolstein	By Eugene Sue,		1 50
Martin, the Foundling	By Eugene Sue	Full of Illustrations,	1 50
Ten Thousand a Year	By Samuel Warren	With Illustrations,	1 50

The following books are each issued in one large octavo volume, bound in cloth, at \$2 00 each, or each one is done up in paper cover, at \$1 50 each

Washington and His Generals	By George Lippard,		2 00
The Quaker City, or, the Monks of Monk Hall	By George Lippard,		2 00
Blanche of Brandywine	By George Lippard,		2 00
Paul Ardenholm, the Monk of Wissahickon	By George Lippard,		2 00
The Mysteries of Florence	By Geo Lippard, author "Quaker City,"		2 00
The Pictorial Tower of London	By W Harrison Ainsworth,		2 50


The following are each issued in one large octavo volume, bound in cloth, price \$1 50 each, or a cheap edition is issued in paper cover, at 75 cents each

Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon	By Charles Lever,	Cloth,	\$1 50
Harry Lorrequer With his Confessions	By Charles Lever,	Cloth,	1 50
Jack Hinton, the Guardsman	By Charles Lever,	Cloth,	1 50
Davenport Dunn A Man of Our Day	By Charles Lever,	Cloth,	1 50
Tom Burke of Ours	By Charles Lever,	Cloth,	1 50
The Knight of Gwynne.	By Charles Lever,	Cloth,	1 50
Arthur O'Leary	By Charles Lever,	Cloth,	1 50
Con Cregan	By Charles Lever,	Cloth,	1 50
Horace Templeton	By Charles Lever,	Cloth,	1 50
Kate O'Donoghue	By Charles Lever,	Cloth,	1 50
Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist.	By Harry Cockton,	Cloth,	1 50

HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.


Each one is full of Illustrations, by Felix O C Darley, and bound in Cloth

Major Jones' Courtship and Travels	In one vol, 29 Illustrations,	\$1 75
Major Jones' Scenes in Georgia	With 16 Illustrations,	1 50
Swamp Doctor's Adventures in the South-West	14 Illustrations,	1 50
Col Thorpe's Scenes in Arkansas	With 16 Illustrations,	1 50
High Life in New York, by Jonathan Slick	With Illustrations,	1 50
Piney Wood's Tavern, or, Sam Slick in Texas	Illustrated,	1 50
Humors of Falconbridge	By J F Kelley With Illustrations,	1 50
Simon Saggs' Adventures and Travels	With 17 Illustrations,	1 50
The Big Bear's Adventures and Travels	With 18 Illustrations,	1 50
Judge Haliburton's Yankee Stories	Illustrated,	1 50
Harry Coverdale's Courtship and Marriage	Illustrated,	1 50
Lorrimor Littlegood	Illustrated By author of "Frank Fairleigh,"	1 50
Neal's Charcoal Sketches	By Joseph C Neal 21 Illustrations, ..	2 50
Major Jones's Courtship	21 Illustrations Paper, 75 cents, cloth,	1 00
Major Jones's Travels	8 Illustrations Paper, 75 cents, cloth,	1 00
Major Jones's Georgia Scenes	12 Illustrations Paper, 75 cents, cloth,	1 00
Raney Cotten's Courtship	8 Illustrations Paper, 50 cents, cloth,	1 00

 Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

STANDARD NOVELS, BY BEST WRITERS

A Speculator in Petticoats	By Hector Malot	Paper, 75 cts., cloth,	\$1 25
Which? or, Between Two Women	By Daudet	Paper, 75 cts., cloth,	1 25
Consuelo	By George Sand	One volume, 12mo., bound in cloth, ..	1 50
The Countess of Rudolstadt	Sequel to "Consuelo"	12mo., cloth	1 50
Indiana.	A Novel By George Sand, author of "Consuelo,"	cloth,	1 50
Jeanne-y, or, Teverino	By George Sand, author of "Consuelo,"	cloth,	1 50
Fanchon, the Cricket, or, La Petite Kadette	By George Sand,	cloth,	1 50
Twelve Years of My Life	By Mrs. B Beaumont,	cloth,	1 50
Iphigenia	A Woman of Progress By Hugo Furst.	Paper, 75 cts., cloth,	1 25
The Dead Secret	By Wilkie Collins, author of "Basil,"	cloth, ..	1 50
The Crossed Path, or Basil	By Wilkie Collins,	cloth,	1 50
Mystery of Edwin Drood, and Master Humphrey's Clock,	by Dickens,		1 50
John Jasper's Secret	Sequel to "Mystery of Edwin Drood,"	cloth,	1 50
The Life of Charles Dickens	By Dr R Shelton Mackenzie	cloth,	1 50
The Lamplighter's Story with others	By Charles Dickens,	cloth	1 50
The Old Stone Mansion	By author of "Heiress of Sweetwater,"	cloth,	1 50
Lord Montagu's Page	By G P R James, author of "Cavalier,"	cloth,	1 50
The Earl of Mayfield	By Thomas P May	cloth, black and gold, ..	1 50
Myrtle Lawn	A Novel By Robert E Ballard,	cloth,	1 50
Corinne, or Italy	A Love Story By Madame de Stael,	cloth	1 00
Cyrilla, or Mysterious Engagement	By author of "Initials,"	cloth,	1 00
Treason at Home	A Novel By Mrs Greenough,	cloth	1 50
Letters from Europe	By Colonel John W Forney	Bound in cloth,	1 50
Frank Fairleigh	By author of "Lewis Arundel,"	cloth,	1 50
Lewis Arundel	By author of "Frank Fairleigh,"	cloth,	1 50
Harry Ricket Seapegrice.	By the author of "Frank Fairleigh,"	cloth,	1 50
Tom Riquet	By author of "Frank Fairleigh,"	cloth, ..	1 50
Sam Slick, the Clockmaker	By Judge Haliburton	Illustrated,	1 50
Modern Chivalry	By Judge Breckinridge	Two vols., each	1 50
La Gaviota, the Sea-Gull	By Fernan Caballero,	cloth,	1 50
Aurora Floyd	By Miss M E Braddon	Bound in cloth	1 00
Laws and Practice of the Game of Euchre and Draw Poker,		cloth,	1 00
Youth of Shakespeare	author "Shakespeare and His Friends,"	cloth,	1 25
Shakespeare and His Friends,	author "Youth of Shakespeare,"	cloth	1 25
The Secret Passion,	author of "Shakespeare and His Friends,"	cloth,	1 25
Father Tom and the Pope, or A Night at the Vatican,	illus,	cloth,	1 00
Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.	One Six volume,	cloth,	2 50
Life of Sir Walter Scott	By John G Lockhart	With Portrait,	2 50
Life, Speeches and Martyrdom of Abraham Lincoln	illus,	cloth,	1 50
Rome and the Papacy	A History of Rome in Nineteenth Century,		1 50
The French German, Spanish, Latin and Italian Languages Without a Master	Whereby any one of these Languages can be learned without a Teacher	By A H Monteith	One volume cloth .. 2 00
Liebig's Complete Works on Chemistry	By Justus Liebig,	cloth,	2 00
Life and Adventures of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza,		cloth	1 50
The Impeachment Trial of President Andrew Johnson		Cloth,	1 50
Trial of the Assassins for the Murder of Abraham Lincoln		Cloth	1 50
Just One Day	By author of "Helen's Babies"	Paper 50, cloth, ..	1 00

 Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW! NEW & ENLARGED EDITION.


Beautiful Snow! A New and Enlarged Edition is just received of "Beautiful Snow, with Other Poems never before published," by J. W. Watson, with Original Illustrations by Edward L. Butler. This New and Enlarged Edition of "Beautiful Snow, with Other Poems," contains, besides all the Poems that were in the original edition of "Beautiful Snow," and in "The Outcast and Other Poems," many New and Original Poems by the author of "Beautiful Snow," which have never before been published, and are fully equal to the Poem of "Beautiful Snow." It is complete in one volume, morocco cloth, black and gold, gilt top and back, price... \$2.00
In full gilt, morocco cloth, full gilt edges, gilt back, gilt sides etc. 3.00
The Outcast, and Other Poems. By J. W. Watson, author of "Beautiful Snow." One volume, morocco cloth, price 1.00

NEW AND GOOD BOOKS BY BEST AUTHORS

Hans Breittmann's Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. Continuing the "First," "Second," "Third," "Fourth," and "Fifth Series" of Hans Breittmann's Ballads. Complete in one large volume bound in morocco cloth, gilt side, gilt top, and full gilt back, with beveled boards. With a full and complete Glossary to the whole work, 4.00
Meister Karl's Sketch Book. By Charles G. Leland (Hans Breittmann). Complete in one volume, green morocco cloth gilt side, gilt top, gilt back, with beveled boards, price \$2.50, or in a brown morocco cloth, full gilt edges, full gilt back, full gilt sides etc., 3.50
The Young Magdalen, and Other Poems. Bound in green morocco cloth, gilt top, side, and back, price \$3.00, or in full gilt, 4.00
The Ladies' Guide to True Politeness and Perfect Manners. By Miss Leslie. Every lady should have it. Cloth, full gilt back 1.50
The Ladies' Complete Guide to Needlework and Embroidery. With 113 Illustrations. By Miss Lambert. Cloth, full gilt back 1.50
The Ladies' Work Table Book. 27 Illustrations. Paper 50 cts. cloth, 1.00
Dow's Short Patent Sermons. By Dow, Jr. In 4 vols., cloth each 1.25
Wild Oats Sown Abroad. By T. B. Witmer, cloth, 1.50
The Miser's Daughter. By William Harrison Ainsworth, cloth, 1.50
Across the Atlantic. Letters from France, Switzerland, Germany, 1.50
Popery Exposed. An Exposition of Popery as it was and is. cloth 1.50
The Adopted Heir. By Miss Pardoe author of 'The Earl's Secret,' 1.50
Coal, Coal Oil, and all other Minerals in the Earth. By Eli Bowen, 1.50
Historical Sketches of Plymouth Luzerne Co., Penna. By Hendrick B. Wright, of Wilkesbarre. With Twenty-five Photographs, 4.00

HARRY COCKTON'S LAUGHABLE NOVELS.

Valentine Vox, Ventriloquist,	75	The Fatal Marriages,	75
Valentine Vox, cloth, ..	1.50	The Steward,	75
Sylvester Sound,	75	Perce F. Singham, ..	75
The Love Match,	75	The Prince,	75

 Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOKS IN SETS BY THE BEST AUTHORS


Mrs Emma D E N Southworth's Famous Works	43 vols in all	64 50
Mrs Ann S Stephens' Celebrated Novels	21 volumes in all,	54 50
Miss Eliza A Dupuy's Wonderful Books	Fourteen volumes in all,	21 00
Mrs Caroline Lee Hentz's Exquisite Books	Twelve volumes in all,	18 00
Mrs C A Warfield's Popular Works	Nine volumes in all,	13 50
Fredrika Bremer's Domestic Novels	Six volumes in all,	9 00
T Adolphus Trollope's Italian Novels	Seven volumes in all,	10 50
James A Maitland's Household Stories	Seven volumes in all,	10 50
Charles Lever's Works	Ten volumes in all,	15 00
Alexander Dumas' Great Romances	Twenty-one volumes in all,	31 50
Frank Fairleigh's Works	Six volumes in all,	9 00
Cook Books	The best in the world Eleven volumes in all,	36 50
Mrs Henry Wood's Novels	Seventeen volumes in all,	29 75
Q K Philander Doestick's Funny Books	Four vols in all,	6 00
Emerson Bennett's Indian Stories	Seven volumes in all,	10 50
American Humorous Books	Illustrated Twelve volumes in all,	18 00
Eugene Sue's Best Works	Three volumes in all,	4 50
George Sand's Great Novels	Consuelo, etc Five volumes in all,	7 50
George Lippard's Weird Romances	Five volumes in all,	10 00
Dow's Short Patent Sermons	Four volumes in all,	5 00
The Waverley Novels	New National Edition Five 8vo vols, cloth,	15 00
Charles Dickens' Works	New National Edition 7 volumes, cloth,	20 00
Charles Dickens' Works	Illustrated 8vo Edition 18 vols, cloth,	27 00
Charles Dickens' Works	New American Edition 22 vols, cloth,	33 00
Charles Dickens' Works	Green Cloth 12mo Edition 22 vols, cloth,	44 00
Charles Dickens' Works	Illustrated 12mo Edition 36 vols., cloth,	45 00

ALEXANDER DUMAS' ROMANCES, IN PAPER.

Count of Monte-Cristo,	\$1 00	Memoirs of a Physician, or,	
Edmond Dantes,	75	Joseph Balsamo,	\$1 00
The Three Guardsmen,	75	Queen's Necklace, ..	1 00
Twenty Years After,	75	Six Years Later, ...	1 00
Bragelonne,	75	Countess of Charny,	1 00
The Iron Mask,	1 00	Andre de Taverney,	1 00
Louise La Valliere,	1 00	The Chevalier,	1 00
Diana of Meridor, ..	1 00	Forty-five Guardsmen,	1 00
Adventures of a Marquis,	1 00	The Iron Hand,	1 00
Love and Liberty, (1792-'93)	1 00	The Conscript,	1 00
Camille, or, The Fate of a Coquette, (La Dame Aux Camelias)			1 00
Countess of Monte-Cristo		The companion to Count of Monte-Cristo	1 00

The above are each in paper cover, or in cloth, price \$1 50 each

The Wife of Monte-Cristo	75	Isabel of Bavaria,	75
The Son of Monte-Cristo	75	The Man with Five Wives, ..	75
Monte-Cristo's Daughter..	75	Annette, or, Lady of Pearls,	75
The Mohicans of Paris, ..	75	Twin Lieutenants,	50
The Horrors of Paris,	75	George, or, Isle of France,	50
The Fallen Angel,	75	Madame de Chamblay,	50
Felina de Chamblay,	75	The Corsican Brothers,	50
Sketches in France,	75	The Marriage Verdict	50
The Count of Moret,	50	The Black Tulip. 50	Buried Alive 25

 Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on Receipt of Retail Price,
 By T B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia Pa

12 T B PETERSON & BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS.

EMILE ZOLA'S NEW REALISTIC BOOKS.

- Nana! Sequel to L'Assommoir By Emile Zola Nana! Price 75 cents
in paper cover, or \$1 00 in morocco cloth, black and gold Nana!
L'Assommoir, or, Nana's Mother By Emile Zola The Greatest Novel
ever printed Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1 00 in cloth
Christine, The Model, or Studies of Love and Artist Life in the Studios
of Paris By Emile Zola Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25
The Shop Girl's of Paris With their daily Life in Large Dry Goods Stores
By Emile Zola, author of "Nana." Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25
Renee By Emile Zola, author of "Nana" Zola's New Play of "Renee"
was dramatized from this work Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25
Nana's Brother Son of "Gervaise," of "L'Assommoir" By Emile Zola,
author of "Nana" Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25
The Joys of Life By Emile Zola, author of "Nana," "Pot Bouille," etc
Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1 25 in morocco cloth, black and gold
Pot-Bouille By Emile Zola, author of "Nana" "Pot-Bouille" Price
75 cents in paper cover, or \$1 25 in morocco cloth, black and gold
Nana's Daughter A Continuation of and Sequel to Emile Zola's Great
Realistic Novel of "Nana." Price 75 cents in paper or \$1 00 in cloth
The Mysteries of the Court of Louis Napoleon By Emile Zola Price
75 cents in paper cover, or \$1 25 in cloth, black and gold
The Girl in Scarlet, or, the Loves of Silvere and Miette By Emile Zola
Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1 25 in cloth
Albino, or, The Abbé's Temptation A Charming and Pathetic Love
Story By Emile Zola Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25
La Belle Lisa or, The Paris Market Girls By Emile Zola Price 75
cents in paper cover, or \$1 25 in morocco cloth, black and gold
Hélène, a Love Episode A Tale of Love and Passion By Emile Zola
Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1 25 in cloth, black and gold
A Mad Love, or The Abbé and His Court By Emile Zola Price 75
cents in paper cover, or \$1 25 in cloth, black and gold
Her Two Husbands By Emile Zola Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25
Claude's Confession By Emile Zola Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25
Mysteries of Marseille By Emile Zola Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25
Magdalen Ferat By Emile Zola Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25
Thérèse Raquin By Emile Zola Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 00

MRS SOUTHWORTH'S WORKS IN CHEAP FORM.

- Ishmael; or, in the Depths—being "Self-Made, or, Out of the Depths"
Self-Made, or, I from the Depths Sequel to "Ishmael"
The Bride of an Evening, or, The Gipsy's Prophecy The Bride's Fate
The Missing Bride, or, Miriam, the Avenger The Bride's Fate
The Curse of Clifton, or The Widowed Bride The Bride's Fate
The Changel'd Braces, or, Winning Her Way The Bride's Fate
The Red Hill Tragedy Above are cheap editions, in paper cover, price 75 cents each
Fashion and Famine By Mrs Ann S Stephens Cheap edition 75 cts

All Books published by T B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa,
will be sent to any one, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price

PETERSONS' SQUARE 12mo. SERIES.

The following books are printed on tinted paper, and are issued in uniform style in square 12mo form Price 50 cents in Paper, or \$1 00 in Cloth

Rondah, or, Thirty-three Years in a Star By Florence C Diendonné
Helen's Babies By John Habberton With an Illustrated Cover
Mrs Mayburn's Twins By John Habberton, author of Helen's Babies.
Bertha's Baby Equal to "Helen's Babies" With Illustrated Cover.
The Annals of a Baby Baby's First Gifts etc By Mrs Stebbins
Bessie's Six Lovers A Charming Love Story By Henry Peterson
Father Tom and the Pope, or, A Night at the Vatican Illustrated
Not His Daughter A Society Novel By Will Herbert
A Bohemian Tragedy A Novel of New York Life By Lily Curry
Little Heartsense Equal to Rhoda Broughton's By Annie L Wright
Two Kisses A Bright and Snappy Love Story By Hawley Smart
Her Second Love A Thrilling Life-like and Captivating Love Story
A Parisian Romance Octave Feuillet's *New Book*, just dramatized
Fanchon, the Cricket or, La Petite Fadette By George Sand
Two Ways to Matrimony, or Is it Love? or, False Pride
The Matchmaker By Beatrice Reynolds A Charming Love Story
The Story of Elizabeth By Miss Thackeray daughter of W M Thackeray
The Amours of Philippe, or, Philippe's Love Affairs, by Octave Feuillet.
Run a Goshawk's Courtship By author of "Major Jones's Courtship"
A Woman's Mistake, or, Jacques de Trévannes A Perfect Love Story
The Days of Madame Pompadour A Romance of the Reign of Louis XV
The Little Countess By Octave Feuillet, author of 'Count De Camors'
The American L'Assommoir A parody on Zola's "L'Assommoir"
Hyde Park Sketches A very humorous and entertaining work
Miss Margery's Roses A Charming Love Story By Robert C Meyers
Madeline. A Charming Love Story Jules Sandeau's Prize Novel
Ormen By Prosper Meunier *Book the Opera was dramatized from*
That Girl of Mine By the author of "That Lover of Mine"
That Lover of Mine By the author of 'That Girl of Mine'

PETERSONS' SQUARE 12mo. SERIES

Edmond Dantes Sequel to Alexander Dumas' "Count of Monte-Cristo"
Monte-Cristo's Daughter Sequel to and end of "Edmond Dantes"
The Wife of Monte-Cristo Continuation of "Count of Monte-Cristo"
The Son of Monte-Cristo The Sequel to "The Wife of Monte-Cristo"
Camille, or, The Fate of a Coquette (La Dame Aux Camélias)
Married Above Her A Society Romance By a Lady of New York
The Man from Texas A Powerful Western Romance full of adventure
Fringing Yet Noble A Book of Women and for Women By I G Reed
The Fair Enchantress or, How She Won Men's Hearts By Miss Keller
Above are in paper cover, price 75 cents each, or \$1 25 each in cloth

Harry Coverdale's Courtship and Marriage Paper, 75 cts cloth, \$1 50.
Those Pretty St George Girls Paper cover, 75 cents, cloth gilt, \$1 00
Vidocq's The French Detective Illustrated Paper 75 cents, cloth, \$1 00
The Black Venus By Adolphe Belot Paper cover 75 cents, cloth, \$1 00.
La Grande Illusion By Adolphe Belot Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 30.
The Strangers of Paris By Adolphe Belot Paper, 75 cents, each \$1 00

All Books published by T B Peterson & Brothers Philadelphia, Pa.,
will be sent to any one postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price

HENRY GRÉVILLE'S CHARMING NOVELS.

- The Princess Roubine *A Russian Love Story* By Henry Gréville.
 Dosia. *A Russian Story* By Henry Gréville, author of "Markof"
 Savélik's Expiation *A Powerful Russian Story* By Henry Gréville.
 Tania's Peril *A Russian Love Story* By Henry Gréville
 Sonin *A Love Story* By Henry Gréville, author of "Dosia."
 Lucie Rodey *A Charming Society Novel* By Henry Gréville
 Bonne-Marie *A Tale of Normandy and Paris* By Henry Gréville
 Xeme's Inheritance *A Tale of Russian Life* By Henry Gréville
 Dournof *A Russian Story* By Henry Gréville, author of "Dosia"
 Mam'zelle Eugénie *A Russian Love Story* By Henry Gréville
 Gabrielle, or, The House of Maurèze By Henry Gréville.
 A Friend, or, "L'Ami" By Henry Gréville, author of "Dosia"
Above are in paper cover, price 50 cents each, or in cloth, at \$1 00 each
 Zitka, or, The Trials of Ruissä. *A Russian Love Story, from which the*
Popular Play of "Zitka" was dramatized By Henry Gréville.
 The Princess Oghérof *A Love Story* By Henry Gréville
Above are in paper cover, price 75 cents each, or in cloth, at \$1 00 each
 Marrying Off a Daughter *A Love Story* By Henry Gréville
 Sylvie's Betrothed *A Charming Novel* By Henry Gréville
 Philomène's Marriages *A Love Story* By Henry Gréville
 Guy's Marriage, also Pretty Little Countess Zinn By Henry Gréville.
Above are in paper cover, price 75 cents each, or in cloth, at \$1 25 each
 Markof, the Russian Violinist. Paper cover, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 50

THE "COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO SERIES."

- The Count of Monte-Cristo *Illustrated* Paper cover, \$1 00, cloth, \$1 50
 Edmond Dantes *Sequel to "Monte-Cristo"* Paper, 75 cts, cloth, \$1 25
 Monte-Cristo's Daughter Paper cover, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25
 The Countess of Monte-Cristo Paper cover, \$1 00, morocco cloth, \$1 50
 The Wife of Monte-Cristo Paper cover, 75 cents, morocco cloth, \$1 25
 The Son of Monte-Cristo Paper cover, 75 cents, morocco cloth, \$1 25

BOOKS BY AUTHOR OF "A HEART TWICE WON."

- A Heart Twice Won, or, Second Love *A Love Story* By Mrs Elizabeth Van Loon Morocco cloth, black and gold Price \$1 50
 Under the Willows, or, The Three Countesses By Mrs Elizabeth Van Loon, author of "A Heart Twice Won" Cloth, and gold Price \$1 50
 The Shadow of Hampton Mend *A Charming Story* By Mrs Elizabeth Van Loon, author of "A Heart Twice Won" Cloth Price \$1 50
 The Mystery of Allanwold. *A Thrilling Novel* By Mrs Elizabeth Van Loon, author of "A Heart Twice Won" Cloth, and gold Price \$1 50
 The Last Athenian By Victor Rydberg Translated from the Swedish Large 12mo volume, near 600 pages cloth, black and gold price \$1 75
 The Roman Traitor or, The Days of Cicero, Cato, and Cataline *A Tale of the Republic* By Henry William Herbert Morocco cloth, price \$1 75
 Francatelli's Modern Cook Book for 1888 *Enlarged Edition* With the most approved methods of French, English German and Italian Cookery With 62 Illustrations 600 pages, morocco cloth, price \$5 00

All Books published by T B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., will be sent to any one, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS.

PETERSONS' "DOLLAR SERIES"

Peterse's "Dollar Series" of Good Novels are the cheapest books of One Dollar each ever published. They are all issued in uniform style in 12mo. form and are bound in red, blue and tan covers, with gold and black titles and backs, and are sold at the low price of One Dollar each, while they are as large as any books published at \$1.75 and \$2.00 each. The following have already been issued in this series

- A Woman's Thoughts About Women. By Miss Minlock
 Two Ways to Matrimony; or, Is It Love, or, False Pride?
 The Story of "Elizabeth." By Miss Thackeray.
 Flirtations in Fashionable Life. By Catharine Sinclair
 Lady Edith; or, Alton Towers. A very charming and fascinating work.
 Myrtle Lawn; or, True Love Never Did Run Smooth. A Love Story.
 The Matchmaker. A Society Novel. By Beatrice Fegnoles.
 Rose Douglas, the Bonnie Scotch Lass. A Companion to "Family Pride."
 The Earl's Secret. A Charming Love Story. By Miss Pardoe.
 Family Secrets. A Companion to "Family Pride," and very fascinating.
 The Macdermots of Ballycloran. An Exciting Novel, by A. Trollope.
 The Family Save-All. With Economical Receipts for the Household.
 Self-Sacrifice. A Charming Work. By author of "Margaret Maitland."
 The Pride of Life. A Love Story. By Lady Jane Scott.
 The Rival Belles, or, Life in Washington. Author "Wild Western Scenes."
 The Clyfards of Clyffe. By James Farn, author "Lost Sir Massingberd."
 The Orphan's Trials, or, Alone in a Great City. By Emerson Bennett.
 The Heiress of Sweetwater. A Love Story abounding with exciting scenes.
 The Refugee. A delightful book full of food for laughter, and information.
 Lord Sir Massingberd. A Love Story. By author of "Clyfards of Clyffe."
 Cora Belmont, or, The Sincere Lover. A True Story of the Heart.
 The Lover's Trials, or, The Days Before the Revolution. By Mrs. Denison.
 My Son's Wife. A strong, bright, interesting and charming Novel.
 Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Rena."
 Saratoga! and the Famous Springs. An Indian Tale of Frontier Life.
 Country Quarters. A Charming Love Story. By Countess of Blessington.
 Self-Love. A Book for Young Ladies, with prospects in Life contrasted.
 The Devoted Bride, or Faith and Fidelity. A Love Story.
 Colley Cibber's Life of Edwin Forrest, with Reminiscences of the Actor.
 Out of the Depths. The Story of a Woman's Life and a Woman's Book.
 The Queen's Favorite, or, The Price of a Crown. A Romance of Don Juan.
 Six Nights with the Washingtonians. By T. S. Arthur. Illustrated.
 The Coquette, or, the Life and Letters of the beautiful Eliza Wharton.
 Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople. By Emmeline Lott.
 The Old Patroon, or, The Great Van Bock Property, by J. A. Maitland.
 Nana. By Emile Zola. Gambling Exposed. By J. H. Green.
 L'Assommoir. By Emile Zola. Woodburn Grange. By W. Howitt.
 Dream Numbers. By Trollope. The Cavalier. By G. P. R. James.
 A Lonely Life. Across the Atlantic.
 The Beautiful Widow. Shoulder-Straps. By H. Muford.
 L'can I Dory. By Mrs. Hubback. The Brothers Secret.
 The Heiress in the Family. The Rector's Wife.
 Woman's Wrong. A Woman's Book. The Man of the World.

These Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

PETERSONS' "STERLING SERIES."

"Petersons' Sterling Series" of New and Good Books are the Cheapest Novels in the world. They are all issued in uniform style, in octavo form, price One Dollar each, bound in morocco cloth, black and gold, or 75 cents each in paper cover, with the edges cut open all around. The following celebrated works have already been issued in this series

Jorinne, or, Italy By Madame De Staël This is a Wonderful Book
 The Man in Black, or the Days of Queen Anne By G P R. James
 Edina, or, Missing Since Midnight. A Love Story By Mrs Henry Wood.
 Cyrilla A Love Story By the author of "The Initials"
 Popping the Question, or, Belle of the Ball By author of "The Jilt"
 Marring for Money A Charming Love Story in Real Life.
 Aurora Floyd An Absorbing Love Story By Miss M E Braddon
 Salathiel, or, The Wandering Jew By Rev George Croly
 Harry Lorrequer Full of Fun, Frolic and Adventure. By Charles Lever.
 Charles O Malley, the Irish Dragoon Charles Lever's Greatest Novel
 The Flirt A Fashionable Novel By author of "The Gambler's Wife."
 The Dead Secret Wilkie Collins' Greatest Work
 Thackeray's Irish Sketch Book, with Thirty-eight Illustrations
 The Wife's Trials Dramatic and Powerful By Miss Julia Pardoe
 The Man With Five Wives By Alexander Dumas, author of "Camille"
 Pickwick Abroad Illustrated by Cruikshank By G W M Reynolds
 First and True Love. Beautifully rich in style By George Sand
 The Mystery, or, Anne Hereford A Love Story By Mrs Henry Wood.
 The Steward Illustrated By the author of "Valentine Vox"
 Basil, or, The Crossed Path By Wilkie Collins Told with great power
 The Jealous Wife. Great originality of plot. By Miss Julia Pardoe
 Sylvester Sound By the author of "Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist."
 Whitefriars, or, The Days of Charles the Second Equal to "Ivanhoe."
 Webster and Hayne's Speeches on Foot's Resolution & Slavery Compromise.
 The Rival Beauties A Beautiful Love Story By Miss Pardoe.
 The Confessions of a Pretty Woman By Miss Julia Pardoe
 Flirtations in America, or, High Life in New York
 The Coquette A Powerful and Amusing Tale of Love and Pride
 The Latimer Family T S Arthur's Great Temperance Story, illustrated.
 Above books are \$1 00 each in cloth, or 75 cents each in paper cover
 The Creole Beauty By Mrs Sarah A Dorsey Price Fifty cents
 Agnes Graham By Mrs Sarah A Dorsey. Price Fifty cents

HENRY MORFORD'S AMERICAN NOVELS


Shoulder-Straps,	\$1 50	The Days of Shoddy A His-	
The Coward, . . .	1 50	tory of the late War,	\$1 50

Above are each bound in morocco cloth price \$1 50 each

THE SHAKSPEARE NOVELS

Shakspeare and his Friends,	\$1 00	The Secret Passion,	\$1 00
The Youth of Shakspeare,	1 00		

Above three Books are also bound in morocco cloth Price \$1 25 each

 Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price by T B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

20 T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS.

CHARLES LEVER'S GREAT WORKS.

Charles O Malley	75	Arthur O Leary	75
Harry Lorrequer,	75	Con Cregan,	75
Jack Hinton	75	Davenport Dunn,	75
Tom Burke of Ours,	75	Hurac Templeton,	75
Knight of Gwynne	75	Kate O Donoghue,	75
Above are in paper cover, or a fine edition is in cloth at \$1.50 each.			
A Rent in a Cloud,	50	St Patrick's Eve,	50
Ten Thousand a Year, in one volume, paper cover, \$1 00, or in cloth,	1 50		
The Diary of a Medical Student, by author "Ten Thousand a Year,"	75		

MRS HENRY WOOD'S MASTERLY BOOKS

The Master of Greylands,	\$1 50	The Shadow of Ashlydavat	\$1 50
Within the Maze,	1 50	Squire Trevelyn's Heir,	1 50
Dene Hollow,	1 50	Oswald Cray,	1 50
Bessy Rane,	1 50	Mildred Arkell	1 50
George Canterbury's Will,	1 50	The Red Court Farm	1 50
Verner's Pride,	1 50	Elster's Folly	1 50
The Channings,	1 50	Saint Martin's Eve	1 50
Roland Yorke A Sequel to "The Channings,"	1 50		
Lord Oakburn's Daughters, or, The Earl's Heir,	1 50		
The Castle's Heir, or, Lady Adelaide's Oath,	1 50		

The above are each in paper cover, or in cloth, price \$1 75 each


Edina, or, Missing Since Midnight.	Cloth, \$1 00, or in paper cover,	75
The Mystery A Love Story	Cloth \$1 00, or in paper cover,	75
Parkwater Told in Twilight,	75 A Life's Secret	50
The Lost Bank Note,	50 The Haunted Tower	50
The Lost Will,	50 The Runaway Watch,	25
Orville College,	50 Martyn Ware's Temptation,	25
Five Thousand a Year,	25 Foggy Night at Offord,	25
The Diamond Bracelet,	25 William Affair,	25
Clara Lake's Dream,	25 A Light and a Dark Christmas,	25
The Nobleman's Wife,	25 The Smuggler's Ghost.	25
Frances Hildyard,	25 Rupert Hall,	25
Cyrilla Maude's First Love,	25 My Husband's First Love,	25
My Cousin Caroline's Wedding	25 Marrying Beneath Your Station	25

EUGENE SUE'S LIFE-LIKE WORKS.

The Wandering Jew,	\$1 00	First Love,	50
The Mysteries of Paris,	1 00	Woman's Love,	50
Martin, the Foundling,	1 00	Female Bluebeard,	50
Above are in cloth at \$1 50 each		Man of War's-Man,	50
Life and Adventures of Raoul de Sarville		A Tale of the Empire,	25

WILLIAM H MAXWELL'S WORKS

Wild Sports of the West,	75	Brian O Lynn,	75
Stories of Waterloo,	75	Life of Grace O'Malley,	50

 Above Books will be sent, postage paid on receipt of Retail Price, by T B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

HUMOROUS AMERICAN WORKS

With Illuminated Covers, and beautifully Illustrated by Felix O C Darley

Major Jones's Courtship	With Illustrations by Darley,	75
Major Jones's Travels	Full of Illustrations	75
Major Jones's Georgia Scenes,	with Illustrations by Darley,	75
Raney Cottam's Courtship,	by author of Major Jones's Courtship,	50
The Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs	Illustrated,	75
Major Jones's Chronicles of Pineville	Illustrated,	75
Polly Peablossom's Wedding	With Illustrations,	75
Widow Rugby's Husband	Full of Illustrations,	75
The Big Bear of Arkansas	Illustrated by Darley,	75
Western Scenes or, Life on the Prairie	Illustrated,	75
Streaks of Squatter Life and Far West Scenes	Illustrated,	75
Pickings from the New Orleans Pioneers	Illustrated,	75
Stray Subjects Arrested and Bound Over	Illustrated,	75
The Louisiana Swamp Doctor	Full of Illustrations,	75
Charcoal Sketches	By Joseph C Neal Illustrated,	75
Peter Faber's Misfortunes	By Joseph C Neal Illustrated	75
Peter Ploddy and other Oddities.	By Joseph C Neal,	75
Yankee Among the Mermaids	By William E Burton	75
The Drama in Pokerville	By J M Field Illustrated,	75
New Orleans Sketch Book	With Illustration by Darley,	75
The Deer Stalkers	By Frank Forester Illustrated	75
The Quorndon Hounds	By Frank Forester Illustrated,	75
My Shooting Box	By Frank Forester Illustrated	75
The Warwick Woodlands	By Frank Forester Illustrated	75
Adventures of Captain Farrago	By H H Brackenridge,	75
Adventures of Major O'Regan	By H H Brackenridge,	75
Sol Smith's Theatrical Apprenticeship	Illustrated,	75
Sol Smith's Theatrical Journey-Work	Illustrated	75
Quarter Race in Kentucky	With Illustrations by Darley,	75
The Mysteries of the Backwoods	By T B Thorpe,	75
Percival Mayberry's Adventures	By J H Ingraham,	75
Sam Shok's Yankee Yarns and Yankee Letters		75
Adventures of Fudge Fumble, or, Love Scrapes of his Life,		75
Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag	By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz,	50
Following the Drum	By Mrs Gen Viole	50
The American Joe Miller	With 100 Engravings,	50

SAMUEL WARREN'S BEST BOOKS

Ten Thousand a Year, paper,	\$1 00	The Diary of a Medical Student,	75
Ten Thousand a Year, cloth,	1 50		

G P. R. JAMES'S FASCINATING BOOKS

Lord Montague's Page	Bound in morocco cloth	\$1 50
The Cavalier	By the author of "Lord Montague's Page," cloth,	1 50
The Man in Black,	75 Arrah Nool,	75
Mary of Burgundy,	.. 75 Eva St Clair,	50

☞ Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price by T B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa

Munkacsy's Great Picture, 'Christ Before Pilate.'

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

THE MOST POPULAR PICTURE IN THE WORLD.

Size 22x28 Inches, Price \$1.00. India Proofs, Size 24x33 Inches, Price \$2.00.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just published an exact and perfect copy of Munkacsy's great picture, "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which has recently been sold for over One Hundred Thousand Dollars, in a fine steel plate engraving, done in line and stipple, measuring 22 x 28 inches, which, though a Five-Dollar print, they have decided to sell at the extremely low price of One Dollar a copy, so as to bring the picture within the reach of thousands and tens of thousands who cannot see or own the original. The original was painted five years ago by the great Hungarian artist, Munkacsy, and is one of the most remarkable and greatest pictures ever painted. The subject is treated with unflinching realism. The scene is in the "Judgment Hall," and the hour "early in the morning." Pilate is sitting at the right hand on his judgment seat. Christ is standing before him—a heavenly submission is on his face, while around the Governor's exalted seat the priests are gathered, and the high priest, Caiaphas, is in the act of accusing Christ and demanding His death "for making himself the Son of God." One conspicuous figure among the mob is that of a Jew, with uplifted arms, shouting "Crucify Him," in the dense mob which throngs the palace and presses upon the Roman soldiers, one of whom is holding the crowd back with his spear, while below the place where Pilate sits are the accusing priests and other Jews. The whole picture touches the popular heart in a way that is simply wonderful. It is the greatest and most impressive religious picture ever painted, and people of all denominations will desire it, at the low price at which it is published. It has already been viewed by over two million persons, and is now visited by thousands daily. Every family in the land should secure a copy of this great picture at once. Size 22x28 inches, which, though a Five Dollar print, is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar a copy, while impressions on India Proof Paper, size 24 x 33 inches, though a Ten-Dollar picture, are sold at the low price of Two Dollars a copy, figures which place this magnificent reproduction of Munkacsy's masterwork of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE" within easy reach of all.

Copies of either impression of the above picture will be sold to any one, or sent to any one, to any address, at once, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers.

Canvassers and Agents are wanted everywhere to engage in the sale of Munkacsy's celebrated picture, "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," who with ordinary industry and perseverance can easily make a good living selling it, or by extra effort can make a handsome surplus, all of whom will be supplied at very low rates.

Address all letters for information, and all orders and remittances for Munkacsy's great picture, "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," to the Publishers,

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
308 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Great Picture, "Christ Blessing Little Children."

Christ Blessing Little Children.

THE COMPANION PICTURE TO

Munkacsy's Great Picture, "Christ Before Pilate."

Size 22 x 28 inches, Price \$1.00. India Proofs, Size 24 x 33 inches, Price \$2.00.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just published an exact and perfect copy of Overbeck's great picture, "CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN," in uniform size and style to Munkacsy's celebrated picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE." It is a fine steel plate engraving, done in line and supple measuring 22 x 28 inches, price One Dollar, but really worth Five Dollars, or Artist's Proofs, on large India proof paper, size 24 x 33 inches price Two Dollars, but really worth Ten Dollars, so as to place the picture within the reach of thousands of homes and firesides that will wish to secure a copy of it. It is admirable both in style and execution, and should find a place in every Christian home. The scene is the coasts of Judea, beyond Jordan. Christ stands in the centre of the picture, with hands outstretched and face bent down towards the little ones who have been brought to him. His strong, manly countenance is radiant with the love and peace of Heaven. He has just given utterance to that blessed phrase, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of God." Two of the children are kneeling at the feet of Jesus and a third is reverentially kissing a fold of his robe. Another is gazing towards him timidly but trustfully, and still another is running to him with his little hand put forth and an eager look upon his chubby face. A sturdy little fellow has his head against Christ's robe and is the very incarnation of firm reliance. The two groups of mothers are particularly interesting. These women have brought their dearest treasures to Christ. Even to its most minute details the picture is wonderfully perfect. Its crowning beauty is, of course, the portrait of Christ. The handsome engraving is destined to meet with a very large sale, for all who see it will undoubtedly wish to purchase and treasure up a copy of it.

Copies of either impression of the above picture will be sold to any one, or sent to any one, to any address, at once, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers.

Canvassers and Agents are wanted everywhere to engage in the sale of Overbeck's celebrated picture, "CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN," who with ordinary industry and perseverance can easily make a good living selling it, or by extra effort can make a handsome surplus, all of whom will be supplied at very low rates.

Address all letters for information, and all orders and remittances for Overbeck's great picture, "CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN," to the publishers,

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,

306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.,

And they will receive immediate and prompt attention

"MONTE-CRISTO SERIES."

Petersons' Complete and Unabridged Editions.

MONTE-CRISTO'S DAUGHTER. Sequel to *Alexander Dumas' Celebrated Novel of "The Count of Monte Cristo,"* and Conclusion of "*Edmond Dantès*" With an Illustrated Cover, with Portrait of "*Monte Cristo's Daughter, Zuleska*," on it *Every person that has read "The Count of Monte Cristo" should get "Monte Cristo's Daughter" at once, and read it* It is complete in one large duodecimo volume, paper cover, price 75 cents, or \$1 25 in cloth


EDMOND DANTÈS. The Sequel to "*The Count of Monte-Cristo*," by *Alexander Dumas* "*Edmond Dantès*" is one of the most wonderful romances ever issued Just at the point where "*The Count of Monte Cristo*" ends, "*Edmond Dantès*" takes up the fascinating narrative and continues it with marvellous power and absorbing interest unto the end *Every person that has read "The Count of Monte-Cristo," should get "Edmond Dantès" at once, and read it* Complete in one large duodecimo volume, paper, price 75 cents, or \$1 25 in cloth

THE COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO. *Petersons' New Illustrated Edition By Alexander Dumas* With full-page Engravings, illustrative of various scenes in the work *Petersons' Edition of "The Count of Monte-Cristo" is the only Complete and Unabridged Edition of it ever translated, and it is conceded by all to be the greatest as well as the most exciting and best historical novel ever printed* Complete in one large octavo volume of six hundred pages, with illustrations, paper cover, price One Dollar, or \$1 50 bound in morocco cloth

THE WIFE OF MONTE-CRISTO. Being the Continuation of *Alexander Dumas' Celebrated Novel of "The Count of Monte Cristo"* With an Illustrated Cover, with Portraits of "*Monte-Cristo*," "*Haydée*," and their faithful servant, "*Ali*," on it *Every person that has read "The Count of Monte-Cristo" should get "The Wife of Monte-Cristo" at once, and read it* Complete in one large duodecimo volume, paper cover, price 75 cents, or \$1.25 in cloth

THE SON OF MONTE-CRISTO. Being the Sequel to "*The Wife of Monte Cristo*" With an Illustrated Cover, with Portraits of the heroines in the work on it *Every person that has read "The Count of Monte-Cristo" or "The Wife of Monte Cristo," should get "The Son of Monte Cristo" at once, and read it* One large duodecimo volume, paper cover, price 75 cents, or \$1 25 in cloth

THE COUNTESS OF MONTE-CRISTO. Being the Companion to *Alexander Dumas' Celebrated Novel of "The Count of Monte Cristo,"* and fully equal to that world renowned novel At the very commencement of the novel the Count of Monte Cristo, Haydée, the wife of Monte Cristo, and Espérance, the son of Monte-Cristo, take part in a weird scene, in which Mercédès, Albert de Morcerf and the Countess of Monte Cristo also participate Complete in one large octavo volume, paper cover, price One Dollar, or \$1 50 in cloth

 *Petersons' editions of "The Monte-Cristo Series" are for sale by all Booksellers, and at all News Stands everywhere, or copies of any one or all of them, will be sent to any one, post paid, on remitting the price of the ones wanted to the Publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

Emile Zola's Realistic Books.

"Nana" and "L'Assommoir," as well as the whole of "The Rougon-Macquart Series" now being written by the great master, Emile Zola, are the greatest as well as the most powerful and wonderful novels ever written. They have created a sensation everywhere, as the literary event of the century, over five hundred thousand copies of "Nana" and "L'Assommoir" having been sold in Paris alone. Zola is literally true to life in his powerful delineations. His books are immortal because they are true.

LIST OF EMILE ZOLA'S GREAT BOOKS.

Petersons' Translations in English for American Readers

- En Ferre, The Earth or the Soil** By Emile Zola. This last book by Zola is creating a sensation in Paris perfectly astounding. It is no more "natural" than some of the old fables, for of course there is a good deal of loving at the vintage harvest, and in it Emile Zola, the author, has portrayed the French peasant as he has seen him. (*Jr Press*)
- Nana!** The Sequel to "L'Assommoir." **Nana!** By Emile Zola. With a Picture of Nana on the cover. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or One Dollar in Cloth, Black and Gold.
- L'Assommoir** or, **Nana's Mother.** By Emile Zola author of "Nana." With a Picture of "Gervaise," Nana's mother, on the cover. Price 75 cents in paper, or One Dollar in Cloth.
- Christine, the Model or Studies of Love** By Emile Zola, author of "Nana" and "L'Assommoir." Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.25 in Cloth Black and Gold.
- Renée** By Emile Zola author of "Nana" etc. With a Portrait of Renée on the cover. Zola's New Play of "Renée" was dramatized from this book. Paper, 75 cents. Cloth, \$1.25.
- The Shop Girls of Paris** with their Life and Experiences in a Large Dry Goods Store. By Emile Zola, author of "Nana." Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.25 in Cloth.
- The Mysteries of the Court of Louis Napoleon.** By Emile Zola, author of "Nana" and "L'Assommoir." Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.25 in Cloth, Black and Gold.
- Nana's Brother.** The Son of "Gervaise" and "Lantier" of "L'Assommoir." By Emile Zola, author of "Nana." Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.25 in Cloth, Black and Gold.
- The Girl in Scarlet** or, **The Loves of Silver and Mistle.** By Emile Zola, author of "Nana" and "L'Assommoir." Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.25 in Cloth.
- The Paris Market Girls** or, **La Belle Lisa** By Emile Zola, author of "Nana" and "L'Assommoir." Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.25 in Cloth Black and Gold.
- A Mad Love** or, **The Abbe and His Court** By Emile Zola, author of "Nana" and "L'Assommoir." Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.25 in Cloth Black and Gold.
- The Joys of Life** By Emile Zola, author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," etc. With an Illustration on cover. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.25 in Cloth.
- Pot-Bouille's Confession** By Emile Zola author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," "Pot-Bouille," "The Girl in Scarlet," etc. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.25 in Cloth, Black and Gold.
- Pot-Bouille** By Emile Zola, author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," etc. **Pot-Bouille.** With an Illustrated Cover. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.25 in Cloth, Black and Gold.
- Her Two Husbands** By Emile Zola, author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," "Pot-Bouille," "The Girl in Scarlet," etc. Price 75 cents in paper cover or \$1.25 in Cloth.
- Hélène** A Tale of Love and Passion. By Emile Zola, author of "Nana" and "L'Assommoir." With a Picture of "Hélène" on the cover. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.25 in Cloth.
- The Mysteries of Marseilles** By Emile Zola, author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," "The Girl in Scarlet," etc. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.25 in Cloth, Black and Gold.
- Albine; or, The Abbe's Temptation** By Emile Zola, author of "Nana" and "L'Assommoir." With a Picture of "Albine" on the cover. Price 75 cents in paper, or \$1.25 in Cloth.
- Magdalen Ferat.** By Emile Zola, author of "Nana." With a Picture of "Magdalen Ferat" on the cover. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.25 in Cloth, Black and Gold.
- Pharos Raquin.** By Emile Zola, author of "Nana." With a Portrait of "Emile Zola" in the cover. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or One Dollar in Cloth, Black and Gold.
- Nana's Daughter** A Continuation of and Sequel to Emile Zola's Great Realistic Novel of "Nana." Price 75 cents in paper cover, or \$1.00 in Cloth, Black and Gold.

Petersons' American Translations of Emile Zola's works are for sale by all Booksellers and at all News Stands everywhere, or copies of any one book, or more of them, will be sent to any one, any place, at once, post paid, on remitting the price of the ones wanted in a letter to the Publishers.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

A WOMAN'S STORY—FERVID, GLOWING, PASSIONATE AND REPENTANT.

WHO CARES?

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF MARY CAMPBELL.

FACTS, NOT FANCIES.

BY MRS. HARRIET N. K. GOFF.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY REV. DR. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"Who Cares?" is a book which every one should read, especially every one who desires to promote social purity. It is the autobiography of a Magdalen, the casting out of whose devils was clearly followed by the indwelling of the Divine Spirit which gave her the healed power to become the healer. Mary Campbell, like the Mary Magdalen of Scripture, became possessed of seven times the blessed spirit of ministration which most people have after the seven devils were cast out of her. She was a child of rich irmonious parentage—of a cultured though vicious and cruel father, and an ignorant and passionate mother. No love in her home, but gross cruelty and hardship abounded, rendered yet more unendurable by outcroppings of refinement inherited from remote ancestry. Begotten, as she and her brother and sisters were, of depraved desires only, and thus tainted in the substratum of their natures, reared without love, though hungering for it, and in poverty that was utter destitution of all that either soul, body, or heart could crave, the sound sense and strength of mind and native ability evinced in Mary's narrative prove clearly that to her fell a large portion of the heritage of her paternal grandmother, and that her reformation was deep and real. The story was written while Death glared into the very face of the poor girl whose secret wore her life out, indeed, it was finished almost with her expiring breath. Here was a soul at one with its Maker, and terribly alive to the miseries of those in the horrible pit whence she was rescued. The "great cry of her soul" commends the book to every lover of humanity, every father, mother, mistress, young man and young woman, the influential and the friendless, the Christian and the Christless, the law-maker and the law-breaker, and each will find a lesson there, which will "make for good." The reader is held spellbound from the first page to the last, and cannot close the volume without knowing himself possessed of new thoughts, clearer views, higher aims, better understanding and broader charity to aid in answering the question "Who Cares?" Poor Mary, of blessed memory now! "Poor Kate" and "Poor little Maggie!" What else could have been expected? The Woman's Christian Temperance Unions should have the book, the White Cross army and the Black Cross army, male and female.

One Volume, Duodecimo. Paper Cover Price Fifty Cents.

"Who Cares?" will be found for sale by all Booksellers and at all News Stands everywhere, or copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, post-paid, on remitting Fifty Cents in a letter to the publishers,

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

A BOOK TO DAZZLE, FASCINATE AND DELIGHT ALL READERS.

RONDAH


OR,

Thirty-three Years in a Star.

BY FLORENCE CARPENTER DIEUDONNÉ.

"Rondah, or, Thirty three Years in a Star," a peculiarly fascinating and absorbing novel by Florence Carpenter Dieudonné, is written in the fruitful vein of fancy and mystery opened by H Rider Haggard in "She" and "King Solomon's Mines," but in many points surpasses those weird and popular romances. It is exceedingly clever and brilliant. The plot is ingenuity itself, and the incidents are strange and inexplicable enough to satisfy the strongest craving for the marvellous. In fact, the entire book is but a progression from one marvel to another, each succeeding episode distancing its predecessors in the element of wonder until the climax is reached in the disclosure of the mysteries and dazzling magnificence of that truly astounding spot, the Sun Island. Gregg Dempster, a visionary hermit, has discovered a little star, an uncounted planet yet in process of formation, and a mysterious method of reaching it. His friend Regan gains possession of his secret and the hermit dies. Regan, Roy Lee, Isabella, Rondah and Father Renaudin, a venerable priest, are in Dempster's hut during a storm while the hermit's corpse is yet lying there. Regan watches for the critical moment. It comes. He puts Rondah out of doors and the four remaining personages are whirled away to the star, where they meet with numerous wonderful adventures and experiences. Rondah is subsequently conveyed to the star and participates in many intensely weird and dramatic scenes. To the supernatural phases of the novel the author has added mortal love, hate, jealousy and enthusiasm, employing them with rare art and effect. The star's luxuriant summer with its wealth of vegetation and its icy winter of twenty years are graphically pictured. The natives are mostly bird people, winged and of vegetable growth, and over them Regan reigns as king. "Rondah" is crisply and vigorously written, and its special charm is the realistic way in which its wonders are depicted, an air of probability being maintained throughout all its marvellous incidents. That everybody will read and vastly relish it goes without saying.

One Volume, Duodecimo Paper Cover Price Fifty Cents.

 "Rondah, or, Thirty three Years in a Star," will be found for sale by all Booksellers and at all News Stands everywhere, or copies of it will be sent to any one, at any place, at once, post-paid, on remitting the price to the publishers,

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S WORKS

EACH IS IN ONE LARGE DECADECIMO VOLUME, MOROCCO CLOTH, GILT BACK, PRICE \$1 50 EACH

Copies of al. or any will be sent post-paid, to any place, on receipt of remittances

ISHMAEL; or, IN THE DEPTHS (Being "Self-Made; or, Out of Depths."
SELF RAISED, or, From the Depths The Sequel to "Ishmael."

THE PHANTOM WEDDING, or The Fall of the House of Flor.

THE "MOTHER-IN-LAW," or, MARRIED IN HASTE,

THE MISSING BRIDE, or, MIRIAM, THE AVENGER.

VICTOR'S TRIUMPH The Sequel to "A Beautiful Friend."

A BEAUTIFUL FRIEND, or, THROUGH THE FIRE.

THE LADY OF THE ISLE, or, THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

FAIR PLAY, or, BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER-

HOW HE WON HER. The Sequel to "Fair Play"

THE CHANGED BRIDES or, Winning Her Way

THE BRIDE'S FATE The Sequel to "The Changed Brides."

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE or, Hallow Eve Mystery.

TRIED FOR HER LIFE The Sequel to "Cruel as the Grave"

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST, or, The Crime and the Curse

THE LOST HEIR OF LINLITHGOW, or, The Brothers

A NOBLE LORD The Sequel to "The Lost Heir of Linlithgow."

THE FAMILY DOOM, or, THE SIN OF A COUNTESS

THE MAIDEN WIDOW The Sequel to "The Family Doom."

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY, or, The Bride of an Evening.

THE FORTUNE SEEKER, or, Astrea, The Bridal Day.

THE THREE BEAUTIES, or, SHANNONDALE.

FALLEN PRIDE, or, THE MOUNTAIN GIRL'S LOVE.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER, or, The Children of the Isle.

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS; or, HICKORY HALL.

THE TWO SISTERS; or, Virginia and Magdalene.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE or, ORVILLE DEVILLE.

INDIA; or, THE PEARL OF PEARL RIVER.

THE WIDOW'S SON, or, LEFT ALONE.

THE MYSTERY OF DARK HOLLOW.

ALLWORTH ABBEY; or, EUDORA.

THE BRIDAL EVE, or, ROSE ELMER.

IVIVA, or, THE SECRET OF POWER

THE HAUNTED HOMESTEAD

BRIDE OF LLEWELLYN

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON

THE WIFE'S VICTORY,

THE SPECTRE LOVER.

THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

THE FATAL SECRET.

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

THE LOST HEIRESS.

THE DESERTED WIFE. RETRIBUTION

And Mrs Southworth's works will be found for sale by all first-class Booksellers

Copies of any one, or more of Mrs Southworth's works, will be sent to any place, at once, per mail, post-paid, on remitting price of the ones wanted to the Publishers,

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa

PETERSONS' NEW BOOKS.

A SPECULATOR IN PETTICOATS. *By Hector Malot,*
author of "No Relations" Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25

RONDAH; or, THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN A STAR.
By Florence Carpenter Dieudonne Paper, 50 cents, cloth, \$1 00

THE PRINCESS ROUBINE. A Russian Story *By Henry*
Gréville, author of "Dusia" Paper, 50 cents, cloth, \$1 00

WHICH? or, BETWEEN TWO WOMEN. *By Daudet,*
the Popular French Novelist Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25


CHRISTINE, THE MODEL; or, STUDIES OF LOVE.
By Emile Zola In which Artist Life in Paris among the
Beautiful Models in the Studios are graphically described and
vividly and truthfully depicted Paper 75 cts, cloth, \$1 25

RENÉE. A Novel of Fashionable Life *By Emile Zola,* author of
"Nana" and "L'Assommoir" Zola's New Play of "Renée"
was dramatized from this work Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25

SELF-MADE; or, OUT OF THE DEPTHS. *By Mrs*
Emma D E N Southworth. "Self-Made, or, Out of the Depths,"
is complete in two large volumes of over thirteen hundred
pages, and contains a Portrait of Mrs Southworth, with her
Autograph, as well as a view of her beautiful home on the
Potomac, Prospect Cottage, both engraved on steel, in the
finest style of the art Price \$1 50 a volume, or \$3 00 a set

TWELVE YEARS OF MY LIFE. An Autobiography.
By Mrs B Beaumont A more original, chatty, common-
sense and delightful Autobiography has never been pub-
lished One volume, morocco cloth, price \$1 50

IPHIGENIA. A Modern Woman of Progress. *By*
Hugo First The portrait of the heroine, Helen Valentine,
is capitally and vividly drawn, and all the other numerous
characters in the book are naturally and effectively pictured
Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25

 The above works are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, at all News
Stands everywhere, and on all Railroad Trains, or copies of any one or all of the will
be sent to any one, post paid, on remitting the price of the ones wanted to the Publisher

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

PETERSONS' NEW BOOKS.

MARRIED ABOVE HER. A Society Romance. *By a Lady*
of New York. Paper cover, 75 cents; cloth, \$1 25.

THE CHANGED BRIDES; or, WINNING HER WAY. *By Mrs Southworth* Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1 50

HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. Paper cover, 75 cents; cloth, \$1 50.

SELF-RAISED; or, FROM THE DEPTHS. *By Mrs Emma D. E N Southworth* Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1 50

THE MAN FROM TEXAS. A Powerful Western Romance full of love and adventure. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1 25

ISHMAEL; or, IN THE DEPTHS. *By Mrs Emma D. L N. Southworth* Paper cover, 75 cents; cloth, \$1 50

HANS BREITMANN'S BALLADS. Complete Edition and Unabridged, with Glossary. Morocco cloth, gilt, \$4 00

ERRING, YET NOBLE. The Story of a Woman's Life *By Isaac G Reed, Jr* Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1 25

KATHLEEN! THEO! A QUIET LIFE! MISS CRES- PIGNY! PRETTY POLLY PEMBERTON!

LINDSAY'S LUCK! and JARL'S DAUGHTER! *By M & Burnett* Paper, 50 cents each, cloth, \$1 00 each

THOSE PRETTY ST. GEORGE GIRLS. The most Popular Book of the season. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1 00

CAMILLE; or, THE FATE OF A COQUETTE. *By Alexander Dumas* Paper cover, 75 cents; cloth, \$1 75

CONSUELO; and COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT *By George Sand* Paper, 75 cents each, cloth, \$1 00 each

HELEN'S BABIES; and MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS *By John Habberton* Paper, 50 cents each, cloth, \$1 00 each

ANNALS OF A BABY! BESSIE'S SIX LOVERS! and BERTHA'S BABY! Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1 00 each

NANA! L'ASSOMMOIR! THE LADIES' PARADISE. each by *Emile Zola*, also **NANA'S DAUGHTER**, the Sequel to "Nana." Paper, 75 cents each, cloth, \$1 00 or \$1 25 each

The above works are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, at all Newsstands everywhere, and on all Railroad Trains, or copies of any one or all of them sent to any one, post paid, on remitting the price of the ones wanted to the Publishers.

G. T. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia

PETERSONS' NEW BOOKS.

ZITKA; or, The Trials of Raissa. By *Henry Greville* Play dramatized from this book. Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 00

FASHION AND FAMINE. By *Mrs Ann S Stephens* Cheap Edition Paper cover, 75 cents Library Edition, cloth, \$1 50

FRANCATELLI'S MODERN COOK BOOK FOR 1887. *Enlarged Edition* With the most approved methods of French, English, German, and Italian Cookery With 32 Illustrations 600 pages, morocco cloth, price \$5 00

MONTE-CRISTO'S DAUGHTER. Sequel to and end of "Edmond Dantes" Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25

LITTLE HEARTSEASE. Equal to Rhoda Broughton's best book By *Annie L Wright* Paper, 50 cents, cloth, \$1 00

NOT HIS DAUGHTER. A New American Novel. By *Will Herbert* Paper, 50 cents, cloth, \$1 00

A BOHEMIAN TRAGEDY. A Spicy Novel of New York Life By *Lily Curry* Paper cover, 50 cents, cloth, \$1 00

THE MASTER OF L'ETRANGE. A New American Novel. By *Eugene Hall* Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25

KARAN KRINGLE'S COURTSHIP AND JOURNAL. With 21 Full-Page Illustrations Morocco cloth, price \$1 50

DORA'S DEVICE. A Highly Dramatic Story By *George R Cather*, of Ashville, Alabama Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25

MARK MAYNARD'S WIFE. A Novel in Real Life By *Frankie Faling King* Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25

THE SHOP GIRLS OF PARIS, and NANA'S BROTHER. By *Emile Zola* Paper, 75 cents each, cloth, \$1 25 each

THE COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO. Petersons' Illustrated Edition Paper, \$1 00, cloth, \$1 50 Cheap edition, 50 cents

EDMOND DANTE. Only Sequel to "The Count of Monte Cristo" Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25

THE WIFE OF MONTE-CRISTO, and THE SON OF MONTE-CRISTO. Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1 25 each

THE COUNTESS OF MONTE-CRISTO. With her Portrait Paper cover, \$1 00, cloth, \$1 50

The above works are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, at all News Stands everywhere and on all Rail Road Trains, or copies of any one or all of them will be sent to any one, post paid, on remitting the price of the ones wanted to the Publisher.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.

A REALISTIC NOVEL OF STRENGTH, ORIGINALITY AND INTEREST.

Snatched from the Poor-House

A YOUNG GIRL'S LIFE HISTORY.

BY N. J. CLODFELTER,
OF CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA


"Snatched from the Poor-House" is the title of a new romance by N. J. Clodfelter. It is interesting throughout both in plot and incidents and will grip the reader from the first page. The scene is laid chiefly in Miers, a village located in a coal-mining region of Pennsylvania, though mining life and perils are only incidentally touched upon. The main themes of the story are the benefits of life insurance, a daughter's conversion, and the love affairs of several interesting and worthy couples. In addition the author has powerfully and thoroughly exposed the cruelty and oppression practiced in certain institutions devoted to public charity and very clearly shown the necessity of reform. The heroine is Gracie Westbrook, a beautiful and intelligent girl, through whose plot and every twist of the existence of a life insurance policy is discovered, which raises her rather and removes her from the position of recipients of charity to comparative wealth and an enviable degree of happiness. Gracie is a pushing little body, and her presence is always welcome to the reader, who cannot fail to admire her for her kindness of heart and generous impulses as well as for her extraordinary mental resources and accomplishments. The hero, Jor Billings, is at first a collier, but subsequently becomes very wealthy through a train of curious circumstances. His history is an exceedingly singular one and full of unexpected developments. The rivalry between him and Hugh Arnold for the love of Gracie is forcibly pictured, and their hand-to-hand encounter is quite dramatic. The cruel deeds of old Lebo, the poor house keeper, and the financial war in which he treats the Westbrook family when in his power are set forth in a most telling way. The scenes at Thalia College, in which Gracie and the Arnold sisters are the principal participants, are also well described. Little Bennie is a cleverly-drawn character and his childish prattle is as natural as life itself, while his death is wonderfully pathetic. "Snatched from the Poor-House" is written in a clear and trenchant manner, and the author never loses sight of the fact that he has important lessons to inculcate as well as a story to tell. The novel has strength and originality and will find many readers.

One Volume, Duodecimo Paper Cover, 50 Cents, Cloth, 75 Cents

AD- "Snatched from the Poor House" will be found for sale by all Booksellers and at all News Stands everywhere, or copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, post paid on remitting the price to the publishers.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

PETERSONS' NEW BOOKS

 The following New Books are printed on tinted paper, and are each issued in uniform style, square 12mo form. They are the greatest and most exciting Novels ever printed.

NANA! Sequel to "L'Assommoir" By *Emile Zola*, author of "The Shop Girls of Paris"
L'ASSOMMOIR, or, NANA'S MOTHER By *Emile Zola* The Greatest Novel ever printed
NANA'S DAUGHTER "Nana's Daughter" is a Continuation of and Sequel to "Nana"
THERESE RAQUIN By *Emile Zola*, author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," etc

Above Books are 75 Cents each in paper cover, or \$1.00 each in cloth.

THE SHOP GIRLS OF PARIS. By *Emile Zola*, author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," etc
NANA'S BROTHER By *Emile Zola*, author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," etc
THE JOYS OF LIFE. By *Emile Zola*, author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," etc
POT-BOUILLE By *Emile Zola*, author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," etc
HER TWO HUSBANDS. By *Emile Zola*, author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," etc.
THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF LOUIS NAPOLEON By *Emile Zola*
THE GIRL IN SCARLET; or, LOVES OF SILVERE AND MIETTE By *Emile Zola*
LA BELLE LISA, or, THE PARIS MARKET GIRLS. By *Emile Zola*, author of "Nana"
IN THE WHIRLPOOL By *Emile Zola*, author of "Nana" "The Girl in Scarlet," etc
HELENE, UNE PAGE D'AMOUR A TALE OF LOVE AND PASSION By *Emile Zola*
A MAD LOVE, or, THE ABBE AND HIS COURT By *Emile Zola*, author of "Nana"
CLAUDE'S CONFESSION By *Emile Zola*, author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," etc
ALBINE, or, THE ABBE'S TEMPTATION A Pathetic Love Story. By *Emile Zola*
MAGDALEN FERAT, also **THE MYSTERIES OF MARSEILLES** By *Emile Zola*

Above Books are 75 Cents each in paper cover, or \$1.25 each in cloth


THE MASTER OF L'ETRANGE, or FLESH AND SPIRIT By *Jugene Hall*
DORA'S DEVICE By *George R. Carter* **SNOB PAPERS.** A Humorous Novel
MARK MAYNARD'S WIFE **THE BRIDE'S FATE,** by *Mrs Southworth*
PRETTY LITTLE COUNTESS ZINA A Russian Story By *Henry Greville*, author of "Dosia"
SYLVIE'S BETROTHED, also **PHILOMENE'S MARRIAGES** By *Henry Greville*
GUY'S MARRIAGE, also **MARRYING OFF A DAUGHTER** By *Henry Greville*
L'EVANGELISTE By *Alphonse Daudet* **ANGELE'S FORTUNE** By *Andre Theuriet*
HOW SHE WON HIM, or, THE BRIDE OF CHARMING VALLEY A Love Story
ST. MAUR, or, AN EARL'S WOOING **THE REIGNING BELLE** By *Ann S Stephens*
THE HIDDEN RECORD, or, THE OLD SEA MYSTERY By *E W Blardell*
THE DUCHESS UNDINE, or, SLAIN BY A WOMAN'S LIE By *H Penn Diltz*

Above Books are 75 Cents each in paper cover. or \$1.25 each in cloth.

THE PRINCESS OGHEROF, also **THE TRIALS OF RAISSA** By *Henry Greville*
A CHILD OF ISRAEL A Romance of the Heart By *Edouard Cadol*
THE EARL OF MAYFIELD A Charming Love Story By *Thomas P May*

Above Books are 75 Cents each in paper cover, or \$1.00 each in cloth.

DOSIA A Russian Story By *Henry Greville*. Paper cover, 50 cents, or in Cloth, \$1 00
MARKOF A Russian Story By *Henry Greville*, author of "Dosia," etc Cloth, \$1 50

 Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or copies of any one or all of them, will be sent to any one, at once, post-paid, on remitting price to the publishers,

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

PETERSONS' NEW BOOKS

The following New Books are printed on tinted paper, and are each issued in uniform style, in square 12mo. form. Price 100 Cents each in Paper Cover, or One Dollar each Morocco Cloth, Black and Gold. They are the best and most entertaining Novels ever printed.

- HELEN'S BABIES** By John Hubbard, author of "Mrs Mayburn's Twins"
- KATHLEEN** A Love Story By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Theo"
- MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.** By John Hubbard, author of "Helen's Babies"
- TWO KISSES** A Bright and Snappy Love Story By Hawley Smart
- "THEO"** A Love Story By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Kathleen"
- SAVELI'S EXPIATION** A Russian Story By Henry Grville, author of "Dossie"
- HER SECOND LOVE.** A Life like and Captivating Love Story By Ashford Owen
- MISS ORESPIGNY.** A Love Story By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Theo"
- THE ANNALS OF A BABY** Naming it, etc. By Mrs. Sarah Briggs Stebbins
- PRETTY POLLY PEMBERTON.** A Love Story By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett
- BESSIE'S SIX LOVERS.** By Henry Peterson A Love Story, of the purest and best kind
- RANCY COTTEY'S COURTSHIP** By the author of "Major Jones's Courtship"
- A QUIET LIFE.** By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Kathleen," and "Theo"
- THE LITTLE COUNTESS.** By Octave Feuillet, author of "The Count De Camors"
- JARL'S DAUGHTER** By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Kathleen"
- BERTHA'S BABY.** Equal to "Helen's Babies" With Illustrated Cover and Portraits.
- LINDSAY'S LUCK** By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Kathleen"
- A PARISIAN ROMANCE** By Octave Feuillet His last and greatest work
- MISS MARGERY'S ROSES** A Charming Love Story By Robert C. Meyers
- FATHER TOM AND THE POPE; or, A NIGHT AT THE VATICAN** Illustrated
- XENIE'S INHERITANCE** A Tale of Russian Life By Henry Grville
- THE MATCHMAKER** A Charming Love Story By Beatrice Reynolds
- TWO WAYS TO MATRIMONY, or, IS IT LOVE? or, FALSE PRIDE**
- FANCHON, THE CRICKET, or, LA PETITE FADETTE** By George Sand
- A WOMAN'S MISTAKE.** A Charming Love Story By Madame Anny Dussaud
- THE STORY OF "ELIZABETH"** By Miss Thackeray, daughter of W. M. Thackeray.
- CARMEN** By Prosper Merimee. From which the opera of "Carmen" was dramatized.
- THE AMERICAN L'ASSOMMOIR** A parody and satire on Zola's "L'Assommoir"
- HYDE PARK SKETCHES** A very humorous, interesting and entertaining work
- THE RED HILL TRAGEDY** A Love Story. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth
- SYBIL BROTHERTON** By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Self Made"
- MADELEINE** A Love Story By Jules Sandeau Crowned by the French Academy
- GABRIELLE, or, THE HOUSE OF MAUREZE** By Henry Grville, author of "Dossie"
- THE DAYS OF MADAME POMPADOUR, or, MADAME POMPADOUR'S GARTER**
- THE AMOURS OF PHILIPPE** "PHILIPPE'S LOVE AFFAIRS" By Octave Feuillet
- SONIA** A Love Story By Henry Grville.
- LUCIE EODEY.** By Henry Grville
- TANIA'S PERIL.** By Henry Grville.
- DOURNON.** By Henry Grville
- A FRIEND** By Henry Grville
- BONNE-MARIE** By Henry Grville.
- THAT GIRL OF MINE** A Love Story
- THAT LOVER OF MINE.** A Love Story

These Books are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or copies of any one of them, will be sent to any one, at once, post paid, on remitting price to the publishers,

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa

